LIBRARY
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SCHOOL
OF THEOLOGY
CLAREMONT, CALIF.

Class_____ Book_____

Accession No._____

PACIFIC THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
LIBRARY

Gift of_____

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

https://archive.org/details/mothersmagazine0011mrsa

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

EDITED DY

MRS. A. G. WHITTELSEY & REV. D. MEAD.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Know this ark is charm'd
With incantations Pharaoh ne'er employed,
With spells that impious Egypt never knew:
With invocations to the living God,
I twisted every slender reed together,
And with a prayer did every ozier weave.
Mrs. H. Moore.

VOL. XI.

NEW-YORK:
BRICK CHURCH CHAPEL,
OPPOSITE THE CITY HALL.

1843.

D. Fanshaw, Printer.

Entered according to Act of Congress, on the seventh day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-three, by DARIUS MEAD, as proprietor, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

INDEX TO VOLUME XI.

	Page.
A Mother's Affection,	19
An Inquisitive Boy,	256
A Mother's Privilege,	230
Assured Blessings to Parental Fidelity,	235
Address of Rev. D. D. Buck before Maternal Association, Stafford, N. Y.	169
A Lovely Bride,	214
An Afternoon Walk,	160
Annual Report of Maternal Association of Waterville, N. Y.	162
A place for every thing, and every thing in its place, No. 1,	105
Do. do. do. do. do. No. 2,	121
A Morning in the Nursery,	103
A Letter for the Children,	92
A Gem,	278
Baptism of an only Child,	72
Come, children, come,	262
Daily instruction to Children,	131
Encouragement to praying Mothers,	17
Economy and Parsimony,	115
Education,	269
Extract of West Medway Maternal Society,	233
Family Portrait,	34
Filial Tribute,	235
Family Worship,	119
"He's Somebody's Son,"	62
Habit of Reading,	228
How to make a happy Home,	286
Home,	253
Influence of Mothers,	221
Influence of a praying Mother,	203
I have no Mother,	168
Look at results, No. 1,	40
Do. do. No. 2,	54
Letter from a Maternal Association, addressed to an orphan Family,	66
Letter from Rev. Mr. Goodell,	279
Little Ellen,	191
London Maternal Association,	136
Letter to the Editor of the Mother's Magazine,	117
Lambs of Christ's Flock,	38
Lazarus and his Sisters,	88
Moral and literary Influence of Novels,	97
Moses and Pharaoh,	145
Mary Harmon, or the sacramental and funeral Sermon,	141
Notice of Lord Nelson,	69

	Page.
Overtasking Children,	80
On the Grave of an Infant,	144
On provoking our Children to Wrath, No. 1,	183
Do. do. do. do. No. 2,	193
Obituary notice of Louisa Clifford White,	208
On Family Devotion,	31
Parental Government, No. 1,	222
Do. do. No. 2,	245
Do. do. No. 3,	265
Poetry—to Mary H. H.	192
Proper training of Children,	231
Report of Maternal Association,	20
Report of Maternal Association, North Adams, Mass.	248
Recollections of Little Alice,	261
Report of Maternal Association of 3d Church, Newark, N. J.	85
Scripture Exercise, History of Moses,	165
Suffer little children to come unto me,	287
The Blind Pastor,	1
The Grave,	284
To our Readers,	3
The Mother's Charge, No. 1,	6
Do. do. do. No. 2,	25
Do. do. do. No. 3,	49
The Country Grave-yard,	12
The Missionary Mother,	22
The Mariner's Orphan,	217
The habit of Prayer,	218
The Missionary Flowers,	238
The Example of Philip Henry,	33
The Conversion of J. A. G. or the fruits of Maternal Faithfulness,	42
The Rose that bloomed on the Sabbath,	60
The Nature and Influence of Maternal Association, No. 1,	241
Do. do. do. do. do. No. 2,	265
The Spectre Hand,	251
The Sunday-school Teacher's Tear,	258
To a Youthful Bride,	180
The Young Mother,	189
Teach your Children to remember the Sabbath-day,	119
The Destruction of the Cities of the Plain,	110
The Mother's Prayer,	120
The Mystery Solved,	126
The Women at the Cross of Christ,	131
The Mother's Jewel,	73
The Family,	77
To a Bereaved Mother,	96
The Infant Smile,	96
The destiny of the Child in the hands of its Parents,	74
Useful Monarchs educated by Mothers,	167
What Education should be,	213

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE,

AND

FAMILY LIBRARY.

VOL. XI. FEBRUARY, 1843. No. 2.

For the Mother's Magazine

THE MOTHER'S CHARGE.

BY W. B. SPRAGUE, D. D. *Albany, New-York.*

Continued from our last number.

Secondly, let us now proceed to illustrate *a mother's duty;* and in doing this we shall have special reference to what has already been said of the nature of her charge.

I say, a *mother's* duty; but let it not be forgotten that the duty of a father and a mother are in many respects the same; and that both parents are bound to co-operate for the accomplishment of the same ends. Nevertheless, it cannot be questioned that the mother's influence, especially in the earliest stages of the formation of the character, is more effective, and her responsibility proportionably greater than that of the other parent. While, therefore, I could wish that fathers as well as mothers may be quickened in their duty by the suggestions which I am about to offer, it is the line of the *mother's* duty that I am more particularly concerned to mark out.

I observe then that the mother should conduct the education of her child, in reference to all its *faculties,* to all its *rela-*

tions, and to *the whole period of its existence.* When I speak of her as conducting its education, I include not merely what she does immediately by her own personal exertions, but all that she does through the instrumentality of others; for if she employs agents, as she almost necessarily must, to some extent, she is bound to select those who will do their work well, and is really responsible for the influence which they exert. And whatever instrumentality may intervene between herself and her child, nothing but the impracticability of the case can absolve her from the obligation to keep an eye upon that instrumentality, and see that it is discreetly and properly directed.

I say then that the mother is bound, in educating her child, to have respect to *all* its faculties.

As it has a *physical* nature, so it must be trained with reference to that. If indeed it had a physical nature, and no other; if it had no spirit other than that of the beast which goeth downward, why then it might not be very important whether its faculties were developed in one way or another, or whether they were developed at all. What gives the body its importance is its connection with a rational soul—its being the medium through which the soul is for a while to act—the dwelling-place in which it is to receive its education for eternity. And with reference to this it becomes a matter of vast moment that the physical education of a child be conducted in such a manner that its bodily powers shall attain their full vigor. The particular means you are to adopt to effect this end, this is not the time nor the place to detail; but the end itself I may urge you to keep in view as a point of religious obligation. It is your duty to see to it, so far as it can be effected by your influence, that your children grow up with the ability for physical exertion; with a frame that can act, and if need be, endure. Let them have affectionate nursing when they need it; but remember that "every thing is beautiful in his time;" and that if you nurse them when they do not need it, you will learn them to need it always. It is a delicate plant that blooms in your chamber window—the sturdy oak of the forest has bent before the blasts of many winters.

In like manner the mother should see to it that the *intellectual* faculties of her child, and all of them, are duly developed. Who does not know that the time has been when it was the decree of fashion that, in females especially, the mind, the nobler part, should be miserably neglected; and that the education of a daughter should be regarded as complete when she had become possessed of a few superficial accomplishments? But was there ever a more marked frustration than this of the designs of Providence; as if the Creator could be satisfied to see his gifts thus buried in a napkin; as if a being a little lower than the angels could answer the end of its existence by sporting like a butterfly in sunbeams; as if an immortal emanation from Deity were not too precious to be moulded into a gaudy plaything! It is an occasion for thankfulness that juster views of this department of education have begun to prevail; though they must become yet more prevalent before the female sex will generally occupy the place in the intellectual world for which Providence designed them. But no matter whether your children are sons or daughters, you are bound to see to it, so far as your circumstances permit, that the faculties of their minds are duly developed—that they are taught to observe, to reflect, to judge, to reason—that thus they may constantly be growing in knowledge, while their faculties are continually becoming stronger by exercise.

And if the mother is bound carefully to watch the growth of the physical and intellectual faculties of her child, still greater is her obligation to bestow due attention upon the culture of its *moral* powers and feelings; and here the duty is the more difficult, because the influence of sin has been more deep and deadly. The conscience, the inward judge of our own actions, needs to be educated, by becoming familiarized to the great standard of duty and the fearful sanctions which belong to it. The appetites and passions, instead of rising into sensuality and excess, and thus creating a fever within or a tempest without, must be taught to keep within their proper limits—the limits which God has marked out for them. This indeed can never be accomplished without a higher than human teaching; indeed, neither the intellectual nor moral

faculties will ever perform their most important offices aright, independently of a renovating influence from on high; and this the mother is to endeavor to secure to her child by prayer, by counsel, by instruction, by every means in her power. Yes, I repeat, all human training will be utterly inefficacious to bring the soul of a child to perform its higher and spiritual functions aright, unless there be superadded to this the higher teaching of the Spirit of God. There may be a decent exterior without this, and there may be much that is graceful and lovely in the deportment, and the moral faculties may operate even benignly upon the interests of society, and yet not one of all their movements toward God will be such as he can approve, till they have received a heavenly impulse. Mothers, strive for the conversion of your children, if you would have the satisfaction of reflecting that their moral faculties are exercised in a legitimate manner and upon appropriate objects.

But the mother is to have respect to all the *relations* of her child as well as to all its faculties—particularly its relations to *God* and its *fellow-creatures.*

The child is to be made acquainted, as early as its faculties will admit, with the relations it sustains to *God*, and the duties which grow out of those relations. It is to be taught that God is its heavenly Father, and is to be regarded with reverence and gratitude—that God is its lawgiver and sovereign, and claims the homage of its obedience; and that in consequence of being an *offended* sovereign, he claims also the homage of repentance; that God offers himself as a Redeemer and Sanctifier, and claims the homage of faith in an atoning sacrifice, and of a cordial co-operation with him in performing his renovating work. The mother must not be satisfied with merely informing her child of the existence of these relations and these claims, but she must do what she can to make them practically felt and obeyed. In other words, she must never be satisfied till her child is a grateful recipient of the divine mercies, and a submissive recipient of the divine chastisements; till it has learned to call God its Father with the spirit of a child; till it has exercised repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and has consecrated its

affections and faculties to Him who gave himself to die for the world.

So also it must be made to understand, and to feel, and to recognize the relations it sustains to its fellow-creatures. The great duties of justice and charity must be inculcated upon it while it is yet in the morning of life; the golden rule of doing to others as we would that they should do to us, must be held up before it from day to day, and its practical bearings in regard to the various relations of life faithfully illustrated. There are duties of some kinds that we owe to all men, whether acquaintances or strangers, whether friends or enemies, whether superiors, inferiors, or equals; and these duties are to be inculcated by a mother's lips, and enforced by a mother's authority. If all the mothers in our land of the past and present generations had faithfully discharged this part of their duty, that reckless spirit of insubordination that is abroad among us, threatening to subvert our institutions and spread desolation every where, would not have been heard of; and many of the dark spots that tarnish our national character would not have been seen.

And finally, under this article, the mother is to educate her child in reference to *its whole existence*. Admit for a moment that this life were the only life that we have to live, and that when our children die, whether earlier or later, they die into a state of utter and eternal unconsciousness, and then look around you and see how many children are educated precisely in accommodation to such a state of things. What say you of that mother who watches carefully the first developments of intellect in her child with a view to begin its education for this life alone; who, if she believes its immortality, does not think it necessary to communicate to it so gloomy a truth; who, in short, thinks of it and behaves toward it in all respects as if it were the creature of a day! Madness is in the heart of that mother who ventures upon such a course as this; and she has nothing to expect but that the blood of the souls of her children will testify against her in the judgment. The mother may forget it; but the fact still remains that her child is born for immortality; and neither her wishes nor her efforts

can contract the period of its existence. And it is born with faculties appropriate to immortality; faculties that are susceptible of being employed on a higher field of action than this—susceptible of an indefinite and eternal expansion. What a perversion, then, to educate such a being with reference only to the very first stage of its existence! If you will fulfil the duty of a christian mother, your maternal labors from the very beginning will have a bearing upon eternity. As soon as it can comprehend the thought, you will communicate to it the amazing fact that its spirit is to exist as long as God exists; that death is only an incident in its existence—not the termination of it; and that here its character is to be formed with reference to a future, unchanging scene of retribution. You will bear in mind that it has a corrupt nature, and that as its faculties unfold its sinful propensities will inevitably develope themselves; and that unless that nature be renewed by the spirit of God, your child can never inherit the kingdom of God. But you are to bear in mind that that very course which will really most subserve his eternal interests, will also most subserve his temporal interests; for if godliness has the promise of the life that is to come, it is also profitable to the life that now is. Teach your children to fear God and keep his commandments; to exercise repentance for their sins and faith in a Redeemer; and to do to others as they would that others should do to them, and do what you can to render these instructions practical by impressive exhortation, and earnest prayer, and persevering effort, and you have good reason to hope that they may become useful members of society, may be respected and honored by their fellow-men, may die the death of the righteous, and may shine at last as stars in the firmament of God. But educate them on any other principle, and you neither secure their happiness now or hereafter. Educate them for this life only and they are not fit even for this life; for to act their part well even here, they must be governed by loftier motives than this world can furnish. But if you educate them for eternity, you make the best provision for both worlds at once; and during their residence in both worlds they will have occasion to bless you for it.

To be continued.

For the Mother's Magazine.

ON FAMILY DEVOTIONS.

BY T. H. GALLAUDET.

How to make the season of family devotion interesting and profitable to the assembled household, is a question of deep moment to parents and others on whom this responsibility rests. In offering some plain, practical hints on the subject, it is not my design to go into it at length, but rather to turn the attention of the reader to a few points which perhaps are apt to be overlooked.

Tediousness ought to be avoided. The absolute length of such exercises must, of course, depend on the peculiar character of the family, and also upon the variety of circumstances in which it is placed. But if the reading of the Scriptures and of some commentary on the passage selected, with a long prayer embracing at each time nearly all the topics of prayer, exhausts the patience and wearies the attention of those who are present, little benefit can be expected. Those who direct the family devotions ought to look well to this, and shape these exercises accordingly. Common sense is of value in the discharge of religious duties as well as in other matters, and there are those who fail sadly in their want of it by making too long prayers, how much soever they may value themselves on being peculiarly gifted in prayer, or be regarded by others as eminent for piety. Suitable conciseness, spirit, and even a variety that will interest and enliven the feelings of devotion, are among the very desirable elements of well-conducted and beneficial religious exercises in a family. This, if possible, is the more important where there is a circle of young children and domestics. To take pains, therefore, to understand and feel *the proprieties* of such occasions, and to pray that we may be directed to pray aright, is an incumbent duty on all who act in this matter as the heads of families. They might find it useful even to inquire of some members of the family, in a suitable way, what impressions these exercises make, and thus ascertain what, if any, alterations are necessary.

Where there are young children in a family, their instruction and benefit ought to be regarded. While the portion of Scripture, or a commentary on it, is read, occasional short observations can be interspersed, in simple and intelligible language, adapted to the capacities of children and made interesting to them. They will see by this that they are not overlooked. Expecting it will keep their attention alive, it will aid them in understanding what is more elevated in thought and style. Such remarks, under the influence of the Spirit of grace, may make impressions of the most abiding and salutary kind. They may be the means of converting and saving the soul.

As to the prayers, are they not too often absolutely unintelligible to the younger children, both in thought and language? Ought not this to be remedied? Think for a moment how exceedingly irksome it would be to us of mature age, to be required to attend devotional exercises day after day, if the thought or the language were above our comprehension. Besides, where there is true simplicity in these respects without degenerating into any thing low or too familiar, the spirit of devotion will be best cherished both in the person officiating and in the adult members of the family. The real language of the heart is simple, and prayer is but the language of the heart. Thoughts easy to be understood, Saxon words, sentences free from undue length and an elaborate or involved structure, these seem to be essential features of that prayer which proceeds from a filial devotional spirit, and is adapted to produce the same spirit in others.

It is curious to see how ideas which we sometimes clothe in what we consider as elevated and elegant language, can be expressed in a more simple and plain manner, so as to be level to the lowest capacity. Suppose, for instance, a petition should run thus: "Cause, we beseech thee, the light of thy own truth to be diffused throughout the whole earth." Might it not be simplified so that a child could join in offering it up, by saying, "We pray that the Bible may be given to all men." Other illustrations of a similar kind might easily be given. Let this simplicity in ideas and language be adopted where young children form a part of the family circle at its social devotions, and it

will soon be found how much deeper an interest they will take in them. As prayers are now made in the family, in the Sabbath-school, and in the house of God, it is too often the case that the younger portion of our children are prevented from uniting in this important part of worship. Ought not a wiser course to be taken to cherish and cultivate their devotional feelings? While they are required to be present at religious exercises, and to preserve the outward form of decorum and reverential solemnity, but do not enjoy the privilege of having those exercises intelligible to them, is there not great danger of their acquiring the *pernicious habits* of wandering and frivolous thoughts, and of a mere external formality in the worship of God?

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE EXAMPLE OF PHILIP HENRY.

I have seen the fact stated in regard to the children of Philip Henry, that they became pious at so early an age as not to be able to refer to the precise period of their conversion. It would be interesting to know the authenticity of this assertion; but from it I was led more particularly to notice a statement of the mode pursued by him with his family, one of whom was destined to become even more eminent for his piety and christian effort than his honored parent. It is said he drew up the following short form of baptismal covenant, which he taught his children, and each of them solemnly repeated it every Lord's day evening after they were catechised, he putting his *Amen* to it, and sometimes adding, "So say and so do, and you are made for ever."

"I take God the Father to be my chief good and highest end.

"I take God the Son to be my Prince and Savior.

"I take God the Holy Ghost to be my sanctifier, teacher, guide and comforter.

"I take the word of God to be my rule in all my actions;

"And the people of God to be my people in all conditions.

"I do likewise devote and dedicate unto the Lord my whole self, all I am, all I have, and all I can do.

"And this I do deliberately, sincerely, freely and for ever."

He also took pains to lead them to understand it, and persuade them to a free and cheerful consent to it. When they grew up, he made them all write it over severally with their own hands, and very solemnly set their names to it, which he told them "he would keep by him, and it should be produced as a testimony against them if they should afterwards depart from God and turn from following after him."

It is earnestly to be hoped that christian parents will pray, labor and look for the early conversion of their children, as few have hitherto done; and is not here an example worthy of imitation, and if faithfully copied, should we not less frequently be pained by accounts of the ungodly offspring of godly parents? Comment seems unnecessary, but may many a father and mother be encouraged and stimulated to renewed and more devoted effort to train up a child in the way he should go, trusting the assurance of Omnipotence, that when he is old he shall not depart from it.

A Mother.

For the Mother's Magazine.

FAMILY PORTRAITS.

I was lately showing a friend the portraits of my parents, whom he had known while living. They were executed by a distinguished artist, and are among the finest specimens of portrait painting. After a few minutes spent in silent contemplation of them, my friend turned, and expressing his admiration of them on account of their accuracy and execution, observed, "I conclude that no sum would induce you to part with them?" The remark, of course, was not prompted by any wish to purchase them, but was a natural expression of his deep sense of their value to a surviving child. "I have often wondered," was

my reply, "that such a source of delightful recollection and moral influence should be provided by so few parents. They can hoard up thousands for their children, but neglect *this legacy*, which, in some respects, is of more value than silver and gold."

I had often turned this subject in my thoughts before; but the conversation which ensued between my friend and myself served to decide me in fulfilling at the first leisure hour an intention long entertained of bringing this subject to the notice of parents. The Mother's Magazine is obviously an appropriate channel.

It is the *moral* influence of such portraits which I chiefly regard; and, judging of that influence by my own case, I am sure that it is neither small nor unimportant. Children, I am aware, are not apt soon to forget kind and faithful parents. Their walk and conversation—their tenderness and solicitude —their counsel and advice are remembered, and exert an influence, and a salutary influence, long after they have descended to the grave. But there is a power in the accurate and finished portrait of a parent of awakening associations, and of giving force and impression to the past often surprisingly great. The features on the canvass are indeed fixed—the eye, the expression changes not as in the living subject; but I may put it to any one who has ever turned his attention to the question, whether the portrait countenance of a father or mother does not often SEEM to change its expression as he looks upon it at different times and under different circumstances? Let a son cast his eye upon a father's likeness when perhaps he has been engaged in some benevolent enterprise, or is meditating some worthy object, how easy to fancy a smile of approbation; the eye sparkles and beams forth as it was wont to do in a father's living days. One feels a secret delight of the soul and a strength of purpose, which would not perhaps have otherwise been felt, to go forward in the plan of good begun, or contemplated.

Stand before that portrait at another time—when perhaps your conduct has been unworthy—when you have gone counter to those precepts and counsels which he gave you while living—when you have yielded to some temptation—or have

repeated or designed to repeat some action, for which a father rebuked you—how changed now the expression of the portrait! You see, or fancy you see—no matter, it is all the same for moral effect; you seem to see a cloud upon the brow. The eye, before bright and approving, is dark and frowning. You stand rebuked—distressed—humbled. And if you follow the dictates of reason and conscience, you will repent—the temptation you will resist—the unholy purpose you will abandon. That countenance will not light up again till you have reached a resolution worthy the descendant of a pious father, and honorable to yourself as a rational and immortal being.

Or to shift the scene to the contemplation of a *mother's* portrait—are you in trouble?—has misfortune overtaken you?—have friends been taken away?—is health failing?—does the world frown?—enter and stand before a mother's portrait. No matter how at other times that countenance may appear to you—you will now see all the tenderness, solicitude and sympathy of the real living mother there spread out—ready to condole with you—to comfort—and exhorting you, almost in audible terms, "to courage in distress." Or if you have erred—she too will seem to drop a tear, as she often did for you in the days of her flesh—and maybe she will seem to breathe out a prayer that her erring, wandering son may be restored to the sacred fold again. Methinks I hear you say as you stand there contemplating that mother's portrait—

Sweet face, that o'er my childhood shone,
  Whence is thy power of change,
Thus ever shadowing back my own,
  The rapid and the strange—
Whence are they charmed—those earnest eyes?
  —I know the mystery well!
In mine own trembling bosom lies
  The spirit of the spell.
Of Memory, Conscience, Love 'tis born—
  Oh! change no longer thou!
For ever be the blessing worn
  On thy pure thoughtful brow.

I dare say, that in the day of final disclosure many a son will reveal the salutary influence which the portraits of his

parents had upon him—perhaps more than one will be able to point to them as the means of their being brought into the paths of truth and holiness. Their parents may have gone to the grave, leaving their child a prodigal and almost a vagabond; and perhaps his eye has caught the eye of a father or that of a mother on the canvass, and the remembrance of their counsels—of their exhortations—of their fervent prayers and deep and painful solicitude, may touch some chord—may awaken some emotion—may convey some new and favorable impression, which shall, through the grace of God, issue in his salvation. Thus parents may leave behind them memorials which will speak while they are dead.

They may do this; but something more is necessary, I grant, than simply a portrait. It must be a well-finished and accurate portrait—and of a face, too, through which a heavenly temper has manifested itself, and on which holiness has left its bland and benignant impress. Those eyes must have been known sometimes to have wept over the follies and sins of children; they must have looked pain or pleasure, as children have done wrong or right—as they have gone in the way or from the paths of the destroyer. Those lips, too, must have warned and counselled—must have uttered tones of censure or of approbation—and more than all, must have poured out, not merely at the family altar, but in the secret closet, the strong and intense prayer—such prayers as parents only can offer for children. Let children look upon the portraits of such parents—and can it be that they will not feel the most solemn motives so to act as at length to meet those parents in the realms of glory?

What a motive have parents here so to order their hearts and lives as to be willing to leave the portraits of themselves behind as a legacy to their children; upon which when they look they shall recall not only their natural features, but those moral traits which exalted them on earth, and which gave promise of a higher exaltation on the right hand of God. My own prayer shall be, and my effort also, that when I am gone, my children, looking upon my portrait, shall be able to say—"He died the death of the righteous"—"our last end shall be like his."

W——N.

For the Mother's Magazine.

A LETTER FOR THE CHILDREN.

We have frequently been requested to publish something to interest the younger members of the family. Having received the following from a favorite correspondent, we insert it, hoping that the communications which are promised will not only furnish amusement, but also "improve the manners and amend the heart."

A happy new-year to you, kind friends. My name is St. Nicholas, though I love better the more familiar title which all the little children give me, and by which I am best known: my name with them is *Santa Claus.*

I am an independent old man. I always do as I please. I go where I choose. I ask no leave or license, and I give no reasons. If it suits my fancy, I take my seat unbidden at the fireside, and mingle unasked in the gay party. Sometimes (for I am not always the jesting, frolicking person I am supposed) I stand by the couch of the suffering, and my tears fall with weeping friends over the dying bed of the dear ones to whom their hearts were bound. I think I am not always appreciated, for few deem me a man of deep feeling, and no one gives me credit for being interested, as I really am, in things which are serious and important. I find a great advantage in being devoid of all bashfulness, for I do not fear to introduce myself when and where I please. I make no apologies, and I never consider myself an intruder. Many of my friends deem me imprudent, and are very anxious lest I should some day so injure my reputation as to lose my influence, and thereby the world be deprived of the good which I am now able to accomplish. But I have no fears. I find many friends and few foes; and having no unkind feelings myself toward any living being, I seldom meet with any in others.

Even now, while I am writing, some considerate ones are warning me of my danger in presuming to address a letter to the Editors of the Mother's Magazine, and prophesying that I shall be speedily dismissed from such company. "You will be obliged to retreat in haste," say these whisperers, "if you presume to show yourself among such august and sedate dignitaries.

What! do you think they will welcome you to deliberate with them—you, the imaginary patron of toys and play-things? Are you so bereft of all reason as to suppose that those who send out that valuable but grave publication will listen to *your* suggestions? What if you do love little children, and know a great deal about them? What if you do spend your life in devising means for their happiness? What if you can relate tales almost innumerable concerning their life and death? Do you fancy *they* will listen to your stories? No, no. You had better mind your own business, and go on in your own way. Although your object is the same as that of these good people, yet they will never tolerate your modes of proceeding. Although your influence is vast among the youthful members of every family and your experience great, you will never be allowed to co-operate with them. If you are not careful, you will get severely punished for your impudence, and be effectually banished from many a circle which is now gladdened by your yearly visit."

I heed them not. They mean well, but they are not over-wise, and in spite of all their croaking, I write on. I send my letter to wish you most respectfully a happy new-year, and to tell you how I love the little children, and all the young people whom you are trying to benefit I have also another object, which is to offer my services in aid of your work. I have travelled through many countries and seen various people. I have witnessed many a spirit stirring incident, and many a heart-thrilling scene. I have mingled in the merriest circles of merry England, and the gayest festivities of gay and laughing France. I have found a resting-place in the happy house of the pilgrims, and had many a frolic in the sunny South. My presence is welcomed in palace and cot; by the fire-side of the farmer and beneath the hospitable roof of the planter. I can tell tales of many lands, and in this way I may perhaps do good. If, then, you will allow me, I will send you now and then a letter, and if the stories of the old man should interest any of the youthful readers who may chance to turn over your pages, or increase the desire to do them good in the breast of a single individual, he will be satisfied. Do not fear that laughter and fun will be the sum of their contents, for he who has travelled as far as I

have through this mingled scene of life, cannot fail to have many a serious thought, and he who sets himself to the task of relating what he has seen, though he may choose to look chiefly on the bright and happy spots, will yet be obliged sometimes to dip his pencil in deeper colors and to cast upon the picture some dark and sorrowful shades. I will tell the truth—may it do good.

St. Nicholas.

For the Mother's Magazine.

LOOK AT RESULTS.

"It's no use crying now, William; tears will never mend broken windows. Take up the piece of glass, and next time don't throw your ball towards the house."

"But I did not *mean* to break the window, mother. I did not think I should do any harm."

"I dare say not, my son; but you see we may sometimes do injury when we do not intend it; and we should therefore be careful of our conduct, and be certain before we pursue any course, of the effects it is likely to produce. If you had stopped to *think*, all this trouble would have been saved. Thoughtlessness is the source of many an evil. Learn to think of results, my child."

"It were well," thought I, as these words reached my ear from the open window of a house which I was passing, "it were well if this precept were oftener inculcated and more effectually practised. How many tears, as fruitless as those which rolled from poor William's cheek, would be prevented by a little care —a little thought as to the result of certain habits and courses of conduct."

I pursued my walk, and entering the dwelling of a friend, related the conversation I had heard, and asked her if she had never marked the truth of it. "Yes," said she, "often, and can now give you a very good instance.

"I went a few days since to visit Mrs. S. and on entering the room, saw Anna sitting before the fire in a most disconsolate

mood. She left the room immediately, and I asked her mother the reason of her sorrowful looks. 'Oh,' said she, 'Anna is beginning to feel the evil effects of her thoughtlessness. Her father has given her every advantage for gaining a thorough education; she is not deficient in talent, and nothing has prevented her from being qualified for any station but her own carelessness. She has never bestowed a thought upon the possible *effect* of negligence. She has trifled away her days without the slightest care for the future. She has never learned to think of *results*. She is now called upon to take her place in society as a young lady, and a great deal is expected of her in consideration of her peculiar advantages. But she is not able to meet these expectations, and many are the tears she now sheds, though quite in vain. She has done nothing thoroughly. She has read a great deal, but simply for her own amusement, and with no desire for improvement; consequently she has only gained a partial acquaintance with the authors she has perused, and this unfits her for conversation. She has no confidence in herself, because she finds herself ignorant, and this renders her unhappy in the most agreeable company. When asked to play, although she has had the best instruction for many years, she cannot do as well as some of her companions who have just commenced. She has partly learned many fine pieces, but has never become familiar with them. Her drawing is the same. You will find her portfolio crowded with sketches and unfinished pieces—very beautiful were they only complete. She finds herself deficient in almost every particular, and the habit of doing her work slightly has become so strong as to be almost inveterate. A little care, a little thought would have spared her this mortification. Had she looked forward to this day and prepared herself by being thorough and perfect in her performances, the hours she now spends in tears would have been saved.'

"Ah! young ladies," thought I, as I heard this account, "tears will never mend broken windows"—nor store the mind with useful knowledge—nor recall the hours which have been wasted in imperfect labors; and I said in my heart as I left the house, should it ever be my lot to do aught in the training of youth, my chief care shall be to teach them *to think of results*.

S.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE CONVERSION OF J. A. G. OR THE FRUITS OF MATERNAL FAITHFULNESS.

The parents of Mr. G. have lived in the town of Victor, or on its borders, ever since his boyhood. When he was a child, his mother habitually brought him to the house of God on the Sabbath, and required his attendance on the Sabbath-school, which was held, as in most villages and country churches, during the intervals of divine worship. She was in the habit also of talking to her son on the subject of religion, and praying with him and for him, that God might impart to him his saving grace. Having removed to a remote part of the congregation, it was not so convenient to attend regularly the house of God, and he soon imbibed infidel principles, till at length he became a confirmed Universalist.

Although he was considered a respectable man, yet he was not entirely free from what may truly be considered immoralities. He certainly did not pay a strict regard to the duties of the Sabbath, and when excited, he would use the language of the profane. It is difficult to conceive the feelings of a pious mother's heart on beholding the son of her affections and hopes falling into such practices and adopting such sentiments. Upon the first indication of his erroneous views she remonstrated, and used her best endeavors to dissuade him from such a course, but all her efforts seemed unavailing. Years rolled away, and he became himself the head of a family, and his parents resided with him. He was prospered with health and also in the accumulation of property. He at length numbered half the years usually allotted to man, and was in the vigor of manhood. At this period, at his request, I called to see him at his own house. As I was seated in conversation with other members of the family, he entered the room, having been absent when I arrived, and without any introductory remarks he began to narrate to me the dealings of God with his soul. In this and in subsequent interviews he related substantially the following sentiments:

"I was brought up," said he, "to respect religion; but for many years I refused instruction. I have been a confirmed believer in the doctrine of universal salvation. In embracing and adhering to that doctrine I have hated the people of God, and especially the church to which my mother belonged, for I have looked upon them as bigoted and superstitious. I never could advance my sentiments but my mother would reprove me. I have a religious wife. She was decided in her views, though she belonged to a different denomination from my mother. Presuming that controversy was useless, my wife and I had agreed mutually to differ; but this was a point I could not gain with my mother. When she reproved me for my sins and urged me to abandon my errors, I would say to her, 'I am an Universalist. I desire to live and die in my present belief, and my desire is that you will not disturb me. I do not suppose I can convince you, and I am certain you cannot me; and I wish that the subject may hereafter be dropped.' But she would invariably say, 'No, my son,' as her lips would quiver with emotion, 'God's vow is upon me; I gave you to him in baptism, and I have promised to do what I can to persuade you to believe as I believe; and you need not calculate upon my leaving you in your errors. As long as I live I shall remonstrate, and pray for you that God may bring you to repentance.' I would often reproach my mother for her bigotry, and then I would think she is not in fault, it is the church's to which she belongs: she has derived all her sentiments and feelings from them, and they are to blame. With these feelings I would say to her, 'Mother, why can you not join some other church? If you will leave the sect to which you now belong, I will carry you to any other meeting whenever you choose to go; go any where but there.' For I thought I never should have any peace as long as she remained what she then was; and such was my hatred to the people with whom she worshipped, that for many years I had never been inside of the meeting-house. Although I meant to treat my parents well, yet when occasionally I took them to the village where they worshipped, I would drive my carriage to the church which my wife attended, and although they were lame and infirm, yet I never once drove them to the door of their own sanc-

tuary, but always compelled them to walk from the place where I first stopped and back again, and for no other reason than to show my hatred to their religious views. Whenever I went to meeting myself, it was always my mother's custom to ask 'what the text was, and what were the sentiments of the preacher?' If they were what I believed, she would condemn them; if they were what I disbelieved and according to her views of truth, she would commend them; and often would fall upon her knees and pray for me, while tears of mingled pain, anxiety and hope would flow down the furrows of her time-worn cheeks. Occasionally she and others would present arguments against my sentiments that I could not answer; and for a time I would be somewhat troubled, until I could find something in my way of philosophizing, or in my Bible, or learn some new arguments from my minister that would answer them, and then I would be at peace again. With all my powers of wrestling, the truth of God, the impressions that it made upon me in childhood, I could not entirely forget; and these impressions, I can truly say, were the only stubborn, insurmountable obstacles in the way of my perfect satisfaction with my principles. I had overcome every thing else. Once I went to my minister and told him my perplexities. He replied, 'I, too, was brought up by my parents of the same denomination, and occasionally have had just such feelings, but they are not worth minding; they are only the fruits of our infant education.' With such evasions I would become for a time composed. A year ago, one of my mother's people invited me to attend a meeting held in his neighborhood by another denomination, intimating that there was considerable religious excitement. I thought this somewhat strange, presuming that different denominations had but little of any christian charity towards each other. But I went that evening, and when I returned, my mother was ready with her usual questions, 'What was the text, and what was the preacher's subject?' I replied that there was not much sense in what the preacher said, still I had no particular objections to the sentiments advanced. I could not believe in what was afterwards stated relative to peculiar religious feelings and experience. It was, in my opinion, all hypocrisy. 'Well,' said she, 'my son,

there is a reality in religious feelings; and I want you, if you ever have any, and if I am alive, to promise me that you will confide them to me.' 'O,' said I, 'I'll promise you that, for I never had any yet, and I do not believe any one ever had; and I am sure that I shall never have any.' Upon this I went into the woods, where I was at work all day, and all alone; while reflecting upon my promise to my mother and upon the direct influences of the Spirit of God, I cannot tell why it was, but I was overwhelmed with similar feelings to those which I had so often heard expressed by others and censured as hypocritical. I went that night unsolicited to the meeting. The preacher seemed to understand my former belief, and he took away the whole foundation on which my fabric had rested. From that hour I gave up all my former peculiar sentiments. In a few days I communicated my feelings, according to my promise, to my mother, who was overjoyed at this intelligence. In this condition I remained for a few months; I had no standing upon my former ground, and still I was not confirmed in any new truth; I knew that I was not what I had been, and I thought that my case was different from any one else. One Sabbath, as I was going to church, it so happened that all present proposed to go to the place where my parents attended, and for the first time in my life I drove my own carriage to the door of that sanctuary. After they had all entered the house, I stood alone in front of it pondering in my mind what I should do; I said to myself, 'Shall I go where I formerly did? But I am no longer an Universalist. Shall I go in with my family? but I never have been within those walls, I shall not feel at home; or shall I go to another house still?' But before I had time to answer these questions even to myself, some friend took me by the arm and led me almost unconsciously into the house and among the people whom I had so long hated from my very soul.

"The exercises commenced, and every thing that was said seemed to meet the responses of my heart. As I looked around upon the congregation, all seemed to exhibit in their countenances a cheerful solemnity; and I said to myself, as the tears started in my eye and my heart swelled with emotion, 'These are my friends, not my enemies! They have not merited my

hatred! It is I who have been in the wrong, not they!' It seemed as if my heart would break from a conviction that I had been, without any cause, an enemy to them, while they had been friends to me. I began to feel an overflowing love for them, and the thought forced itself upon me, how gladly would I give houses, land, and every thing that I possess, if I could by these means count myself worthy to be one of the members of the christian family. Afterward, when the Sabbath came, I found my feet inclined thither; but still I wished to keep all my feelings, and my religion too, if I had any, to myself as much as possible. It was not long after this when a large concourse of people were assembled to attend the funeral of one who had been much esteemed by all classes in the community. He, too, had formerly professed to be an Universalist just one year previous to his death, but had been made in a very striking manner a subject of Divine grace. His short christian course had been marked by an open profession of religion, and by great faithfulness in commending religion to the hearty embrace of all his friends. And as the preacher was describing his wonderful change, and the shining evidence of piety which he had left behind, and his triumphant death, I said to myself, should I be called to die, I could not leave this evidence behind, I could not be counted an open, hearty and useful follower of the Savior, who, when on earth, declared, 'Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of his Father and the holy angels.' I then resolved by the grace of God to be a christian openly, and not to be ashamed of Christ in the presence of men. I felt it to be my duty to connect myself with the people of God. I know not that I have any feeling but that of love toward any christian church. But it has been my mother's faithfulness almost wholly that has plucked me as a brand from the burning, and now her people shall be my people, and her God my God." As he closed his narrative, under the influence of deep emotion himself, the faces of all around, mother, wife, friends, were all bathed in tears of joy. We wept and prayed together. Here for the first time his family altar was erected to the worship of God.

When he came before the church, preparatory to the communion season, to tell what God had done for his soul, he related substantially what I have written, and added, "I have done what I could to injure you. I have persecuted you; and now I wish to do what I can to build you up. I ask your forgiveness for the injuries I have done you, and I hope I have received the forgiveness of God. My mother dedicated me to God in baptism, and by her faithfulness in following me in my wanderings, and in praying with me and for me when counsels were of no avail, I have been brought to experience this change, which I never myself anticipated, and no one else, unless under the influence of that charity which hopeth all things. And as I was given to God in baptism, I desire to offer up my children to Him, that they may be his also."

Should this brief sketch fall under the eye of a christian parent, especially of a christian mother, let it encourage her to persevere with great diligence in the use of all the means which God has instituted for the salvation of children. How many mothers, with feelings of much tenderness too, would have thought remonstrance useless in such a case, and abandoned all measures but that of prayer. Parents are too apt to think, because the subject of religion is unpleasant to their children, and sometimes irritating, that therefore it is best to remain silent. But if, in other cases, silence would seem to have been commendable, it would not have answered the dictates of this mother's conscience. And though foiled in argument, as she often was, she could still present the argument of her own experience and utter her remonstrance against his errors. Adored be the grace of God, she has lived to see the fruits of his conversion while joy gushes from an overflowing heart. There now remains but one of this numerous family unconverted—the youngest of her household, and may it not be hoped that he will yet be numbered with the disciples of Christ.

For the Mother's Magazine.

TO AN INFANT DAUGHTER.

BY REV. J. T. TUCKER.

I.

Thou sleepest sweetly on thy mother's arm,
Beautiful visitant from unknown spheres!
Guarded by love, no thought of earthly harm
Rouses from peaceful rest thy infant fears,
Nor from the founts of grief yet flow thy tears.
Thine artless breast ne'er throbbed with guilt's dismay,
Too fair, too innocent thy form appears
To mingle in the strife of Earth's rude way,
Where troubles thickly spring, where hourly dangers stray.

II.

O could the heart, with sorrow's load oppressed,
Blot from the leaf of memory its woes,
Find in forgetfulness the dreamless rest
Which innocence like thine, thine only, knows;
Could the bright stream that through thy bosom flows,
These souls impure revisit once again,
Might human hearts from mortal griefs repose,
Wash out in Lethe's wave each cankering stain,
How gladly would the soul its infant days regain!

III.

Not this the destiny to mortals given;
Thy little bark, on stormy waters cast,
Tossed by rude winds, by tempests widely driven,
Ah! soon will find its waveless haven past!
Earth yields no pleasure which for ever lasts;
For human guilt, by direful curses riven,
'T will yield thee sorrows gathering thick and fast:
Its brightest joys will fade like hues of even;
Undying happiness blooms not, save in the bowers of heaven.

Hannibal, Mo. 1842.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE,

AND

FAMILY LIBRARY.

VOL. XI. MARCH, 1843. No. 3.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE MOTHER'S CHARGE.

BY W. B. SPRAGUE, D. D. *Albany, New-York.*

Concluded from our last number.

I say then, ye mothers, first of all, your *children* have a claim upon you for the faithful discharge of maternal duty which you surely cannot resist. That unconscious babe in your arms seems to plead with you to treat it as an immortal being. It is in no way responsible for its own existence; it has opened its eyes upon the world under your care; its faculties are to receive their first impulse from your influence; and perhaps it is not too much to say that it is destined for heaven or hell as you discharge or neglect your duty. I seem to hear it saying to you, "Mother, educate me for eternity. Educate me so that the world shall be the better for my having lived in it. Educate me so that I shall have something to comfort me in the hour of my sorrow; something to sustain me as I go down the dark valley; something that will remain with me to bless, and to ennoble, and to satisfy, through everlasting ages. Oh! take heed that you trifle not with this immortal soul. Beware, lest your child

should stand in the judgment a monument of your neglect and of God's everlasting displeasure!"

Society has *its* claims upon you. You are dreaming, if you think that your children are to live for themselves only; and that their fellow-creatures will be neither the better nor the worse for them. Wherever they move, blessing or cursing, life or death will follow in their train. As children, they will either benefit or harm other children: as men, they will either benefit or harm other men. If they are in the world, you can no more prevent their exerting an influence, than you can arrest the progress of sunbeams. Say, then, whether you will educate children to bless or to curse society? If the latter, then I warn you that society will have a debt against you, which your very blood would not be adequate to cancel.

The church has *its* claims upon you. The church is engaged in a noble enterprise—nothing less than co-operating with the Son of God in carrying into effect the great purposes of his mediation; and one part of the work that she has to perform is to send abroad the Gospel, till its proclamation shall have been heard, and its influence felt, to earth's remotest bounds. But the church militant exists in a succession of generations—instead of the fathers are the children. And do you keep this in mind in the education of *your* children? Is it your heart's desire and prayer to God, as well as your constant effort, that they may be found walking in wisdom's ways, engaging with activity and zeal in the service of Christ, and letting their light shine before men? Oh, it would be a fearful thing for a mother, especially a christian mother, to educate children to curse the church? But let her be faithful, and be the result what it may, the church can lay nothing to her charge, and she shall stand acquitted before God.

Your country has *its* claims upon you. We talk of the stability of our institutions; but who *knows* that they are to stand, amidst all these conflicts of party, these tempests of passion, this triumph of wickedness in high places, that is drawing upon us the eyes of the world in wonder, and opening upon us the lips of the world in derision. I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but I say with confidence, if all that we hold dear

as a nation is not to be sacrificed—if we are not to be given up to wild misrule or even the horrors of anarchy—if it is not to become absolutely dark at noonday in all our borders, then rest assured these terrible evils are to be averted by an influence that begins in the cradle. In our revolutionary struggle the mothers sometimes showed their patriotism by wielding the instruments of agriculture, if not the implements of war: you are to show yours, in this struggle with the powers of evil through which we are now passing, by training your children to be good, and obedient, and pious. Such children will become good citizens; and if your country is to be saved, *they*, and of course *you*, will share in the honor of its salvation.

And God has *his* claims upon you. He who gave you your children, and who continues them to you by his perpetual visitation, has not left it at your option to treat them as you please. He has commanded you to "train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" and it is at your peril that you refuse to obey. Who knows but that he may take them from you soon; and if ye are christian mothers, ye would wish to return them to him the monuments of your fidelity as well as the monuments of his grace. Let this thought impress itself upon thy spirit—"God requires me to be faithful to my child; and from his revealed will there is no dispensation."

And last of all, mothers, I plead with you to be faithful, from a regard to *yourselves*. I might here, without any aid from imagination, draw a picture that would come home to many a mother's heart, of withered maternal hopes; of the opening of two or three little graves in almost as many successive days, to receive those objects that she had just been dandling on her knee and pressing to her bosom. Or I might draw another picture equally true to life, that should represent the profligacy, the infidelity, the despair in death and the untold wretchedness in eternity, of a child, whose mother, instead of restraining him, had encouraged him to walk in the destroyer's way; and I might urge you, as you would save yourself the horror of reflecting that *that* is your own child, to do with your might whatsoever your hand findeth to do, for your children's salvation. But I will not ask you to linger amidst scenes like these:

rather let me hold your thoughts to the blessed effects of maternal fidelity. Woman, behold thy son, employing his talents for the honor of God and the benefit of his fellow-men—sustained in sorrow by the prospect of everlasting joy. Woman, behold thy son, sinking into the arms of death—but turn not away from the spectacle; for his lips are open to speak his Redeemer's praise, and his countenance bears the impress of rapturous triumph. Woman, behold thy son—not the body which has been lodged in the sepulchre, but the spirit which has ascended to heaven—mark the glory of its habitation—the glory of its company—the glory of its employments—and then say, was it not worth all thy pains and all thy prayers, to be permitted to reflect that thou hast a child in heaven?

For the Mother's Magazine.

WHAT MANNER OF CHILD SHALL THIS BE?

This interesting question was asked concerning one who became a burning and a shining light in the Church of Christ, —who prepared the way of the Lord. But we have no reason to suppose that he became such, without that training up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord which the Bible enjoins. His parents were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless. As a prince, Zacharias had power with God, and prevailed. They trusted in his promises; and when the child was committed to their care, they dedicated him to God in many a prayer of faith. It was under the influence of religious instruction, and the example of a holy walk before him, accompanied by the appropriate means of grace, rendered effectual by the spirit of God, that he became a burning and a shining light in the Church of Christ.

There is an intimate connection between the parental government, and the moral government of God. The Scriptures warrant us in asserting that when the child is trained up in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from

it. That if he is trained up for heaven, he may be expected to enter there.

The language of the Bible on this subject is not figurative. It has meaning. Man, from the commencement of his existence, throughout his endless duration, is destined to be the subject of some form of government. In the infancy of his existence he is placed under parental government. This government is designed to fit him for the moral government of God. As he is taught to reverence and obey his parents, on whom he depends for sustenance, and as they are faithful in the discharge of their duty, so he may be taught to reverence and obey his Supreme Creator.

The grand question to be settled by every child is, whether he will obey any form of government? and the decision of this question is in the hands of its parents. Here is where the rebellion commences; and if successful in the first attempts to throw off restraint, he will become more determined and desperate in every succeeding attempt. The child which has been accustomed to govern its parents, is usually a bad member of society. He will not bear the restraint of law, however good. He will make a bad member of a family —he will disturb the peace of the community, and probably die a rebel against God. On the other hand, the child who is taught to obey its parents, has learned, if I may so express it, the principle or habit of obedience. He is ready to obey, where there is proper authority, or a reason why he should obey. That child will become a pleasant member of a family or of the community. He will not find it hard to submit to law, and he will be willing to allow to others their just claims. No one can enter a well-governed family without feeling the truth of these remarks. The difference is at once obvious between children who are taught to obey their parents, and a family who are left to grow up without restraint. Any one who has pursued the business of instruction in the school-room, can tell how many of the members of his little community have been trained to habits of obedience, and to respect the rights of others; and how many of them have been suffered, at

home, to set at naught parental authority, and regard no law but their own will.

But, you may ask, what has all this to do with his becoming a christian, a child of God? Much every way. If the child, when he first commences his rebellion towards his parents, is made to yield, the great question whether he will be ruled or not is decided. He knows that there is a power which he must obey. The contest between him and his parents is ended. Now the parent may tell him, and with all the authority of parental love, that he is under obligation to obey the great Parent of the universe. He has confidence in that parent's authority and counsel. That child will certainly be more ready to hear the voice of God, and submit to his authority, than if he had never yielded to the authority of his parents.

The great question, then, of every child's eternal destiny may be settled in very early life. It may be settled at that hour when the child finds that he can break over, and set at naught parental government; and that hour may decide what manner of child he shall be, not only for time, but for a long eternity.

This question involves many interesting topics. We may in some future number pursue the subject, and point out some mistakes of parents, and show the reason why the children of some very pious parents become reprobates.

For the Mother's Magazine.

LOOK AT RESULTS.

No. 2.

I left the house of my friend, after the conversation alluded to in our last, with the resolution in my heart, "If it is ever my lot to do aught in the training of youth, my first effort shall be to teach them the necessity of *looking at results.*" I had not walked far, however, before a better thought came to my mind.

Why wait for the future? Why not make the fruits of my observation on the evils of thoughtlessness a benefit to myself and to those whom I can influence *now*? The present is our only sure time of doing good, and I will improve it. With this new resolution I hastened my steps, and was soon at home.

I was at this time spending a few months with a friend, in the little town of H. It was the season of spring, and every thing invited to activity and joyousness. I entered the house, and after performing a few necessary duties seated myself by the parlor window to read an hour. Scarcely had I opened my book when the sound of Susan's voice reached my ear from the kitchen, speaking in harsh and disagreeable tones. "Go back, and rub your boots, Master William; you never come into the house but you bring dirt enough to cover an acre of corn; Job himself could not live in peace with such a child." William went back and cleaned his boots, but there was a frown on his before-happy brow, and he answered Susan in the same tone which she had used. He came in, but was met by another member of the family, and again I heard vociferous words, "William, William, don't you know better than to come tracking over a clean floor? Go through the piazza, you naughty boy." It was no use resisting, and William retreated, making his way through the piazza, and at last he reached his mother's room. "Why, William," said his mother, as soon as he made his appearance, "where have you been to get so dirty? Do look at yourself—mud from head to foot? You deserve a severe whipping for making yourself so disagreeable, and ruining your clothes. Go and brush yourself, and don't you go out to play again to-day." "Oh dear!" said William, as he came crying to the parlor, "I wish there was no such thing as being clean—I hear nothing else from morning till night, and one can't go out doors at all without being fretted at." The cloud passed, however, and he was soon amusing himself with various playthings on the floor. He built houses of blocks, and ransacked the room for "*goods*" to put in his store. In the midst of his play his father entered the room. "Why, William, how you are making this room look! Suppose some one should come in! Take up all those things, and don't let me see any more such

scattering." A flush of anger passed over William's face, and as he threw one plaything here and another there, I heard the determined and bitter exclamation, "I will go away from home the first minute I am old enough—nobody could live in such a place as this." The remainder of the morning was passed in fretting on William's part, and remonstrances on the part of his sisters. "William, don't do that—William, do stop making that noise—there is no peace in the house when you are at home." "I shall not be at home long," said William at last; "I believe every body *would* be happier if I was away. Nobody cares for my comfort;" and he went to school when the time came, with a darkened countenance and a discontented and angry spirit.

The happiness of this day was thus utterly destroyed to poor William. Nor was it an unusual occurrence. And yet, William was not a bad boy; nor was there any intention of making him unhappy on the part of the family. I do not think, indeed, there was any want of real love; but there was certainly a lamentable want of *consideration*, of *thoughtful kindness*. A little care would have prevented this unhappiness. William was naturally a kind, tender-hearted, affectionate child, and might have been easily trained to good habits. You had but to speak kindly to him, and you might win him to any thing you chose. He was more gentle than most boys, and all his faults proceeded from a boyish love of fun and frolic, rather than from the slightest appearance of an evil disposition. He loved his friends most ardently—nothing delighted him so much as sympathy from them—nothing grieved him more than to see them afflicted. He was generous to a fault, and though his feelings were quick, and he sometimes spoke passionately, one calm word or even a look would often quell the flame.

But at the time of which I speak, a change was rapidly coming over him. Discontent and fretfulness were manifesting themselves on every little occasion, and his affectionate spirit was assuming an indifferent and even unkind appearance. From feeling it to be the greatest of evils to be obliged to go from home, he was getting to wish impatiently for the time when he should go. The causes of this sad change could not fail to be seen by an attentive observer; and among them, the

almost daily recurrence of such scenes as I have described was very prominent. My heart ached as I saw what must inevitably be the result, and as soon as an opportunity offered I remonstrated with his mother and warned her of the consequences. "But what is to be done?" said she, "am I not to teach my children neatness? Must I not bring them up in habits of order?" "Certainly, Madam," said I, "but I greatly mistake if you are pursuing the right course. I fear William is getting to dislike the very thought of order, and to think being neat only another name for being miserable. But even if by this method you *should* induce a habit of order in your children, are you not in danger of gaining with it what is far more to be deprecated than confusion or disorder, a discontented, unhappy temper, a fretful disposition, and a dislike of the house, which should be, especially to a son, the happiest spot on earth. Better, far better, that children should know comparatively little of order and neatness, if, in acquiring that knowledge, they must lose the fresh, happy spirit of childhood, and slacken the bonds which unite them to home and friends. *But there is no necessity for any such result.* The fault is in the *manner of training*—and in that want of consideration which dwells upon things of minor importance, till they entirely shut out from the view those which affect most materially the character, and which in their results take hold on eternity. Habits of neatness are necessary to the happiness of all, and must be gained, but this may and ought to be done in entire consistency with peace and good feeling.

"Had Susan met William when he came whistling from school with a pleasant look, and kindly said, 'Don't come in, William, with dirty feet,' he would have rubbed his boots and answered her in like pleasant tones. Had the other members of the family spoken mildly to him, he would not have frowned, but would have gone on his way still whistling merrily. Had his mother manifested any pleasure at seeing her little boy coming happy from school,—had she shown him that his want of neatness made no difference with her real love for him—had she manifested, by word or look, that she liked to have him near her, instead of repulsing him with a severe reproof ere he had fairly

entered the door, she would have won his kind feelings, and *then* she might have sent him to make himself neat, and saved his bitter tears and impatient words. Had his father stopped a moment to reflect, that although a room in disorder is rather an unpleasant sight, yet a child without employment, forbidden to go out of doors and forbidden to play in the house, is a much more distressing spectacle—instead of bidding him put by his playthings, he would have shown him that he liked to see him cheerful and happy, and been satisfied with telling him to put them all in their places when he had done with them, and thus have prevented the hasty and bitter wish to go from home. Had his sisters shown any interest in his happiness, had they made any effort to soothe and amuse him, he would have returned their kindness and regarded their wishes, and none would have heard from his lips the sad words, 'Every body would be happier if I was away.' And would William have been less likely to love order and neatness, if he had been thus kindly dealt with? No, no. The assurance that his parents and friends loved him, the proof that they were interested in his happiness, furnished by kind words and pleasant looks, would have secured obedience to their wishes and commands. He would have done every thing willingly to please those who always regarded his feelings and treated him with tenderness. He would have gained good habits much sooner, and still retained the free and affectionate disposition which belongs to childhood."

"Then you justify William's impatience and anger," said his mother. "By no means, Madam; William was wrong; his conduct was sinful; but while we condemn this in him, let us look at the circumstances, which, if they do not excuse him, at least palliate the fault. He came from school happy and full of glee. The fresh air of spring sent its influence through his young frame, and every pulse was bounding with life and kindly feeling. He was ready to greet every body with a smile, and in his childish confidence never dreamed that he could meet any thing but smiles and kindness in return. He had not set his foot in the house before he was repulsed by reproof, and from every one he met he received the same, and not for any

crime he had committed, but for a fault which needed correction indeed, but not one that required all this severity. Do you wonder that he was impatient? But this was not all. He could plead the force of example for his fretful words. He was reproved, not in mild, gentle tones, but in harsh, angry language; and children are proverbially imitative—the tones in which you speak to them are almost sure to be returned in the answer you receive. William was wrong; but those who are older, yet set him the example, were much more to be blamed, and were answerable for the sin they might have prevented in him by a little care.

"Children were formed for happiness as well as others, and they are eminently creatures of sympathy. Their young and ardent affections crave love in return for the love they so lavishly bestow. God meant it should be so. These kindly and glowing affections are the ground-work which he himself has laid in every youthful heart, and on which, by his blessing, every beautiful and delightful and lovely grace will flourish and thrive. Destroy these, by needless severity or thoughtless harshness, and you have not only annihilated one of His noblest and most benevolent works, but you have laid the foundation for every malignant feeling and unholy passion, and nothing but the interposition of Sovereign Love can remedy the effect of your carelessness.

"Look, then, at results. While you are striving to establish good habits in your children, remember at the same time that you are dealing with sensitive beings, those who feel, and feel keenly, and be careful lest you injure more than you benefit. Do not forget that there are habits of *mind* and *spirit* infinitely more important than any habits of outward behavior. Secure the good of the soul—a kind, gentle, affectionate temper of heart first, by example and precept, and the rest is easily gained. All this can only be done by carefulness, and prayerfulness, and constant watching. Look at results, and God help you in your responsible work."

S.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE ROSE THAT BLOOMED ON THE SABBATH.

My Dear Mrs. D——,

The following fact was penned by the late Mrs. Catherine Winslow, (*second* wife of the Rev. Myron Winslow,) when on a visit to this station, shortly after her arrival in this country. I have frequently perused it with much pleasure, and wished I could read it to some of my *little* friends in America; but as that is out of my power, I feel inclined to *impose* the task on you, so far as to read it to Charles and Elisha. It is as follows:

I know a little boy (son of a Missionary in India) who had been carefully trained to regard the christian Sabbath as God's own day, in which he was not even to think worldly thoughts. He was born in the midst of the heathen, who acknowledged no obligation to keep the Sabbath, but were as much occupied with worldly business during its hallowed hours as at other times; and notwithstanding some few were gathered from among them to hear the words of life from time to time, they seemed to have little perception of the command, 'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.'

Perhaps the mother of this little boy had been more than usually earnest to impress on her son the importance of this command, seeing that he was exposed to such sad examples. Her efforts were crowned with a good degree of success. There was a tenderness of conscience about the child in regard to keeping the day, according to the *spirit* as well as the *letter*. His mother had seldom, I *may say* almost never occasion to reprove him for a breach of the Sabbath. He appeared to feel the necessity of being watchful over himself in *little* as well as *great* things, of which I am now about to relate an instance, as it was mentioned to me by one of his missionary friends.

The house in which he lived was situated in the midst of a large garden (or compound) where were many fine trees and flowers, of which he was very fond. The stately areca, the

towering cocoa-nut, with its rich coronal of leaves, and its clusters of ripe fruit; the spreading foliage of the pomplemore, the mango, and the lime,—all were dear to his little heart as the production of the soil on which he first drew breath. But there was one unpretending tree which he loved above all others, as being associated in his mind with the birth-place of his beloved parents: this was a rose-tree. His mother had often pointed to it when walking with him, and compared it to the bright roses of America. What then to him, in comparison, were the rich colors of the Indian acacia, the bright red of the China rose, or the vermilion hue of the pomegranate buds, or even the more delicately tinted cups of the tulip-tree! 'The rose is a flower which grows in America,' he would say, and for that he loved it. Well, the flourishing rose-tree gave promise of a flower, the first of the season. The little boy had been watching the bud with great interest, as his kind mother had given him permission to pluck it as soon as its beautiful leaves were unfolded. On Saturday he looked at it, just at evening, and discovered the delicate streaks of pink bursting through the green covering. On Sabbath morning, as he passed the favorite tree, he saw a full-blown rose, and drops of dew resting upon the leaves like glittering pearls. *He left it in all its beauty*, and passed into the house. His mother not knowing he had seen it, and fearing that if left on its stalk some one of the crowds of native boys who were assembling for instruction would seize it, and thus deprive her little boy of his long anticipated pleasure, plucked the fragrant flower, and coming behind her son as he sat reading, she passed her arm around his neck, and placed the flower in his bosom. To her great surprise he looked up and burst into tears, saying, 'Mother, dearest mother, you have plucked this beautiful rose, which might have bloomed on its stalk, and thus praised God all this *holy day*.' Much more the child said, tending to show the very nice sense he had of observing *holy time*. The eyes of the mother filled with tears. She felt that he had understood her instructions: she felt too reproved, that in her eagerness to gratify the beloved boy, she had forgotten the text, 'Not doing thine own ways,

nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words;' she acknowledged it as a lesson for her, and may it not be a lesson for others? I was much struck with the circumstance at the time I heard it, and thought it worth remembering, as I might sometimes have an opportunity of doing good to some little boy or girl by relating it.

"Some children may say, 'he was too scrupulous; I do not believe it is wrong to pluck flowers on the Sabbath-day.' To such I would say, strive to have *your heart right with God.* If you seek to glorify him, he will help you, and you will not be tempted by flowers, or any other precious gift, to 'seek your own pleasure on his holy day;' and like little E——, you will on the Sabbath enjoy the flower more on the stalk, where it praises God, than in the hand. Your conscience cannot be too *tender* if it may be too scrupulous, in regard to keeping the Lord's day. The proper observance of it will secure you a happy week, and will warrant your laying hold of the promise in Isaiah, 'Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord, &c. &c.'"

I have copied the preceding from the origial one, written by Mrs. W———. Little E———, of whom she writes, is the son of the dear brother and sister with whom I reside. The fact is *doubly* interesting to me, because it occurred at my (adopted) *home.* I feel in sending it to you I am only carrying out the design our departed sister (Mrs. W.) had in view when she wrote it, viz. "To do good to some little boy or girl." "*She* being dead, yet speaketh."

Oodooville—1842.

For the Mother's Magazine.

"HE'S SOMEBODY'S SON."

This is a dreary world some say, and I suppose it is; but there are some bright spots in it after all; some pure and refreshing fountains among its turbid waters; some balmy days

amidst its clouds and storms—and there are some warm and generous hearts among its selfish inhabitants. The men aside—for they constitute no part of my theme—there are many among the gentler sex, and especially among mothers,

> ——Whose sympathizing hearts
> That generous pleasure know,
> Kindly to feel for others' grief,
> And weep for others' wo—

Many mothers—it were strange if it were not so. Why should not that eye beam with kindness, which has often looked round upon a little circle of dependant and confiding children? Why should not the tones of that voice be soft and gentle, which has been accustomed to hum a lullaby to the sickly, and therefore restless infant? And that heart—why should it not be even more sympathizing and benevolent for having been for years the seat and centre of maternal affection? And if my observation have taught me truth, it is so. It must be so, otherwise many a poor little stranger in the world would have made but a short tarry, and even that short sojourn would have been one of sorrow and suffering.

Yes, there are mothers—not all—I am sorry that there are any exceptions to a truth so grateful—there are mothers who feel that there are other mothers in the world besides themselves, and other children besides their own;—mothers, who, if they exercise a peculiar regard towards their own offspring—which is the law, and the wise law of their nature—can nevertheless, when occasion presents, interest themselves in the welfare of others, and even the children of strangers. Not only can they feel the touching tale of wo, and wish those well whom casualty or misfortune has stricken; but they can leave their bright firesides, their warm apartments, their comforts behind, and go forth and seek out the children of sorrow, and even of crime, and administer to their wants, and gently withdraw them from their haunts of vice and wretchedness. The youth —perhaps in the humble walks of life—without the advantage of polite education or the patronage of rich friends, they can take by the hand and inspire him with confidence and self-respect.

I love to dwell upon such a mother. She is an ornament to her sex; she is a blessing to the world. I would prefer the sublime joy of such a mother's heart to the satisfaction of the proudest monarch on the day of his coronation. How brightly must her crown shine, when the lustre of earthly diadems shall have faded away!

I have been led to the foregoing reflections by an incident which occurred not long since in one of our principal cities, and which involved a beautiful specimen of disinterested maternal benevolence.

A young lad was driving a horse attached to a wagon through a frequented street, when, from some unexpected occurrence, the horse took fright, and, dashing forward, was soon at the top of his speed. The lad, wholly unable to check the spirited and now terrified animal, had only to wait in fearful suspense the issue of his impetuous movements. That issue was soon reached—the horse, on turning a corner, dashed the wagon in pieces, but providentially, most providentially, the lad escaped without serious injury.

The perilous situation of the lad of course attracted the notice of every one in the street through which the wild and furious horse was passing. Every heart beat quick, and every one cringed as he thought of the approaching, and, as was thought, inevitable destruction.

Among the spectators of the exciting scene were a mother and her daughter from the country. Both paused and watched for some moments with intense anxiety the progress of the lad. At length the horse turned the corner, and was lost sight of. The agitated mother, under the pressure of maternal agony for the child, started in rapid pursuit, as if he was her only son. "Mother, mother!" exclaimed the daughter, anxious indeed for the lad, but more apprehensive for the safety of her mother, passing towards the scene of crowd and danger—"Mother where are you going? don't get into the crowd; you can do him no good." Seeing the agitation of the mother, another lady who happened to be passing at the moment, kindly inquired, "Is he your son?" "Oh, no!" replied the mother, "he is not mine, but *he's somebody's son*."

"He's somebody's son!" That was enough for her to know to excite her intense anxiety, and good impulse to her maternal feelings, which bore her to his rescue. This was a mother, with all the pure and disinterested affection of a mother's heart. True, it was a sudden occasion, and a sudden sympathy; but that bosom had had such sentiments, such feelings in kind before; they needed only a suitable occasion, and what intensity do we see! I dare say that more mothers than one were spectators of the exciting scene; they must have felt a passing shudder; perhaps paused, and while stationary uttered a sympathizing exclamation; but this mother alone was ready to put forth *effort* for the lad's relief. It was said by the Redeemer, that wherever his Gospel should be preached, the kindness of Mary in anointing his feet should be told as a memorial of her faith, humility and benevolence. I will not affirm that the above nameless mother deserves such a wide-spread and enduring notoriety; but for one, I would help spread the knowledge of her maternal sympathy, and commend her spirit and example to the ten thousand mothers who may peruse these pages.

And we should think this subject would commend itself to every mother's heart. They know not how soon or how early they may be separated from their children. Mothers! the hand of misfortune may lay itself heavily upon you, and render it necessary for your children to leave you; or, death may summon you away, and they be left to find a home among strangers. Would you not feel the pang of separation less keenly, did you know that mothers every where had the same kind and tender solicitude as that mother whom we have been contemplating? Do, then, as you would have others do unto you and your children. Go forth on errands of charity and benevolence; take the children of others by the hand; seek out the orphan and the unbefriended; let them feel that there exists sympathy and kindness in human bosoms—that the world is not a region of utter selfishness, nor the hearts of mothers occupied by benevolence only towards their own, and I am sure you will find your reward. Seed thus sown will come up in after years; and if your children shall not need the kindness which you have shown, your own soul will be enriched with

the love and grace of God in return. If they do, or your children's children, be assured that He who said that a cup of cold water given to one of his disciples should not go unrewarded, will raise up friends for them and their posterity, perhaps to the thousandth generation. W———N.

For the Mother's Magazine.

LETTER ADDRESSED BY A MATERNAL ASSOCIATION TO THE ORPHAN FAMILY OF A DECEASED SISTER.

N——, Dec. 20, 1842.

Dear young Friends,

The Maternal Association, of which your departed mother was one of the founders, and of which she continued through life a member, beg leave to mingle their tears with yours, in view of that providence which has at once deprived you of a parent and them of a long-loved and highly-valued friend. The removal of such a mother from the fatherless group that seemed so dependant upon her counsel, her sympathy and her prayers, is truly one of those ways of the Lord which seem to say imperatively, "Be still! *and know that I am God.*" But while we hear the voice, and bow in humble submission before Him who speaks to us, we are not forbidden, either by his example or his word, to "weep with those who weep." The Man of Sorrows mingled his tears with those of the orphan mourners of Bethany. And who can look upon this smitten flock with an unaffected heart? We remember that but thirteen months ago you stood by the death-bed of a beloved father. We saw how you clung still more fondly to a mother's bosom, when the strong arm which had for so many years defended you was laid low; and now that this frail yet loved support is taken away, we are ready to ask *who* will sustain, and protect, and guide this orphan group? But ere we repeat the inquiry, a voice "from the excellent glory" allays our fears:

"Leave thy fatherless children with me and I will preserve them alive." "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is: for he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit." (Jer. 17:7, 8.)

These, and many like precious promises, sustained your beloved mother in the darkest hour of bereavement, and were the pillow on which her dying head reposed. And to this sure refuge we would point you, children of our prayers and of our love. The world is indeed spoiled for you *as a home*. It will never seem to you as it has done. Some of us have felt the sorrows of orphanage; and though in many instances years have passed away since the sod first rested upon a parent's head, our desolate hearts often yearn for a mother's sympathy and a father's prayers. Each fresh wave of sorrow that dashes over us causes us to turn instinctively to the bosom on which our infant head reposed, and to the arm that once sought to protect us from every danger. And when we look *in vain* for the eye that would have wept for us, and for the voice that would have soothed our grief, then it is that we awake to the full sense of what it is *to be an orphan*. But why do we speak thus to you? Is it to inflict a deeper wound upon hearts that are now bleeding at every pore? We would not thus "break the bruised reed." We have spoken of our own sorrows only, to remind you that we can and do most deeply feel for yours; and to assure you that even for you life need not be only "a pilgrimage of pain" and a place of tears. If you will but lift your weeping eyes to your Father in heaven; if you will but accept the hand held out to you from the throne; if you will but throw yourselves into the arms of everlasting love that are opened to embrace you; if each of you will from this time cry unto Him, "My Father, thou art the Guide of my youth;" then even you may yet see good days in the path of your pilgrimage. Yes, *good days;* not of unmingled earthly joy, as when your unbroken circle gathered around the evening fire, or kneeled at the family altar; but days of peaceful submission, of holy trust,

of mutual love, of christian usefulness, of united prayer, of blissful anticipation. Yes, the smile of joy may often light up the countenances that are now so sad, as you speak together of that "better country" whither your loved ones have gone, and of your anticipated reunion there. Heaven may soon become your familiar home, seen distinctly by the eye of faith even afar off. So familiar may you become with the employments of heaven as to feel that there is indeed no separating wall between you and "the spirits of the just made perfect." And though you will never cease to remember the mother who sat with you in the evening twilight, and who kneeled by your side at the hour of prayer, yet the recollection may not always check your hymn of praise or exclude the note of thanksgiving from your evening sacrifice. No, your language may sometimes be,

> I will not say *farewell!* since thou dost come
> To visit me, and we may yet enjoy
> Communion sweet together, and with Him
> Who ransomed both; I on the footstool, thou
> Before the throne.

All this, and unspeakably more, may be your blessed experience, if from this time you choose your mother's God to be your God and King; but if either of you should be so unwise as to prefer a portion here to an inheritance above, we can offer you no relief from the pressure of present sorrow, and no security against the ills which may cluster around your unprotected path. There are unseen agents who will watch for your souls to destroy them. *The world*, with its wealth, its honors, its pleasures, its infidelity, its vices, will seek to entrap your youthful feet. And *who* will venture to apply the voice either of warning or entreaty to the ear that turned away from a mother's dying accents?

But, beloved youth, we hope better things of you. Many fervent prayers have been laid up before the throne on your behalf. The blessings of the everlasting Covenant are your precious birth-right. You *will* not exchange them for all that the world has to offer. The sweet example, the affectionate entreaties, the faithful warnings of a sainted mother will not be all unavailing. Oh! may He to whom you have been so often

commended send that influence down, which shall cause joy to flow out from this deep sorrow, and life eternal even from a mother's death!

On behalf of the Association,

F. L. S———, Secretary.

For the Mother's Magazine.

NOTICE OF LORD NELSON.

We are induced to publish the following communication from the circumstance of having received a letter of severe censure from a lady whose judgment we highly respect. She will perceive her mistake in attributing to us the article to which she has alluded, by referring to the September number of the present volume of the *Christian Family Magazine*.

Those who take upon themselves to furnish a christian literature are under high obligations to see that it be pure in its morality, and that the examples held up with commendation be such as may safely be imitated. Virtue ought to be presented in her garb of loveliness; vice, stripped of borrowed robes, should be made to stand forth in naked deformity, an object of aversion.

In none do bad examples possess such power for evil, as in those whom the world has honored with its applause. These should find no favor from the religious press; and if their names must be mentioned, or their deeds portrayed, no trappings of greatness should shield them from deserved censure.

In a late religious magazine an article is headed "Filial Tribute;" for what reason, they who read it are puzzled to decide. And it is still more difficult to understand how an editor of a periodical professedly *christian*, and whose ostensible object is to inculcate high moral principles, should have selected or made up such an article for his readers. War and carnage, the battle's rage and the cannon's roar, military glory and naval ambition, belong not to the genius of the christian religion. To deck these out in their gorgeous trappings, and hold them up as examples of imitation in a *Christian Family* Magazine, merits a marked and unfaltering rebuke.

The article alluded to contains a brief description of the battle of Trafalgar, and a particular account of the death of Lord Nelson, as it has often been given by others. We are told of the scuppers of forty ships running with human blood—of the huzzaing of the crews amidst the death-groans of their companions. The brilliant exploit—the glory—the undying fame won by the illustrious admiral—are presented to our view in vivid colors; but not a tear of sympathy is asked for the thousands made widows and orphans—not a glance is given at the families shrouded, by this victory, in mourning—not a thought suggested at the hurrying into the eternal world of so many souls unprepared for their final account. The writer sees only the *splendor* of the victory, the *glory* of the achievement; human life seems nothing with him. He has tears only for the hero bedecked with stars; and this too in a christian periodical for the family circle!

But this is the least exceptionable part of the article. The hero has received his death-wound. And now from the title chosen by the writer, we are looking anxiously for that "Filial Tribute" in his last hours—some kindly remembrance of a father's pious instructions—of a mother's love; some recognition of religious principles instilled by parental care; some thoughts of a future world—of the great day when he should meet his parents, they to render an account of their instructions, and he of how his life has been guided by their precepts. Not a word of this. The victory and Lady Hamilton occupy all his thoughts. "Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation!" And the writer adds, "Next to his country she occupied his thoughts." Amidst all this, where is the *filial tribute?* The only allusion to his father or mother in the whole article, is contained in this sentence: "Presently, calling Hardy back, in a low voice he desired THAT HE MIGHT BE BURIED BY HIS PARENTS, unless it should please the king to order otherwise." These are the words which the writer has thought worthy to be printed in capitals, and to suggest a heading for his article. Immediately after, this sentence follows—"Then re-

verting to private feelings, 'take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton!" Again: "Doctor, I have not been a GREAT sinner."...."Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country." Once this pattern of filial affection mentioned his parents, and that incidentally, to direct about his burial, and he was to be laid beside these parents *only* in case the king would not order him a resting-place in the midst of princes and of heroes in Westminster Abbey! His grave may be by his parents, unless a more honored sepulchre can be found for him!

Who is this Lady Hamilton who engrossed all the hero's dying thoughts, and in relation to whom a christian writer, holding up the example for imitation, has recorded so carefully his every expression? The kept, and publicly and shamelessly recognised mistress of Lord Nelson! The writer must have known the relation in which they stood to each other. No man of ordinary reading and information is ignorant of it. It has not been left to *christian* editors alone to speak with becoming indignation of this. All who have felt an ordinary regard for the decencies of life, have considered the British people insulted by this bequest of a loose woman to a nation's care. The wife is unmentioned—not a word, good or bad, for her; but a single one for his child—all the thoughts of his last hour are on his paramour!

On this tale, in which so much is so carefully gathered up of Lord Nelson's last words, the writer has given several paragraphs of reflections on filial love, citing this as a worthy example! Did he coolly mean to insult every principle of purity that should adorn and hallow, and every sacred affection that should bind together the family circle? In pure wantonness did he aim at breaking in upon all the virtues on which the family state is based? Seeking to enter as a guest at our fireside, does the *Christian Family Magazine* come loaded with a poison so deadly? Such things in a periodical claiming high favor with the christian public ought not, must not go unrebuked.

[For the Mother's Magazine.]

ON THE BAPTISM OF AN ONLY CHILD.

Creator of the universe!
Thy heartfelt praise I sing,
While to thine holy altar, Lord,
My sacrifice I bring.

It is not treasures from the mine,
Nor pearls from 'neath the sea;
A *dearer* gift I offer here—
My *only child* to Thee!

God of the widow—let thine arm
Support his tender head,
And o'er his earthly pilgrimage;
Thine hallowed blessings shed.

O guide him through life's devious way,
Where'er his wanderings be,
And gently lead him to that path
That opens, Lord, on thee.

And when his task on earth is done,
When death shall hover near,
O smooth his couch—O be *Thou* nigh,
And quiet every fear.

In gratitude and love I bring
The gift thou gavest me,
And on thine altar consecrate
My child—*my all*, to Thee.

A. M. R.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE,

AND

FAMILY LIBRARY.

VOL. XI. APRIL, 1843. No. 4.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE MOTHER'S JEWEL.

BY W. CUTTER.

The crown let diamonds grace,
And gems the signet-ring;
Where pride and power would find a place
For every costly thing.

Give pearls to deck the fair,
Give gold to heartless men,
Who aim with sleepless toil and care
Such poor rewards to gain.

They cannot fill the heart,
They cannot reach the soul;
Nor one poor ray of hope impart,
To light it to its goal.

Let Alps on Alps be reared,
Of purest gems combined,
'Twere less than nothingness, compared
With one immortal mind.

"These are my jewels—these!"
The Roman matron cried,
As on her noble boys she gazed
With all a mother's pride.

Lives there a mother still,
Whose yearning love accords
No echo to the holy thrill
Of those ennobling words?

Mothers in Christ, behold
The jewels Christ has given!
Not for a crown of worthless gold,
But for the Lord of heaven.

Oh! keep them pure from sin,
Polished with grace and prayer;
So shall they deck his crown, and win
A radiant glory there.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE DESTINY OF THE CHILD IN THE HANDS OF ITS PARENTS.

II.

We have said that "the eternal destiny of the child is in the hands of its parents." The child is not merely placed under their care for government, but to be trained up for heaven. There seems to be an impression on the minds of many, that there is no certain connection between the best family government and the conversion of children to God. Scripture and facts are both opposed to such views. The language of the Bible is, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." This has been regarded as a general direction or assertion, which might be true in many instances, but could not be expected to prove so in all.

This "training," it must be understood, includes all that is necessary on the part of parents, of precept, example, correction and instruction. It requires that the parents should *both* be righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord *blameless*. The good effects of faithfulness on the part of one parent may be counteracted by the neglect or evil example of the other. It is not enough that the parent himself sets a worthy example—enjoys communion with God, is esteemed for his piety, and is a benefactor of mankind. All this was true of the aged Eli, yet the Bible tells us that his sons "made themselves vile and he restrained them not."

In training up the child the Bible is particular to enjoin *early discipline*. "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying. Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him. Withhold not correction from the child: for if thou beatest him with the rod he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod and shalt deliver his soul from hell. The rod and reproof give wisdom, but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame. Correct thy son and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul. He that spareth the rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."

Many parents mistake in putting off the commencement of the government which they really approve, until the passions and will of the child are confirmed by habitual indulgence, and the difficulty of subduing them is increased tenfold. As soon as the child can understand the simplest command, it should be made to obey, and thus early acquire the habit of obedience.

Some persons at the present day deem the use of the rod in family government a remnant of barbarism, and condemn it altogether. Now we do not say that the child may be whipped into the kingdom of heaven; but we feel that, recommended and enjoined as the application of the rod is by the "wisest man," it should not be lightly thrown aside. The temper and constitution of the child ought to be considered, and discretion used in the mode pursued to secure obedience. Some children require far more correction—far more government than others; and in many instances the rod ought to be the last resort. But

in some way obedience must be secured; and if not secured, as in the case of Eli, God will hold the parent responsible.

The child's happiness, also, for time and for eternity, requires that he should be made to obey his parents. To let him grow up without learning obedience under the parental roof, is the way to prepare him for disgrace in this world and ruin in the world to come. If you wish your children to rise up and call you blessed in future life, you must enforce respect and obedience while they are young. But there are many who love their children *so well* that they cannot bear to distress them; and had rather leave them to bring their parents to shame and ruin their own souls, than to inflict upon them the least pain. There is too much false affection, which spares the merited punishment at the expense of the child's welfare. Remember, "he that spareth the rod *hateth* his son, but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."

It is often remarked of some children, that they were always wild and rebellious. The truth is, they were never governed and their will subdued in their early years. They were left without restraint, and they bear the image enstamped upon them by their parents in infancy. This character is beginning to be formed when the parent yields for the first time to the control of the child, and it then commences its downward course. Because his parents or guardians have *let* him conquer them, he *will* have his own way; and he shows before all, that unless some providence of God prevent, he will set at nought restraint, and rush with fury down to hell.

We have said that those who were not governed at home would not be likely to make good members of community or be willing to submit to the laws of the land. Some years since, a minister preaching to his congregation on parental responsibility, remarked that the neglect of family government fills our prisons and jails with their inmates. He said few, if any, of those arrested for crime were from well-regulated, well-governed families. They were usually those who had been suffered to rebel against parental authority. They had begun without control, and gone on from one step to another, throwing off restraint, until the community were compelled to place upon them the

restraints of locks, and bolts, and chains. It so happened, that among the congregation was a family who had removed into the parish from a neighboring village, one of the sons of whom, unknown to the preacher, was at that time the inmate of a prison. The parents of the family were eminent for piety and consistency, and the feelings of many were stirred up by these remarks. The next day the pastor received several calls; and he was told that he would find himself mistaken in that instance at least, for the children of such a man had surely been well brought up. Upon making some inquiry about the early habits of this family, the minister was directed for information to an old lady who had formerly lived near them. After a few days he called upon her, and asked her what she knew about the matter. She said several persons had been to her to make the same inquiry; and said she, "I told them they had better keep still, for in *early life* these children were not governed; and after the parents began to see that they had neglected their duty they did what they could to remedy the evil, but in the case of some of the family it was too late."

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE FAMILY.

BY REV. HARVEY NEWCOMB.

The family is the fundamental institution of human society. It was given along with the Sabbath in the primeval state of man in Eden; and if sin had not entered to mar the beautiful simplicity of that state, probably no other institutions would have been needed. The family constitution is founded on a connection of such a nature as to result almost certainly in a similarity of character between parents and children. The character and destiny of children is involved in that of their parents. So God deals with men. *Why*, he has not been pleased to inform us; nor can we see any farther into the mystery, than

to discern that it arises necessarily out of the social state of man. The fact, however, is clear, both from the word of God and the history of our race, *as a general rule*, to which there may be some exceptions. It was the case with Adam. His immediate posterity bore the moral likeness which he had after his fall; and all his posterity have partaken of his fallen character, and been involved in his destiny. It was so with Cain. In consequence of his character he became an outlaw: the Lord cast him off. His children were like him in character, and involved in his destiny—a race of vagabonds. But Seth being a pious man, true religion was preserved in the line of his posterity. So it was likewise with Noah. His piety saved his children from the deluge. Yet he had one wicked son, who, for his unnatural conduct towards his father, was deprived of his birthright; and even down to the present age his posterity are a despised and oppressed race. But in Abraham we have an opposite example. His piety descended to his posterity for many generations, during which they enjoyed the blessing of God above all the families of the earth. This principle is recognized in the decalogue. In the second commandment the Lord declares that he will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children of them that hate him, to the third and fourth generation, while he will show mercy unto thousands of generations of them that love him. The fourth commandment is addressed to the head of the family, as being responsible for the conduct of the whole. It is a remarkable fact, that in the fulfilment of the threatening of the second commandment, almost all the families of wicked men mentioned in Scripture *ran out* in a few generations, while those of the good were preserved for many ages. The family of Eli, where family government was neglected, became extinct in the fourth generation; that of Saul in the second; that of Jeroboam in the fifth; that of Omri in the third; and that of Jehu in the fourth. How far the same is true, in general, in the history of our race we cannot tell, because we have not the means of ascertaining. But facts occasionally come to our knowledge which might lead us to suppose that it is generally true, and that this is the meaning of the awful threatening contained in the second commandment. It is said by some of the aged people belonging

to the town of Northampton, Mass. that in President Edwards' day there was but one family in that town who did not maintain family prayer; *and that family has already become extinct, or nearly so.*

The design of the family institution is to promote religion. This is expressly stated by the prophet Malachi: "And did not he make one? Yet had he the residue of the Spirit;" i. e. he had all power, and might have made any number, or an unequal number of males and females; why, therefore, did he make one man and one woman? And the answer is, "*that he might seek a godly seed.*" So it has been in fact. The "godly seed" has been preserved on earth only where the family institution has been respected, and maintained in a good degree of purity. The patriarchs, the good kings of Israel and Judah, and the prophets and apostles, so far as we can ascertain from the sacred history, were all the children of pious parents, and most of them of a long line of pious ancestry. So it is now. As an example of similar dealings of God with his people at the present day, may be mentioned the case of John Rodgers, who was burned at the stake in Smithfield. Almost all of his posterity down to the present day, which is the tenth generation, have been pious; and almost all of the elder sons have been ministers of the Gospel. No doubt a multitude of similar cases might be found, by tracing back the ancestry of pious families for a few generations.

It appears from what has been stated, that parents are held responsible for the character of their children—at least to a certain extent, so far as that character is dependent upon them; and it is so dependent, if not absolutely, yet to a very great extent. God has given them all the means which could be desired to secure a good character in their children. He has given them *influence* over their offspring, arising from natural affection, dependence and constant intercourse, almost unbounded. To this is added the direction of their *education*, and *authority* to control their actions. And to all these is superadded the covenant, that he will be not only the God of his people, but of their *seed* after them; with the promise that parental faithfulness shall be attended with his blessing. Could any thing more be desired to ensure the end? Could any thing more be added without

destroying the free agency of the child? We are perhaps not authorized to assert positively that no children have ever turned out profligate without the fault of their parents; because they are exposed to many influences over which their parents have no control, and they have within them evil hearts, which can only be changed by the sovereign grace of God. But this grace is promised on condition of parental faithfulness; and we have no case on record where the evidences of faithfulness is complete, in which the promise was not verified. Indeed, it cannot be said that we have a single case in which we have sufficient proof of *entire* faithfulness on the part of the parent.

West Needham, Feb. 1, 1843.

For the Mother's Magazine.

OVERTASKING CHILDREN.

All the abilities of the child are included in the three following classes, viz. *physical*, *mental* and *moral*. By physical abilities we mean the powers of the body, such as *strength*, *agility* and *expertness*. These powers are employed by the blacksmith, the rope-dancer and the musical instrument player. By mental abilities we mean the intellectual powers of the mind, such as *perception*, *judgment* and *reasoning*. These powers are exercised by all persons of common intelligence, in whatever pursuit they may be engaged. By these children invent means of amusement, and men the means of profit. By moral abilities we mean the power of distinguishing right from wrong, and of choosing between them. This power is exhibited in cases where persons willingly suffer inconvenience for the sake of doing right.

Now all these three classes of abilities can acquire strength only by exercise. But they must not be overtasked; for while

inaction suffers them to remain weak, too much exertion greatly impairs their strength. Much might be said on the evils resulting from an abuse of the physical and mental powers, but passing by these for the present, we wish to speak of the sad consequences of overtasking the moral powers.

In the Lord's prayer is this expression, "lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;" by which we are taught that we need restraints, and that we should ask our heavenly Father to impose them on us. We all find it difficult to resist temptations, and feel the need of aid from some source to resist effectually. Children, especially, whose minds are weak and whose resolution is not confirmed by experience, must depend very much on some kind of restraints. And if those persons who have the care and management of children, whether parents, or guardians, or teachers, withhold the restraining influence which their stations require them to impose, they are justly chargeable with overtasking the moral powers. They betray their solemn trust in an affair which involves the most serious consequences. A child is an immortal mind in the forming period of its existence, growing up to maturity under the various influences with which it daily comes in contact. If the evil influences are suffered to predominate, the character is vitiated and the life is corrupt. That children are to be "trained up" by those of riper years is the declaration both of Scripture and reason, and is recognized by the laws of all enlightened nations. But it is clearly demonstrable that the faithful exercise of this training is to the young a present relief; a blessing for the time being, as well as a security of good things to come. This is the point to which we more particularly invite attention. The task of self-government is too great for a child. While it may safely be conceded that some are more nearly equal to the task than others, on account of an original preponderance of a sense of propriety over the appetites and passions; still there is a manifest propriety in imposing it. The constituted guardian is instructed to lend his aid to the feeble resolution, and thus secure the performance of what is right. A disregard of this injunction is a sad dereliction of duty, and cannot fail to be attended with results sadly injurious to the present and future happiness of the child.

The faithful and effectual performance of this duty embraces the following particulars: *example*, *precept* and *authority*.

It is perhaps more uncommon than most persons suppose, to find these three combined in their due proportions. The one most common, because involving the least sacrifice, is *precept;* which when unsustained by the other two, or rather opposed by them, is productive of little good. Authority is the most unwelcome of the three, and is therefore by many worthy persons entirely omitted. Now we affirm that this neglect imposes a burden on the child which his feeble resolution is unable to sustain. His inclination will overpower his sense of right; and could he settle down upon a positive and authoritative injunction, the perplexing difficulty would be solved and dismissed from his mind. The desires of children are ardent, and too impetuous to be held in check by their own immature judgments. Hence they are often hurried into mischiefs by the first impulse of feeling, without a moment's reflection on the unhappy consequences; and when the excitement has subsided, and the moments of calm reflection return, (as they always will,) the thought of the misdeeds actually committed awakens the self-torturing feeling of compunction and shame. To say nothing of the paralyzing effect upon the conscience of a frequent repetition of small misdemeanors, the sadness and self-accusation immediately consequent appeal to the parental sympathies, and should prompt to the exercise of authority in wholesome restraint. The object is however but half accomplished where the decision is not absolute and final. That imbecile mockery of parental authority which is perpetually interposing its restrictions without ever enforcing them, only substitutes one evil for another of far greater magnitude. The child, aware of his parent's irresolution, has recourse to various expedients to secure a repeal of orders in each individual instance. Success encourages his efforts, and he becomes expert in the art of circumventing authority. With an importunity not to be denied, he either appeals to their sympathies by what is quaintly styled *teasing;* or else with a sullen moroseness resorts to compulsory measures, hoping that for the sake of peace he will be permitted to have his own way. Neither of these processes will be persisted in and become

a habit without encouragement. Take away the hope of success by a firm adherence to wise regulations, and the restless little advocate for independence will soon relinquish the contest, and become more than content in a cheerful acquiescence. And who needs be told of what a burden he is relieved? Instead of waging a perpetual warfare against the constituted authorities, he finds he has simply to do as he is bidden. Besides, he is now in a suitable mood to appreciate the reasonableness of parental requirements, and to hold in due estimation the many innocent enjoyments that lie within the prescribed limits. The amiable qualities now find development, which would otherwise lie smothered under the turbulence of insubordination. It may fairly be questioned whether there ever was a human disposition so incorrigibly perverse originally, as to maintain under a proper culture a predominance of unsocial qualities. No child need be despaired of. Relieve him early of the unkind necessity of self-government. When the silken cords of filial affection prove to be an ineffectual restraint, let those of parental authority be promptly applied. This must of course be done with discretion. The peculiar temperament of the child should be considered, and such measures resorted to as to secure, with the least possible inconvenience, the end desired—cordial submission. A vast many christian parents who are not wanting in anxiety for the future respectability of their children, never interpose authority, however much it may be needed. Some of them affect to think compulsory measures degrading, and subversive of what they call a manly independence. Others are influenced by a short-sighted tenderness which cannot give a child a momentary uneasiness, although aware that a paramount future good would in all probability result. Thus the little inexperienced mariner on the troubled ocean of life is robbed of his safest anchor by the very person commissioned of heaven to supply him. And what is stranger still, the act is prompted by a misguided affection. Truly, "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." Follow in imagination the ill-fated child, thus deprived of the strongest ligament that binds the young to virtue. He walks forth amidst a sea of temptations, and his feeble resolutions fall an easy prey to the ruinous influences of vicious associates. It matters not

how much *good counsel* he may have received at home, if the word of his parent is not law, he has no security against the rude encroachments of vice. It is not in the power of moral suasion so to fortify the conscience of the unrenewed, as to stand the test with sin in its thousand insidious modes of attack. To send forth a soldier to wage an unequal war, unfurnished with suitable means of defence, would display neither wisdom nor humanity. What then shall be thought of the practice, far too common at this day, of abandoning children to the mercy of their own inclinations, and the enticements of wicked companions? What shall be said of that overweening tenderness which withholds the authoritative mandate in full prospect of the probable ruin consequent on such neglect? Is the exercise of authority so unwelcome a task to the parent, that rather than assume it, and impose unyielding restraints when desirable, he will abandon his beloved child to the buffetings of every merciless storm that threatens the ruin of his morals and the wreck of his hopes. "A beacon of awful warning" is on sacred record in the mournful example of Eli and his sons. Nothing in the form of entreaty can be more affecting than his impressive and urgent expostulations with them: "*Why do ye such things?* for I hear of your evil dealings by all this people; nay, my sons, for it is no good report that I hear; ye make the Lord's people to transgress. If one man sin against another, the judge shall judge him; *but if a man sin against the Lord, who shall entreat for him?*" And yet it is declared that "his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." He evidently saw that his entreaties were unheeded, and his tears treated with contempt. In the waywardness of his sons he had oft-repeated demonstration that something was wanting on his part to secure their virtuous conduct. He knew full well the nature and extent of a parent's obligations. He could not have been ignorant of the fact that coercion is sometimes as necessary as persuasion; and for the neglect of this duty a special message is sent from heaven to announce to him that destruction is about to overtake his profligate sons.

Would that this mournful example could be brought home to the hearts of many fathers and mothers in the church, whose

sons and daughters are subjected to no authoritative restraint, but are allowed to associate with the vile, and to adopt their vicious practices. How effectually do such parents rob their children of the sweet, calm enjoyment of innocent domestic happiness! Is there not a cruelty in such neglect? Whatever other calamity, in the dispensation of Providence, may fall to my lot, I pray to be spared that most heart-rending spectacle, the final ruin of my children through my neglect to impose that restraint which my relation to them most imperiously demands of me.

H. W. B.

Ballston Spa, N. York, Feb. 7, 1843.

REPORT OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION OF THE THIRD CHURCH, NEWARK, N. JERSEY.

Presented at the Annual Meeting, Feb. 8, 1843.

It will not be expected that an Association which has existed but for a single year, can have much in its history deserving a place in an annual report.

This Association was formed in February of last year. At that time but a few ladies were found who were willing to assume the solemn responsibilities implied in the constitution; but through the zealous and well-directed efforts of our pastor's wife, many have since been induced to append their names, and the interesting roll of those who have attended the meetings now amounts to more than ninety. These have been divided into six distinct circles, each holding its regular monthly meetings for prayer, conversation and select reading; uniting, however, in a general meeting once in three months, at which meeting the children are present, and the exercises adapted chiefly to them.

The number of children in connection with the Association has not been definitely ascertained. The number that has attended during the year is not large; probably there has been an

average of thirty at each quarterly meeting. This, it will be seen, is wholly out of proportion to the number of mothers belonging to the Association; but it must be borne in mind, that though we have the imposing list of more than ninety names appended to our constitution, only an average number of fifty mothers are in regular attendance on the monthly meetings.

In reviewing the dealings of God with us in this our first year, we are not allowed to speak of mercy alone, though this should occupy a large space in our report. Death has been permitted to invade our circle, and one who loved us—whom we loved—is not here. Shall we pause and drop the tear of bitter sorrow? Shall we weep for her whom we have loved and lost? Yes, we may weep—we have a hallowed precedent.

The amiable, the sweetly placid mien of our departed sister; her gentle words; her meek and quiet spirit; her deeds of piety and love; her godly life, and most of all, her dying faith, are vividly before our minds, and we feel that we have lost a blessed example. And here, in this room, where she loved to meet with us, we may mingle our tears of sorrow. But, christian sisters, let us take an upward glance. Do we not recognize her *there*, in that ransomed, shining throng? Her white robe, her "glory-beaming" face, her joyful harp speak not of sorrow—there are no tears *there*. No: lo! they sing a new song—"Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever!"

The destroyer has also invaded the lambs of this fold, and tender infancy and childhood have become his prey. We could weep with the bereaved parents, and we offer them our kindest sympathies; while we gratefully acknowledge the kindness of our heavenly Father, that we "sorrow not as those who have no hope."

Respecting one of these, an infant of less than two years, the mother thinks that she did indeed give it up to God at the baptismal font, and ever after felt that it belonged to him; so that when he recalled it to himself, she was enabled to say, "It is all well."

Respecting another, also, there is hope in his death—a little boy five years old. Delicate from his birth, he was the frail and

only charge of his widowed mother. He was her solace, her hope. But God, in his unfathomable wisdom, has removed him. Many sweet incidents of his life are remembered, which show that his infant thoughts were often directed heavenward, and that he was early maturing for that bright world where, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, God perfects his praise. A short time previous to his death he called his mother to him and said, "Ma, will you pray to the Savior to make me one of his little lambs?" At another time, when sitting on his grandpa's knee, he said, "Grandpa, I am going to heaven; will you try and go there too?" His memory was remarkably tenacious, particularly in regard to religious things. He was often heard to repeat texts of Scripture from which he had heard sermons preached many months subsequent to the time of hearing them, and would name the clergymen who preached them.

In the little records of the various meetings of the Association during the year, there are a few things which must not pass unnoticed, and which should greatly stimulate us to duty. At the first meeting of one of the circles, (which was a year ago this month,) one mother, a widowed mother too, with a bowed head and smitten heart, sought the prayers of those present for her son, an impenitent young man. She desired that they would pray especially for his conversion. She was followed by another mother, with a similar request for her daughter, a young lady who was living without God and without hope. These cases were remembered in the meeting with deep and solemn earnestness; and, may we not presume, they were also carried home by each sister to her closet, and there laid before Him who seeth in secret and rewardeth openly? At the last meeting of that circle, held at the close of the year, it was found that prayer had been heard and answered—that both those youths were hopefully born again. One of them has already made a profession of faith in Christ, and the other may be expected soon to do so.

Other interesting cases might be detailed here if the appropriate limits of a report would permit; but we will briefly state, that *twelve times* since the organization of the Society we have assembled to mingle our prayers before the throne of grace, and

twelve of our beloved children have, we hope, been brought into the fold of Christ. Several others are anxiously seeking the way of life.

Christian sisters, shall we not be encouraged to prayer and effort? and shall we not be incited to praise? Let us be grateful to God for what he has done, and humbly yet firmly trust him for what we still desire him to do. Our children, our beloved children, out of the ark of safety!—can we remain at ease? Shall those unending existences, so closely linked with ours by ties that only mothers know, be destined to happiness and glory, bright and lasting as the throne of God? or shall they be eternal outcasts from his favor?

Christian mothers, what is your answer?

God is more willing to give his Holy Spirit to those who ask it, than earthly parents are to give good things to their children.

For the Mother's Magazine.

LAZARUS AND HIS SISTERS.

The love of a sister to a brother stands peculiar among the affections. It is not like the affection for a parent; it lacks the reverence, the sense of obligation. Nor is it the same emotion the mother feels for a child—this is a feeling, warm and tender indeed, but held in common with the lower order of creation. Between parents and children there is not equality, but authority and submission. Nor is it the love of the bride to her young husband. The heat of passion may be here, to be succeeded perhaps by loathing and contempt. But a sister clings with a calm, yet warm and enduring affection, to a cherished brother. Every emotion is pure and disinterested and hallowed. It is such as angels may feel, but finds no place among beings below us. It is whole-hearted, sincere, steady, devoted. Her heart beats with pride for him, and she will rejoice at his gathering a harvest of affection from others, but no envy or selfishness can cloud her brow, nor can jealousy alloy the pure spring of her affections.

Mary and Martha and Lazarus were probably the whole of a family. We may regard them as fatherless and motherless—left to an early orphanage, not in poverty, yet with little of this world's goods. In circumstances which forbid their mingling with the gay world, and with tastes and principles that held them back from the coarse pleasures of the vulgar, they grew up together, beloved it may be for their kindly virtues by a few, yet little courted by the rich and the lofty. How affection clustered around that early home! and how did every year and every day knit closer together the hearts of an only brother and the fair sisters.

And they might well be all the world to each other. He held in their hearts no divided empire. In him were centred the rich treasures of their love. They gazed on his manly form as he went forth in the morning to his daily employments, and their eyes glistened with pleasure when he returned to them in the evening. In his absence their thoughts were of their brother—and how often they went forth to greet his return! It was with the three the morning of life—in their orphanage they loved as a brother and sister only can love, when parental care and filial affection have ceased—and they clung the closer to each other because severed from the parent stem. How many the social hours, which, when the labor of the day was done, had been passed by the brother and sisters, each emulating the others in grateful offices of kindness! How pleasant the social circle when he was there! how, when absent, they longed for his return!

It is not strange that One in whose heart kindness dwelt in its fullest, richest measure, should have delighted in visiting a family where the social virtues flourished in such strong contrast with the wild revelry and heartless selfishness that occupied the throng in the crowded city. Their humble dwelling was the resting place of Jesus. And when He became one of their little circle, what new and holy delight was added to their joys! As an instructor, a guide and a friend, he found ready access to their hearts. Martha may, indeed, have been over-anxious to contribute to the comfort of their guest—ambition to please, in relation to temporal things, may have had undue influence on her careful

thoughts, but yet the Savior was a more than welcome guest. And that he loved their brother would have been a passport to their kindness.

But now distress has entered the happy family. That brother has been laid on a bed of sickness. As the disease steals on how busily the sisters multiply their cares, and how tenderness, mingled with increasing anxiety, keep them in watchful solicitude at his side! Every groan touches their hearts. To him they would assume a face of cheerfulness and hope, but mark how alternately they turn away from the bed of sickness to hide the falling tear. Why so anxiously do one and the other stand with earnest watching at the door, as if hoping to catch some approaching form in the distance? But he comes not. Why has the messenger sped so tardily? Could a sister's love urge to no quicker return? The anxious gaze brings neither messenger nor friend. But disease tarries not for the delaying feet—its strides are onward, and the physician owns his skill to be powerless—they beg for some word, one look to which hope may cling, but the averted face of the man of skill gives more than an emphatic No. "O, sir, is there no hope? Must our brother die? O save, save him, save him, and we will bless you for ever! He is our brother—our only brother—our hope—our stay—our all. God of mercy, have compassion and let him not die."

The messenger has returned—but why tarries he whose word has so often given health and soundness? "Surely he will come to us in our extremity; but O, it may be too late." And now, scarce to gaze on the loved brother, is the eye taken from the path at which Jesus was accustomed to approach.

The offices of kindness and affection are indeed not neglected, but every glance at the sunken eye and pallid cheek hurries one or the other of the sisters to repeat the so-often disappointed look down the long avenue. The pulse flutters wildly in the arteries—but yet if He were here there would be hope—all might even now be well. The waning powers of the sick make one last effort—his eyes open with beaming kindness on the sisters so dear to him—the lips move—with eagerness; and with bosoms heaving with subdued emotion, the sisters place their ears to catch the murmuring voice—it is the last—"Sis-

ters, kiss me once more; I go, farewell;"—and the lifeless clay is all that is left of the loved Lazarus. And now the wail that can no longer disturb breaks forth, and the pent-up torrent bursts from the bosoms of Mary and of Martha. They weep in wild distraction; hang on each other's necks; "My brother, O my brother, my brother." And who shall forbid that frantic wailing? The sisters are alone in the wide world; no stay; no protector; none to whom they can say, "brother."

* * * * * * *

The silent grave had closed over the form of Lazarus—a deepened sadness was in the dwelling of the sisters—relieved only at intervals by the gushing tears. Neighbors gathered to soothe and console. But their kindness could not bring back the dead. When sympathy had exhausted all her tears, still the sisters were brotherless, and their home, even when filled with those who sought to share their grief, was desolate.

Four times the sun had risen from the east and descended in the west, before tidings came from their and their brother's friend. But at length it was announced, Jesus is coming.

Have you ever, when a loved one has just been torn by death from your embrace, met an endeared friend whom your message had reached too late to bring him to the bedside of the living? Was that friend one in whose well-tried skill you would have reposed much hope? Then you may paint to yourself something of the feeling which touched the sisters' hearts when it was announced that their friend was nigh. Is it strange that Martha rushed forth to meet him, or that Mary so suddenly obeyed the summons to join them? It was the language of nature that spoke from the lips of one and then of the other, "O, sir, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died." And think you there burst forth no tears? that the voice found ready utterance from unmoved breasts? Think you then that no gushing recollection convulsed the mourning sisters? Perhaps they felt that this friend might have hastened more speedily to their relief; and if their words half conveyed a reproach, it met no marked rebuke. All their best and brightest hopes had been buried with their brother.

* * * * * * *

That friend was too mighty for the power of death. His word had made the grave relax its hold, and give back its victim a living man. Lazarus is again with his sisters. Where now is the anguish? the wailing? the overpowering grief? Tears now are but the overflowings of joy and gratitude. The brother sits again between the sisters. His home is again with them on earth. Affection chastened, yet strengthened, beats with new chords—and there is joyousness again around the family hearth. Jesus had wept with them, and his tears of sympathy had been the harbingers of life and joy and gladness—and that gladness will be felt in a yet wider, fuller tide, when all whom Jesus loves meet to shout in one mighty outpouring of the heart the matchless power of Redeeming Love.

For the Mother's Magazine.

A LETTER FOR THE CHILDREN.

There was a little boy whom I knew many years ago, and whom I loved very much. His name was Charles Latimer, but he was generally called Charley, and at the time of my story he was eight years old. Charley was an orphan. His father and mother both died when he was an infant, but they did not leave him alone in the world. He had one sister several years older than himself, who cared for him, and taught him with almost a mother's love, and on the death of their parents they went to live with their grandfather, who resided in a pretty village in New England. Charley was a lively, active child, and a good boy. His sister had taught him to be obedient, kind and gentle; and though he was a laughing, frolicking child, yet he always listened to her instructions, and was thoughtful and intelligent beyond his years. She had taught him all that children usually learn, and had no reason to be dissatisfied with his progress. But one wish lay deep in Mary's heart for her little brother, and day and night she labored to realize it. It was that

Charley might be a *christian*. For this she prayed—for this she hoped, and this she kept in view in all her instructions. She was herself a very devoted and a very happy christian. She seemed to *live* in the presence of God, and his presence and blessing constituted her joy. Never was there a happier heart or kindlier spirit than Mary Latimer's; and no face wore sweeter smiles, or shed around them an atmosphere of more continual cheerfulness. She ever looked upon the works of nature with the confiding air of one who says, "My Father made them all;" and every living thing was to her a source of delight, as being his workmanship and the recipient of his kindness. Every bush and tree—every mountain and stream—the springing grass, the ripening corn—all were to her mementos of the invisible God. Earth was an immense store-house of beautiful things, to each of which she attached a peculiar value by associating it with the brighter and more glorious beauties of her heavenly home, and from which she learned every day lessons of contentment and joy. Living thus, the influence she exerted was delightful; and none felt it more than Charley, her own especial charge, and he was fast learning to tread in her steps, and to look, as she did, "through nature up to nature's God."

"Where now?" said I to him, as he came into the room early one morning, with his hat on, as if for a walk, and dancing with delight and joy.

"I am going with sister Mary to see the sun rise from the top of the hill. She promised me she would go this morning if I would wake up early enough, and here I am wide awake and all ready."

"But tell me first why you like to walk with sister Mary so much better than with any body else?"

"Oh! because she tells me so many things when we walk along. You don't know how many beautiful stories she tells me about God; and I almost think she has been in heaven sometimes, she knows so much about what is there."

At this moment Mary herself appeared, and we all started off, for Charley had begged me to go, because "it would be so pleasant."

We walked pleasantly along, the delightful air of June play-

ing around us, and talking of various things, till at last Charley, who had gone to pick some flowers which were growing at a little distance, came running back. "Here, sister, see what I have found; are they not beautiful?"

"Yes, my dear," said Mary; "only see how delicate are these pencilings of blue and pink on the white leaves, and what a variety of colors there are in the few you have brought."

"Sister, you said once that every thing we see which God had made might teach us something; will you tell me what these flowers say?"

"Try first if you cannot think of something yourself."

"I think, sister," said Charley, "they seem to say that He who made them loves beautiful things, or he would not have scattered so many, and made them grow every where; but I can't think of any thing else, sister."

"Well, Charley, he does love beautiful things, every thing he has made is beautiful and perfect. It was a pleasant language to give the pretty flowers, but they teach us something more of God. They tell us in gentle tones that he cares for our comfort, and that we should never be distressed or anxious about the future, for he will never leave us to suffer. They bid us look at themselves arrayed in their beautiful dress and say, 'If God so clothe the flowers of the field, shall He not much more clothe you?' We can learn a lesson of cheerful trust in our heavenly Father from every little flower; and besides, they remind us of his *truth*, and bid us remember that whatever happens to the world, or the things that are in it, what he has said will never fail. 'The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever.'"

"When I feel bad, then, sister, and think what would become of me if you should die, as I did last summer when you was so sick, if I see a little flower, it will tell me not to be afraid, for if God takes care of flowers, he will not forget me. Is that the way to learn, sister?"

"Yes, my dear, if you always listen thus to the teachings of the things which God has made, you will be very happy."

"Did you learn all this when you was a little girl, and is that the reason you are always so happy now, sister?"

"Yes, Charley, when I was very small, our father taught me to find encouragement for faith in all I saw, and reasons for joy in every little object of nature, and I have never forgotten his instructions. In many a sorrowful hour since I have called them to mind, and they have cheered me, for no one can read attentively the evidence of God's love, as he has written it on the works of his hands, and not be cheered. But there is something else, which the little flower will teach you, my brother. When you do right, it will tell you that God has promised to bless those that please him, and when you do wrong, it will tell you that he is angry with the wicked, and remind you that when all the flowers are gone and the grass withered, he will remember what he has said, and reward or punish you according to your doings."

"And so the little flowers which grow in the lots and by the road-side will help me to be good and happy too. How very pleasant! if God meant we should be good, and meant to teach us so, I guess he made the flowers on purpose, don't you, sister?"

"He has done all he could to help us to be like himself, my dear; and we can learn it in the Bible, and from all the things which he has made; and he loves to see us growing better by his teachings."

"Oh! sister, if every thing he has made tells us as much as the flowers, it will take all our lives to learn the whole; and when I am as old as Grandpa, I don't believe I shall know all about God, or love him half enough."

Mary smiled, but she had not time to answer Charley, that it would take a great many lives to learn all that might be taught by God's handy-work, for we had arrived at the top of the hill, and the sun had already begun to gild the distant tree-tops. We gazed a while on the beautiful scene, and then retraced our steps; but I must wait till another time to tell you of our conversation as we returned home. S.

For the Mother's Magazine.

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

Tears were denied thee, mother,
And wherefore should'st thou weep
To see the blest and beautiful
Hush'd in a dreamless sleep?

The sunshine of that spirit
Had known no passing cloud;
And at the shrine of worldliness
That heart had never bow'd.

Before in earth's forbidden paths
Those feet had learn'd to stray,
His Father's hand was kindly stretch'd
To beckon him away.

In those green fields of verdure,
Where no bleak tempest low'rs,
Thy cherub-boy now loves to rove
Among the fadeless flowers.

His infant songs are lifted
To swell the angelic strain:
With cherubim and seraphim
He treads the heavenly plain.

Nought that defiles can enter—
No tear of grief or care—
Account it not a fearful thing
To place thy treasures there.

STANZA.

By Rev. J. T. Tucker.

"It smiled midst its slumbers, as if some sweet glimpse of a better world had for a moment passed across its vision."

Where roams thy infant fancy, lovely one,
As round thy lips smiles as of cherub's play?
Has some kind spirit borne thee to the home
Where beams the loveliness of cloudless day,
And bade thee listen to the angel hymn
Which sainted ones like thee in glory sing?
Blessed, if from such dreams ne'er forced away,
Earth's ruder scenes their glooms might never throw
Over thy sunny cheeks, or dim thine eye with wo.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE,

AND

FAMILY LIBRARY.

VOL. XI. MAY, 1843. No. 5.

MORAL AND LITERARY INFLUENCE OF NOVELS.

BY E. D. SANBORN, PROFESSOR IN DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

(Biblical Repository.)

It is often argued that novels are useful in imparting lessons of morality, inculcating virtue and preventing crime. If this were always true, or true in a majority of cases, their utility would be established beyond a doubt. Some novels are written with a direct reference to their moral bearing. But even when the intentions of the author are good, he often fails in the choice of means. This was true of Richardson, to whom allusion has been already made. When the ideal characters which genius has portrayed impersonate noble virtues, and are always made to act consistently with their professions, the study of them undoubtedly tends to lead the soul away from unworthy pursuits, and prompts to a virtuous life. When crime meets with its just reward, the tempted soul is sometimes deterred, by such exhibitions, from a course of vice. It cannot be denied, therefore, that works of fiction may be made useful aids to morality. But where one man writes fiction to correct the public morals, a hundred others write to feed the vices of the community. The labors of wickedness are always better rewarded by the world than those of virtue. Besides, the great

mass of readers care very little for the moral bearing of a tale. If the story furnishes excitement, they seldom seek for any thing higher. "The professed moral of a tale," says Scott, "is usually what the reader is least interested in; it is like the mendicant who cripples after some splendid and gay procession, and in vain solicits the attention of those who have been gazing upon it." The moral of a tale depends more upon the conduct of the narrative than upon the catastrophe. It is not enough that virtue should ultimately triumph and vice be punished. There may be so much that is forbidding in the life of the good man, and so much that is attractive in the life of the bad man, that the reader will wholly sympathize with the latter. "If," says the writer above quoted, "the author introduces scenes which excite evil passions, if he familiarize the minds of his readers with impure ideas, or sophisticates their understanding with false views of morality, it will be an unavailing defence, that, in the end of the book he has represented virtue as triumphant." If tried by the standard presented here by the great luminary of the modern world of fiction, few popular novelists would escape censure. Fielding, Smollet, Sterne and Swift seemed to think a large seasoning of vulgarity and filth necessary to render their works palatable to the reading public. No man can contemplate their obscene pictures without moral degradation. The virgin purity of an unsophisticated mind is soiled and polluted by them. The contagion of vice which thus enters the soul upon the wings of an idle thought, may fix a plague-spot there which will ultimately prove its ruin. It is not good to be made familiar with vice. We soon learn to "*pity, then embrace.*" When highwaymen and courtesans are made the heroes and heroines of popular tales, who will be sponsor for the security of the public morals? The immoral tendency of Bulwer's novels is, I think, justly maintained. His heroes are generally great criminals, violating all the laws of God and man, and yet exhibiting in their conduct so much generosity and magnanimity that they inevitably enlist the sympathies of the unreflecting reader. His earliest work, called Falkland, is the history of an adulterer, the most noble and kind of his race, who was led *by the force of circum-*

stances to violate the sacred rights of hospitality and ruin the wife of his friend. Paul Clifford, the hero of another of his novels, is the commander of a band of robbers in Berkshire. He is conducted safely through his career of villany and escapes "unwhipped of justice." In Devereux, an amiable gentleman murders his brother's wife and afterward's becomes an interesting religious enthusiast in Italy. Eugene Aram was a veritable culprit, whose history is here embellished with the choicest ornaments of wit and fancy, and the very gallows is ennobled by the martyrdom of a *high-minded, large-souled, intellectual hero.* "The Disowned," professing the noblest creed, boasting of the purest philanthropy, becomes the murderer of his benefactor. Bulwer seems to delight in portraying the unsocial passions of men, and dragging out to view every thing that is dark, unlovely and misanthropic in the human soul. If his object is to make these vices odious, why does he exalt what is diabolical and elevate what is mean, by surrounding his robbers and murderers with a halo of glory? Why not leave the burglar to rot in his grave? Why attempt to rescue a real hero of the Newgate Calendar from merited ignomy? If he wishes to benefit the world, why does he hold true virtue so much in the background, and make mere selfishness, flattery and intrigue the chief means of success in life? "Bulwer's novels," says an eminent critic, "shows us the virtues caricatured, vices seductively garnished, generous qualities degraded by paltry motives, petty objects magnified, vulgarities glossed by passion, and manners tinged with affectation. Whatever is veritable, honest, useful and truly noble, finds little place in this bizarre, fictious world." We do not pretend that Bulwer vindicates the crimes he has so graphically depicted, in express terms, yet the whole complexion of the plot is such as to leave the impression upon the reader's mind, that a man may commit such enormities and yet deserve our love and admiration. This covered method of teaching immorality is worse than open and avowed profligacy. But other novelists are less heartless. We may not include them all in one general category. The works of Maria Edgeworth, Scott and our own Cooper furnish perhaps a less objectionable entertainment to the lovers of romance, than

almost any other authors of fiction. Scott has but little that is censurable in regard to morals, not because he directly inculcates virtue, but because he does not draw it in caricature, and cast reproach upon it by the oddity, bigotry and vulgarity of those who practice it. Wilberforce complained of Scott's novels, that they had so little moral and religious object. "They remind me," said he, "of a giant spending his strength cracking nuts. I would rather go to render up my account at the last day, carrying with me 'The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain,' than bearing the load of all these volumes, full as they are of genius." It was impossible that an author whose chief object was the pecuniary reward, could entertain any very exalted notions *of doing good.* So far as religion and morality are concerned, we are rather indebted to him for what he has refrained from doing than for what he has actually done. "He is," in the words of Hannah More, "rather a non-moralist than an anti-moralist." Except a few bacchanalian scenes, which he has described apparently *con amore*, little can be said against the moral bearing of Scott's novels, while he is unrivalled in his descriptions of natural scenery, and in the originality and truthfulness of his characters.

Dickens is now the popular favorite. But few question the purity of his principles or the permanency of his reputation, and yet it would not be among the wonders of the times, if he should outlive his own celebrity. Some of his writings look like literary ephemeræ, abounding in genuine humor to be sure, but like a comic annual, doomed to oblivion when a successor appears. Some good men hope that his unmerciful satires upon the English poor laws and upon English schools, will direct the attention of the great and the powerful to the abuses of those systems and gradually effect a reform. If the English overseers and school-masters really resemble Squeers and Bumble, their hope may be justly grounded. If the official personages portrayed in Nicholas Nickleby and Oliver Twist be any thing but gross caricatures, then it is not strange that Lester should write of the *shame* as well as of the *glory* of England. It cannot be supposed that the statesmen and nobles of Great Britain want information respecting the true condition

of their country; or if they did want it, that they would resort to the pages of a popular novel to find it. Dickens has drawn some few characters of high moral worth, but he never draws a religious character except it be in caricature. Does he design, by this means, to cast contempt upon genuine piety? Who could infer from his novels whether he were a Christian, Jew, or Mohometan? Indeed, from the picture he has given us in Barnaby Rudge of the sour, fanatical and ferocious spirit that characterized Protestantism at the period of the London riots, we should infer that he is a Catholic or Jew. But in his notes on America he has revealed his real opinions. His flippant remarks upon orthodoxy, his contempt for temperance, and his oft-repeated allusions to "brandy and water," prove him to be a heartless freethinker, and, at least, a prospective inebriate. I will quote but one passage in confirmation of this opinion:—"Wherever religion is resorted to as a strong drink, and as an escape from the dull monotonous round of home, those of its ministers who *pepper* the highest will be surest to please. They who strew the eternal path with the greatest amount of *brimstone*, and who most ruthlessly tread down the flowers and leaves that grow by the wayside, will be voted the most righteous; and they who enlarge, with the greatest pertinacity, on the difficulty of getting to heaven, will be considered by all true believers certain of going there." He also takes occasion in his notes to sneer at temperance societies, and temperance hotels, and at the principled opposition of good men in New England to theatres and other kindred amusements. Such miserable jesting will not increase his reputation for sound morality, or serve to perpetuate his present celebrity.

"The primary cause of this author's success," says an English writer, "we take to be his felicity in working up the genuine mother-wit and unadulterated vernacular idioms of *the lower classes* of London—for he grows comparatively commonplace and tame the moment his foot is off the stones, and betrays infallible symptoms of Cockneyism in all his aspirations at rurality." Those who seek only *amusement* in a novel, will find it in his works; those who seek for instruction, for elevated thoughts elegantly expressed, will be compelled to resort to other sources.

Novels are often defended as an agreeable method of inculcating truth. An unpleasant truth may be conveniently taught by fiction. In ancient times fable and allegory were much employed for this purpose. The ear of despots was sometimes reached in this way, when the bold assertion of the undisguised truth would have cost the teacher his life. Some minds may be reached by the moral of a romance, or captivated by the loveliness of virtue, as it is exhibited in some faultless character, when they would turn with loathing from the same doctrines communicated in a didactic form. Such cases, however, are very rare. Who ever heard of the conversion of a profligate by the reading of a religious novel? Indeed it is only religious persons who read religious novels. To "the lawless and disobedient" for whose benefit they were expressly prepared, they are dull, uninteresting books. The propriety of thus *diluting* religious truths for squeamish appetites is now generally doubted. Menzel censures the practice in no measured terms. Speaking of religious paraphrases and poetical versions of portions of the Bible, prepared by German authors for boarding-schools, he says: "These sentimental people think that, because they have young girls in view, towards whom one should always be polite and tender, God's word too must be spoiled by softening down, diluting and sweetening it for them. The language of the Bible seems to them too rude and unmannerly; and so they extract from it as from the powerful forest plants, a little drop of essence only, mingle it with sugar, put it up in fine post paper, with a neat device, and give it to the dear little babe of grace to swallow as a godly sugar-plum. In this way the whole of religion is conveyed, smooth and sweet as sugar, to the delicate Flora of the city, the boarding-school, or the court. The God of terror, the Thunderer from Sinai must not frighten the dear girls; and therefore he folds up his lightnings prettily, and muffles his thunder in an easily flowing poetic measure. The terrors of the grave and the torments of hell must not frighten the dear girls; they are covered by an antique sarcophagus, with Maithson's bass reliefs, and a beautiful genius, with graceful attitude, holds his torch reversed." In another place he adds: "The half educated multi-

tude have allowed themselves to be cheated into the notion that the old and vigorous language of Luther is indelicate, by these self-sufficient enlighteners and babblers about feeling, who wish to see the religious sentiment widely spread in fine and fashionable forms of speech; and who finally become too much at ease to have any thing to do with religion otherwise than as a thing of habit; to whom consequently it must be desirable to have at hand a devotional ass's bridge, which in all cases thinks for them, feels for them—a religious machine which one needs only to wind up to play on it all favorite emotions—a book which one needs but to read in order to imagine he has thought or felt something himself." Those sentimental authors, in our country, who pant to do good, by writing religious novels, moral tales, and children's biographies to render the truths of the Bible palatable to the natural heart, may derive some useful hints from the vigorous good sense of this Hercules of modern criticism. Though we freely admit that such works may sometimes be profitable to the young, by arresting the attention and captivating the heart through the imagination, yet when we remember that false philosophy, bad morals and infidelity are far oftener disguised in fiction than genuine evangelical truth, we should be very cautious in commending novels as teachers of moral and religious truth.

For the Mother's Magazine.

A MORNING IN THE NURSERY.

My morning is to be spent with Willy. In his dimpled beauty he is playing about me, and his semblance of innocence is so sweet, that for a moment I almost forget that his heart is desperately wicked. But who has spent a morning in the nursery without sunshine and shade—nay more than that, without witnessing those risings and developments of evil passions which, if uncontrolled, lead man to slay his brother? Though we can hardly realize, when the little bird-like voice is carolling about

us, that pent within that breast is a "cage of unclean birds."

My little Willy, now nestling by my side with playful confidence, and then happy with his playthings, betokens a sunny morning. But ere long, a wish arises to touch some forbidden object, and while he knows how wrong is the disobedience, he still yields to the temptation, and smarts under the correction. He surely will not go astray again! and yet but a little while passes and his heart is so fully set to do evil, and his mind so dexterous in devising ways to accomplish its end, that at length he looks coaxingly at his mother, and with a winning smile he commits the same disobedience.

The lesson shall not be lost—for how like a child of God, who sins and then weeps over its sin, and seems to feel its heinousness, till a stronger temptation arises, and then, alas, often smiling at its former scruples, and treating it as a light matter, he sins more unrestrainedly against his heavenly Father. But my little boy once more leaves my side, and wanders to another part of the room with a vexed and pouting air. Another law of his mother's he is about to break. But why is the little head so often turned to look again and again on her countenance? It is to gather some assurance, if possible, from its expression, to transgress, or see perhaps how far the forbidding look or threat betokened severity of punishment. At length his love and fear arrest him, and he turns to some other toy to tune his voice in glee.

Again—how like a child of God about to deviate from the path of duty and tempted to stray—he is yet impelled by his love to the commands of his heavenly Father, and the voice of his conscience, to resort to the word of God to find some sanction there—then, restless and unquiet, he looks upward and beholds a frowning Parent. At length he banishes that which would have been as a "cloud between the mental eye of faith and things unseen,"—and with hearty obedience to God's will he now walks in the clear sunshine and in the light of his Father's countenance and sings his praises. Like the little child, he would now draw near his parent and know no will but his.

So my morning has not been spent in vain—for the waywardness of my boy has shown me a faint emblem of the waywardness of myself—but like as a "father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

For the Mother's Magazine.

"A PLACE FOR EVERY THING, AND EVERY THING IN ITS PLACE."

No. I.

"'A place for every thing, and every thing in its place;' that was the order of things, Charles, when I was young," observed Mrs. Mather to her son, a lad some ten or twelve years of age.

"A pretty good order too, I suppose," said Charles; but somehow, mother, it would be wonderful hard work for me to observe it. Was it better observed when you was young, do you think, than now-a-days?"

"A good deal better, my son,—a good deal."

"I think I know the reason why it was better observed," interrupted Charles.

"What reason?"

"People in those days," said Charles, "had fewer things, and therefore it was less difficult to keep them in place."

"Quite shrewd, my son; but let me in turn say, that if persons have so many more things now than formerly, it is the more necessary to keep them in place."

"Well, mother, isn't it true? I have heard you say that people at the present day have many more clothes, and that houses have a great deal more furniture."

"It is true—quite true, my son," said Mrs. Mather, "and children have manifold more playthings than formerly; but they are not as contented with them, nor do they preserve them with the same care, or keep them in the same order. When I was a little girl I had a doll,—not such a costly concern as most misses have in these days; I had only a rag doll,—a few broken china cups and saucers, two or three plates, an old spoon or two, and a small broken-nosed tea-pot; but they were kept in the nicest order."

"But, mother, who taught you to keep your things in such order?"

"My mother taught me, my son,—your venerable grandmother."

"Well, I always thought grandmother very precise," said Charles. "I have looked into her drawers when she has opened them, but she half scolded me if I dared to touch a pretty thing; or if I did, she bid me lay it in the *exact* place I found it. I don't wonder, mother, that you are *particular*."

"Far from that, my son, to my great regret; but I was not always so negligent as now. In my younger days your grandmother taught me many useful lessons. When I came from school my bonnet was put in its place, my cloak was hung on its appropriate hook, and my books were laid with care on the shelf."

"What did grandmother do to you, mother, when you happened to leave any thing out of place?"

"I seldom did leave any thing out of place," replied Mrs. M. "We children were early taught better; and, as I said, children generally in those days, I think, were more careful, and in this respect more obedient. Why, Charles, how often do you leave your things scattered about!—your knife, your ball, your dominos, your hammer, your gimlet, your slate and pencil; some of them, I should judge, I pick up some days a dozen times. But I must have a new order of things. To-morrow begins a new year, and I have been thinking over this increasing evil, and how it shall be remedied. I want to be relieved myself, but I am more anxious to see my son acquiring habits of care about his clothes and other things. At this present moment I see your cap on the floor, your mittens in the chair, and your great-coat —where is that?"

"I don't know, mother; I guess Susan has hung it up."

"You guess that Susan has hung it up! Oh, Charles, this is ust what I dislike. Susan has enough to do, without waiting upon you. Besides, if she had abundant leisure, I do not wish her to do that for you which you should do for yourself. Well, I must see what I can do in this matter. You shall have a place for cap, mittens, great-coat, and also for your boots, shoes and play-things. I am sensible of my remissness in duty; but I am resolved to begin a new chapter, and to-morrow will be a good

time; so, master Charles, you may make up your mind to aid your mother all you can."

"But, mother, I don't believe that I can ever learn."

"Can't learn, my boy! But you have not tried. Why can't you learn to put up things as well as William P——?"

"I don't know, mother, exactly why; but they say that some people are born deficient as to some powers."

"Idiots, I suppose, are," said Mrs. M. "you don't claim idiocy, I hope?"

"No, mother; but I heard Mr. N——, the phrenologist, the other day say,—say, that some children haven't the bump of—the bump of—of—I forget what he called it."

"The bump of *order* I presume you mean," said Mrs. M.

"Yes, that was it—the bump of order."

"Well, I fear that many children are destitute of this bump, if neglecting to put things in place be any evidence of it," said Mrs. M. "But I don't exactly comprehend why the present generation so generally should lack it, if it once belonged to the human frame, and I believe it did."

"Mr. N—— said so, mother," said Charles, "and he said where this was wanting it was very difficult for persons to keep things in order. I don't think they ought to be blamed then."

"Well, did Mr. N—— examine your head, to see whether you was lacking in this organ?"

"No, ma'am, but he felt the head of Billy P——, and he at once said, though he didn't know who he was, that Billy would always keep himself, and every thing he had, in the right place."

"I am glad to hear so favorable an account of our friend William. But why, my child, do you think that you have no such bump, as you call it?"

"Because, mother, I never do keep things in their place."

"Quite a frank confession, my son; but I suspect that it is not because that you have no such bump, but rather because your mother has not seen to its proper *development*."

"Mother, I don't believe I've got any," said Charles.

"Well, let me examine your head—where did Mr. N—— say that this bump of order lies?"

"I don't know: all I know is, that when he made the remark

about Billy's keeping himself and every thing he had in the right place, he was feeling somewhere here, (*putting his finger a little above the eyes.*) I'm sure I don't feel any bump, and I couldn't see any when I looked in the glass."

"And so, my son, you think you won't try. I must inquire whether there is no way to make such bumps in heads which happen to want them. But if *any* have them, I suspect *all* have them. I am, however, not anxious to know whether they exist or not: one thing I know, that every child can be taught to keep things in place, and I am quite sensible of my neglect in respect to you. Hereafter I will give you daily lessons on this subject, and adopt some of the *old-fashioned expedients*—such as were used when I was young."

"Mother, what expedients?—I should like to know," said Charles.

"It will be in time, my son, when the occasion exists to employ them."

"I should like to know now—cake? did they give good children, who put up their things, cake? or sweetmeats? or what?"

"Those are *modern* expedients, my son," said Mrs. M. "I have known children paid regularly for being obedient and good-natured, and I presume there are parents who hire their children to keep their things in order, but formerly there was no such ill-management of children."

"But didn't parents make presents to their children?" inquired Charles.

"Certainly, at proper times, and sometimes as a reward for good behavior; but there was no such *daily bargaining* as I know is carried on in some families."

"How then, mother?—what did parents do?"

"They often made a careless and neglectful child go without breakfast or supper—or they kept him at home, while the other children went to visit or to skate—or he was for a time deprived of his play-things; and if such deprivations did not correct the fault, *a birch rod* was applied."

"Oh horrible!" exclaimed Charles. "What! whip a boy for throwing down his cap and mittens, or kicking off his boots, when his hands and feet were almost frozen?"

"No, no, my son; they might lay them down till they got warm, but then they were to be put up."

"But suppose they forgot them?" said Charles; "I should."

"A few times sent supperless to bed," said Mrs. M. "or the timely application of the *birch*, was generally quite sufficient to prevent forgetfulness."

"I hope I shan't come to any such evil," observed Charles.

"I hope not, my son," responded Mrs. M. "but it is plainly quite time for me to begin the correction of a fault which is daily gathering strength, and which is likely to injure you, whatever be your condition in life. It is but recently that this subject has presented itself to me in its true importance."

"Well, mother," said Charles, "I believe I am rather negligent. I will try to amend, if you won't correct me."

"Amend, and I shall have no occasion to correct you; but as to promises, I make none—or rather I do promise you, my child, that as a faithful and affectionate parent, who at length is convinced of her neglect, and who wishes to do her duty, I do promise that I will endeavor faithfully to correct the fault of which we have spoken; and if in the process of correction the infliction of pain be necessary, I trust that I shall not withhold it."

* * * * * * * * * *

Such was the conversation between Mrs. Mather, a widow lady, and her only son, on the concluding day of the year. I was sitting in a distant part of the room, with a book in my hand which I had been reading. The conversation was sufficiently loud to be overheard, and quite too interesting to admit of my reading, although apparently engaged in perusing the volume before me.

The conversation here terminated for the time, but on the following morning was renewed. I trust my readers are themselves sufficiently interested in it to desire a continuance of the narrative, which may be expected in the succeeding number.

W——N.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

BY E. W. CHESTER, ESQ.

The sun rose in his brightness. Nature smiled in her wonted loveliness. The heavens gave no portents—the earth bespoke no coming desolation. Far around Sodom and Gomorrah stretched the plains covered with rich verdure. The night had been spent in accustomed revelry, and now the exhausted sons and daughters of mirth were gathering, from morning repose, strength for renewed debauches. All was quiet within the walls—no fears disturbed the careless dreamers.

There is a state of society where the daily business is mirth, where care and serious reflection find no place. All live for the hour, heeding not the future in the reckless enjoyment of the present. It is a condition of society fraught with present evil and future danger. The soul rises not above earth in its aspirations; its tendencies are downwards; and intellect, which should elevate to heaven, only helps to a degradation to which brute beings can never reach. So it was in Sodom and Gomorrah. A mild clime and fertile country had produced wealth and luxury—these had come with no attendant refinement—no educated mind, no high mental endowment awoke that ambition which sometimes raises even the wicked above grovelling pleasures. Here the heart hardened by iniquity had no redeeming, no palliating virtues. Pleasure was sought in its grossest forms, and violence prevailed unmitigated in all its varieties. The kinder affections and better feelings of our nature found no home—not even amidst those relations which have some softening influence in savage life. Parental affection and filial reverence, conjugal ties and the decencies of social life had become extinct in the midst of wickedness which alike defied God and nature. There was here the blackness of moral darkness—a darkness that might be felt, had not all the moral sensibilities become extinct.

Such and much more was the condition of the cities of the

plain ; and its inhabitants, wearied with pleasure, had retired to rest—some perhaps even after that sun had risen so brightly—expecting again to renew their nightly orgies. But the last day has dawned on these cities—the sun has arisen that shall witness here a yet more maddening scene—a scene not of mirth and revelry, but one at which hearts that had ceased to feel shall quake with terror. Of all who throng those streets by day or shout in the wild carouse of night—how many shall see that sun descend in the west? Where will be that multitude but yesterday so gay, so thoughtless—where those cities with their wealth and splendor?

Yet all is quiet—no cloud bedims the horizon—no lurid glare marks the coming desolation. To one alone has a warning come—to one, and to his family for his sake, worshipper of the living God—thou man, who alone amidst all this throng has been wont to bend the knee before the fearful Ruler of the universe—tarry not—judgment has been given against the place of thy habitation—the doom of these cities is sealed—the messenger has sped on his way—the kindly warning comes in happy time—but heed it—delay not in all the plain.

And now the man of prayer is flying to the mountains, and he must not stay even to drop a tear over the sad fate of one, who, instead of casting wishful looks back on the doomed cities, with hurried feet should have kept by his side. But just now a wife, now a lifeless pillar of salt, he must not stop to bewail her end. In the mountain only is safety—away! away! Lot, from the polluted soil.

He is safe, and stands on the mountain's brow. Hark! what peal is that on the plains below? Why changes the sun his face to lurid fire, bloody in its colors and vengeful with wrath in its seeming? What terrific flashes now dart across the plain—now blot out the sun with a blaze of fearful brightness? The very elements are on fire—the earth heaves as in agony—the ear is deafened with the thunder in louder and still louder roar, as if nature were in a deadly conflict with herself. But hark again! what, in the brief interval of the thunder's peal, is that distant cry that in its shrillness pierces the far-off ear? That is not now the voice of revelry—there is no gushing

laugh there—no music sends its notes across the plain—no mirth gives forth its shouts from yonder walls. It is a fearful cry—a cry more dreadful than the angry noise of the embattled elements—screams more terrific than nature's wildest, hoarsest voice, even when commissioned for destruction by the Most High. Let me shut my ears—let the thunder, in its mercy, drown that maddened cry—it is the terrified voice of man, of woman and child, when every limb is convulsed, and the very nerves shaking to dissolution. What now are the thoughts to which that phrenzied multitude have awakened? Conscience, from a lethargy long and death-like, springs up into the fulness of life and vigor. A thousand sins, gross and deadly, rush clustering on the startled memory—there is no time for repentance, but embittering remorse lengthens the minutes to seeming ages, but all too short for escape from the impending doom. Fear would give wings to their feet, but whither shall they fly? Nature itself comes armed with vengeance. Here—yonder—all around—the sky, the earth is crying out against the guilty. Mothers turn aghast from the reproaches of children instructed from infancy only in sin—fathers would gladly escape the ghastly faces of sons in their very youth grown old in iniquity. They would willingly find among the terrified multitude one holy man who could raise his hands and voice to heaven to ward off the coming destruction. But wherever the eye turns it is met only by a living mass of moral corruption, ripe for devouring vengeance. Hearts besotted with sensuality quake in deadly terror; and well they may, for it is a fearful thing to the unrepentant to fall, their sins uncancelled, into the hands of the living God. And around these scenes of wickedness is gathered and bursting forth vials of long-deserved wrath.

And the lightning, to which the light of day is darkness, and thunder piled in louder peals on the deafened ear, palsy every nerve, and the limbs grow rigid with fear, when suddenly the sulphureous smell and scorching atmosphere give presage of the last act of this mighty drama. And now a lurid flame, in one broad living sheet of liquid fire, descends on yonder cities—the last fearful wail has gone up—the death-scream from a thousand voices has reached the mountains—a broad

gulf of burning sulphur covers the cities but yesterday teeming with life—mothers with their children—fathers with their sons—all, all have been ingulfed—life and revelry have ceased together—all, all sealed in a moment for a yet more dreadful day. They shall again come forth, but no city or abode of men shall ever again fill the places of these cities of the plain.

TEACH YOUR CHILDREN TO REMEMBER THE SABBATH-DAY.

Fathers and Mothers,—As you desire your children to be virtuous and happy in this world, and blessed forever, "Remember," and teach them to "remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." Exceedingly to be desired, for their sakes as well as your own, is that universal stillness and repose during Sabbath hours, which so sweetly invite to spiritual contemplations and employments, and which the laws of society alone can secure. But if this may not be, if the Sabbath is to be abandoned of the protection of law, and the restraints of custom and public sentiment are to lose their force; if men, respected as neighbors and citizens, are to be seen all around boldly profaning the day, when interest or pleasure calls, the more indispensable is it that you forewarn your children against the day of temptation. In these circumstances, if they are trained only to a lax and accommodating observance of the Sabbath, what can you expect but that they will gradually wear away what sense of its sacredness they have, and mingle with the worldly throng in relinquishing for ever the exalted and immortal blessings which it was designed to convey. For their sakes, I beseech you, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." Let your example be such, that, when you have gone down to the grave, it may live in their recollection as a perpetual and persuasive admonition. Nor fail to employ these silent and sacred hours in directing their minds to those divine truths, on their knowledge and living sense of which their present and everlasting

peace depends. I would, as far as possible, prevent their deeming the services of the day a yoke of bondage. I would prevent in their minds every association of heaviness and painful restraint with the day that God has blessed. I would endeavor so to engage them in employments rational, improving, and entertaining, as well as sacred, as to allure them away from every profanation of it; but that, by some means, they be withdrawn from secular employments and amusements is expressly enjoined. If this cannot be accomplished by persuasion, it must be done by authority. It must be done in regard not only to our sons and daughters, but also our men-servants and maid-servants, and even the stranger that is within our gates. The command is absolute, and every householder is made responsible for the order of his family according to it.

To the young let me say, look back on the history of this holy day. See our first parents waking into life to spend the first day of their existence as a Sabbath. See them, often as it returned, welcoming its sacred hours for acts of more exclusive communion with their Creator than their circumstances, even in paradisaical innocence, allowed. See Abraham, Moses and David; see the Apostles, and Christ himself; see the multitude of their pious contemporaries in long succession, counting the Sabbath their delight, and the holy of the Lord honorable. "They went to the house of the Lord with the voice of joy and praise. They praised him for his mighty acts. They uttered abundantly the memory of his great goodness. They esteemed a day in his courts better than a thousand. They longed, yea, even fainted for the courts of the Lord. And the Lord God was their sun and shield. He gave them grace and glory." In this manner every generation of the worshippers of God on earth have been prepared to unite with his worshippers in heaven. Thither are they gone; and you are coming forward on the stage of human action to succeed them. Will you not be followers of their form? Will you not aspire to a share in their blessedness when your course shall have been finished, and to a safe transmission to succeeding generations of the principles which you have inherited? Look at men of the other class. Who and what are they who have no conscience in regard to

the Sabbath, and no reverence for the sanctuary? Is it not in this class that you find all those against whom it is necessary, when you come up to the house of God, to lock your doors? and though all are not so abandoned, are they those who give you reasonable evidence that they fear God, or that, dying as they live, they will be heirs of salvation? Choose you on which side you will be found? In the great moral struggle that is going on, take your stand early, firmly, decidedly and for ever. "Fear God and keep his commandments, for God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or evil."

National Preacher.

For the Mother's Magazine.

ECONOMY AND PARSIMONY.

There is a nice distinction to be observed between economy and parsimony in the education of children. How would you define them? some one asks. Webster says, "Economy is a frugal and judicious use of money, and incurs no waste. It differs from parsimony, which implies an *improper* saving of expense. Parsimony denotes excessive caution or closeness allied to covetousness."

The cultivation of habits of economy is a necessary part of education, whatever the circumstances of the individual concerned. As a trait of character, economy should command respect, implying, as it does, good sense, prudence and principle. I call not that economy, which is careful of expense as it regards all others, and lavish on one's self or family; it is only the *prudence* of selfishness. That alone is economy, which so regulates our affairs that all objects coming within our scope shall have their due. This consistency is rare, demanding as well a sound mind as sound principles.

The motives which prompt to economy are various, and reasons for its practice exist in every person. Many aim thereby to

amass wealth, some only seek a competency, while a few, it is hoped, act in accordance with the divine principle, "Gather up the fragments," that they may have to "give to him that needeth." This last case need not suppose one indifferent to his own circumstances, but his motive is a sanctified one, and he desires not to lock up his gold in coffers, and glory in the possession.

Extreme economy in parents, where it is even necessary, not unfrequently in their children degenerates into parsimony. To avoid this let self-denial be practised, that benevolence may be cherished, and the little ones of a family early learn to give the fruit of their own industry or abstinence. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and children understand the truth of this, when handing their own mite to the missionary agent, or dropping it into the contribution-box.

A lady of unquestioned piety, in speaking of an adopted son twelve years old, said, "He is very economical; he saves every cent he gets, and he has ten or eleven dollars by this time." "For any special purpose?" inquired her friend. "Only to learn him to be prudent and careful," was the reply. Will not this early hoarding make a miser of him?

E.'s parents are upright christian people, in good circumstances. They have inculcated very great carefulness in expense, and when he is away from them his habits are penurious, and sometimes dishonest. When the latter are observed, he excuses himself as if in a mistake, but with those who know him well it does not answer. Will his parents ever think of looking at home for *any* influences which, combined with a depraved heart, may induce this avarice?

It is a question with many, whether it is best to compensate children for services or extra efforts with *money*. Its tendency depends on the principles in which they are educated, and the use it is to be supposed they will make of it.

Said a little boy eight years of age at boarding-school, whose parents resided in New-York city: "When my monthly report is perfect, father always puts five dollars in the bank for me. I have got $— now, and by the time I get to be a man, it will be a good many hundred, interest and all."

A young lady's parents allowed her a certain sum yearly for

her wardrobe. She spoke of it to one of her companions, also of how much she could add to it by sewing for her mother, who, she said, "was always willing to pay her if she made only a button-hole." She was applied to after a while to aid in a charitable scheme. "No," was her prompt reply, "charity began at home, and she wanted many things herself yet." It was not strange, for to assist the poor and needy, unless it was in some popular, public form, did not enter into the plans of that mother when instructing her children. She only thought by this allowance to teach her daughter economy and calculation for herself. This was commendable, but she forgot that another influence was necessary to counteract selfishness.

"My daughter," said a mother to a child ten years old, who attended school daily, "if you will make these sheets when at home, I will give you—" (naming a small sum.) "O yes, ma'm," replied the child, "I have not got any money, and I want some for the missionary cause." The sheets were made with alacrity, and the money cheerfully contributed.

Said a child nine years old, on learning that her parents had just given to the Tract Society, "Why did not you let me give my quarter of a dollar?" "It is not too late now, my dear," was the reply, and away she flew to get it for her father to deposit suitably.

On hearing an appeal in behalf of the heathen, "I have thirty-one cents, they may have it all," said a sprightly boy, early taught that all the use *he* could have for money was to do good with it. Stimulus is occasionally needed to form in children industrious habits, and when money is the reward proffered, let there be an understanding of its useful appropriation. Is it not better to *give* them once in a while what their childish fancies may require, than allow them to hoard for the sake of indulging themselves?

The greater the occasion for economy, the more necessary is it to keep in mind our obligations *to do good according to our ability*, lest we become irretrievably selfish. It is because of the omission of this that many wealthy men seem covetous, doing little for benevolence to what *they* supposed they should if ever possessed of abundance. As prosperity increases the

standard of giving should rise proportionally. I know a christian man who began the world very humbly. He prospered in business till he was wealthy; but it seemed his nature to be close, and he knew it. He was surrounded by influences which continually reminded him of his obligation to spare of his substance to the poor, and for the spread of the Gospel. And did he heed them? Yes, and to use his own phrase, "he *made* himself give," by fifties and by hundreds, and prayed that avarice might never be permitted to sway him. Would you seek for an earlier cause for his *principled* benevolence? We have it in the devoted and *liberal* piety of his indigent mother, who by precept and example enforced upon her family that all the gold and silver are the Lord's; and never deemed it strange that Solomon's temple was so richly adorned.

The father of a large family, in a respectable situation, became by a series of misfortunes involved in debt, and was obliged to curtail the advantages of his children, which depressed him. A friend knowing his desire to educate them, and coveting their good example in a school to which he sent his own sons, proposed a plan by which their tuition could be paid in connection with his business, and without his feeling it. The father mentioned it to his boys, of the ages of sixteen, fourteen and twelve, approbating it, if they desired to go. "No, father, not yet," was their reply; "we will work with you till our debt is paid." Noble boys, here was no parsimony, but there was self-denial and economy (for their task was a hard one) for the sake of their parents, liberal christians, who could enjoy nothing till others had their due.

Christian parents, cultivate economy, and guard your dear ones from parsimony. Contract your own desires and wants, but not your schemes of benevolence. Save, that you may have to give to him that asketh of you, and *not* alone that your future days may be free from want. Let your children see that there is something to live for besides property; and that you always consider that money *well-spent* which promotes their improvement, and the happiness or comfort of *any* near you or remote, to whom you have access. While you teach them to be frugal, direct their thoughts to a world lying in wick-

edness, and aid them to realize, that whether possessed of little or much, they are alike stewards in God's heritage; but to whom much is given of the same will much be required.

Inculcate these principles, these motives of action, and however economically you train them, you need not fear that they will become parsimonious or contracted. E. M. W.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

A household in which family prayer is devoutly attended to, conjoined with the reading of the Scriptures, is a school of religious instruction. The whole contents of the sacred volume are in due course laid open before its members. They are continually reminded of their relation to God and the Redeemer, of their sins, and their wants, and of the method they must take to procure pardon for the one and the relief of the other. Every day they are receiving "line upon line, and precept upon precept." A fresh accession is continually making to their stock of knowledge; new truths are gradually opened to their view, and the impressions of old truths revived. A judicious parent will naturally notice the most striking incidents in his family in his devotional addresses; such as the sickness, or death, or removal for a longer or shorter time, of the members of which it is composed. His addresses will be varied according to circumstances. Has a pleasing event spread joy and cheerfulness through the household? it will be noticed with becoming expressions of fervent gratitude. Has some calamity overwhelmed the domestic circle? it will give occasion to an acknowledgment of the divine equity; the justice of God's proceedings will be vindicated, and grace implored, through the blood of the Redeemer, to sustain and sanctify the stroke.

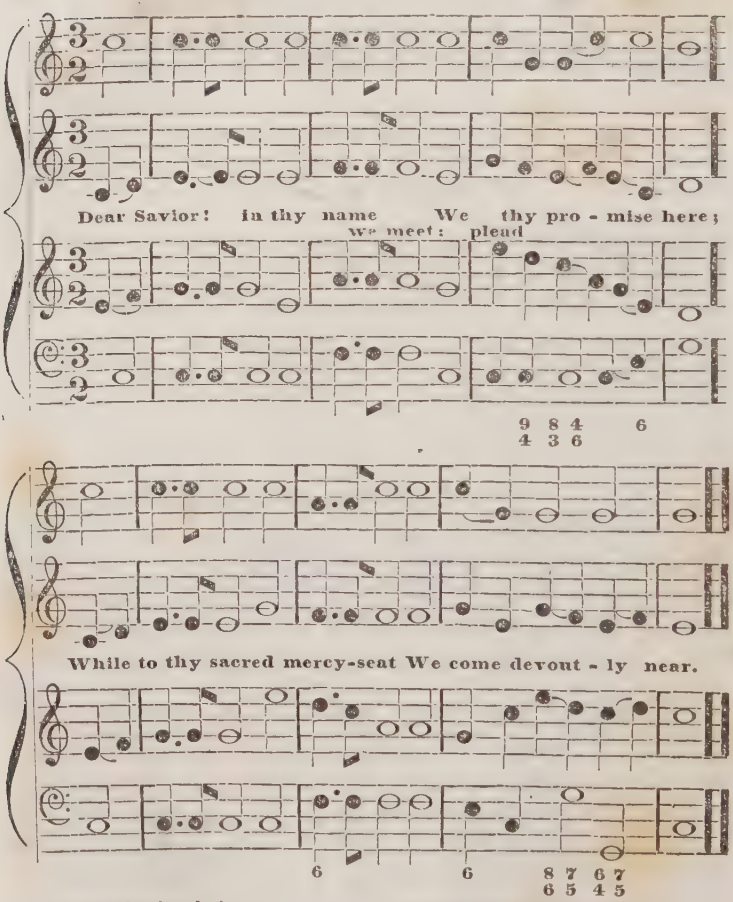
When the most powerful feelings and the most interesting circumstances are thus connected with religion, it is not unreasonable to hope that, through Divine grace, some lasting and useful impressions will be made. Robert Hall.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.—Air, Heber.

BY REV. F. C. WOODWORTH.

Music by Kingsley, from the "Sacred Choir," by permission.



2 To thy regard and tender love
Our offspring we commend;
We need assistance from above;
On thee our hopes depend.

3 O bless our children! hear our prayer,
And grant the boon we crave;
Secure their feet from every snare—
From every danger save.

4 In childhood may they learn to pray,
To thee their hearts be given,
And early may they choose the way
Of holiness and heaven.

5 O smile on this maternal band,
Thou fount of light and love,
And lead us gently, with thy hand
Till we all meet above.

6 And oh, among the heavenly throng
May our dear children be,
To join in that unending song,
The song of praise to thee.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE,

AND

FAMILY LIBRARY.

VOL. XI. JUNE, 1843. No. 6.

For the Mother's Magazine.

"A PLACE FOR EVERY THING, AND EVERY THING IN ITS PLACE."

No. II.

On entering the breakfast-room, on the day following that on which Mrs. Mather and her son had held the conversation detailed in the preceding number, I was surprised, yet pleased, to see a respectable-looking card on the mantel, on which was printed in neat capitals the important adage, "A PLACE FOR EVERY THING, AND EVERY THING IN ITS PLACE."

At this time I was only a boarder in the family, but I had become quite interested in all that pertained to its welfare, and was particularly gratified with the effort which Mrs. Mather was contemplating to correct a fault in her son, which, although already prominent, was monthly becoming more so; and I may add, that I was anxious to see the experiment made, under the care of a woman of the good sense and firm resolution of Mrs. Mather. She was an indulgent mother, too indulgent in some things, and too negligent, I sometimes thought; and although Charles in the main was a worthy boy, he had acquired some habits, and the one in question, among others which were likely to detract from his

usefulness, as they now did from the comfort of his mother. Mrs. Mather had the sagacity to discover and the candor to admit her deficiencies; and, unlike some mothers, the resolution and firmness to apply a remedy. Moreover, while uncommonly attached to Charles, and disposed to gratify all his reasonable wishes, she meant to bring him up in submission to her will.

I was the more anxious that the above habit should be broken up, from a conviction that, if allowed to continue a few years longer, its cure might be impracticable. Habit is our master, and a tyrannical one; and of bad habits, which are tyrannical, I scarcely know of one more sovereign and vexatious than that of neglecting to put and keep things in their proper place. The reader must pardon me if I speak strongly, and I could not forgive myself if I did not speak plainly, though I utter my own condemnation. I can speak from sad experience. At the time my habits were forming, I was in a situation where no one felt it to be his duty to look after me. I became neglectful in the particular mentioned, and years by no means serve to diminish the evil; on the contrary, it increased; and whenever I attempted to amend, my resolutions were shattered, and my habits remained uncorrected. He that is negligent in youth, will be negligent in manhood and old age. Out of place then, out of place for life. These are truths which are applicable, I fear, to thousands.

I was therefore quite pleased with the card and the indication it afforded, that the conversation of the preceding day was not to end in sound. Shortly after, the bell summoned the family to prayer, in which, by invitation of Mrs. Mather, I led. This service performed, we took our seats at the breakfast-table. It was quite apparent that Master Charles, although a silent, was not an uninterested observer of the card. He was unusually taciturn, and seemed intent upon his breakfast; but I could notice that every now and then he cast a furtive glance at the card, and a still more cautious glance at his mother.

I was myself on the point of alluding to the monitory lesson standing out in noticeable capitals on the mantel, and of inquiring for whom it was designed as a new year's present, when

Mrs. Mather pleasantly observed, addressing herself to me:

"This is quite an important day with Master Charles."

"It should be a day of consideration with us all," I replied.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Mather, "the mercies we enjoy should excite our gratitude, and prompt us to the performance of all known duty. It is a fit occasion on which to form resolutions to correct bad habits and adopt good ones."

"Ah! mother," exclaimed Charles, "I see, I see; I did hope that you had forgotten all about yesterday's conversation—but that *card*—"

"Perhaps your mother meant it for me," said I, "and if so, I am quite obliged to her."

"No, no, Mr. W—n, I dare say she had no reference whatever to you, but meant it all for me. Besides, mother would not think of giving a lecture to so old a gentleman as yourself."

"For a good reason, quite possibly, Master Charles," said I, "that your mother may think me incorrigible."

"It is my opinion, long since formed," said Mrs. Mather, "that it is never too late to do good, and never too late to correct faults."

"There, Master Charles, now what do you think?" said I; "you are not going to monopolize all on that card; I must come in for a share; and if your mother had you primarily in view, she is, as you see, killing two birds at one throw, as the saying is."

"Ah! Mr. W—n, you are quite safe," said Charles, "but as for me, if I don't get killed, I fear that I may get now and then a touch of the birch before I put in full practice all that is on that card. I wish you had heard the conversation yesterday."

"Well, what was it? if I may know."

Charles looked at his mother with an inquiring eye.

"Tell Mr. W—n, my son I shall be happy to know that you have not forgotten what you so much wish me to forget."

"I can save you that trouble, friend Charles," said I; "I did hear it. In most cases, I should deem an apology due to you, madam," addressing myself to Mrs. Mather, "but I could not well avoid hearing it, unless I had left the room, which I was too

deeply interested to do. And now let me say to you, Charles, that your mother by no means unduly magnifies the importance of the maxim which she has printed so handsomely on the card. Practise upon that, and it will save you much trouble and vexation. I can vouch for that."

"I am glad to have your good wishes, Mr. W—n," said Charles, "but I don't understand why you should take so deep an interest in my keeping things in their proper place. Ah me! I've just thought I borrowed your brush a day or two since, and have not returned it, I believe."

"Yes, you returned it, but—"

"But what, Mr. W—n? Oh! now I know—I didn't put it in its place, I must confess."

"No matter for that, the circumstance was not in my mind; but I have suffered so much inconvenience myself from neglecting to keep things in place, that I wish to see all my young friends start right. This is the reason of my interest."

"Thank you, Mr. W—n," said Charles; "but perhaps you will lend a helping hand, by beginning yourself to amend. Mother says that it is never too late. Indeed, I wish your company for another reason."

"Let us hear it."

"Why, I well know I shall fail, I can't very well help it; and I think, Mr. W—n, from your confessions, that you stand a fair chance to fail too, and then I think mother will be somewhat puzzled how to apply those '*expedients*' she discoursed about yesday. Mother, you are not going to let that card remain on the mantel?"

"If you prefer, you may wear it round your neck."

"Worse and worse. I prefer it should remain where it is."

"Well, we will let it remain a few days; perhaps you will get on faster than you imagine, my son."

"Mother, I'll tell you what I wish—that I could do the thing *all at once*. I would then make one effort—I'd pull like Samson."

"That is just the way you should not do. I am acquainted

with some people who throw down whatever they use, till nearly all the moveables on their premises are in disorder, when they make a *job* of putting them up. It becomes then quite a business, requiring time and effort; and then how nicely things *are* put up, every thing in its place. When this is done, they congratulate themselves—they can now afford to rest awhile; and the consequence is, that in a short time every thing is in the same beautiful confusion as before, and remains so till the arrival of another day of '*putting up things*.'"

"I like the idea well," said Charles; "when one has a great deal to do which must be done, he has more resolution; I could then work like a beaver, as they say; I always like to work when a storm is coming up."

"I dare say," said Mrs. Mather; "but, my son, do you reflect that in times of such emergency you most need to know where to find your implements in a moment; but according to your theory, the rain might be upon you before you had found your rake, fork, or other implements you needed."

"Mother!" said Charles, with a sort of uneasy twist of his body, "you always contrive to turn every thing I say to suit your own purpose."

"It is because, my son, you talk at random; in the present instance you talk very much as *lazy* folks act. They can't exert themselves except they have some great occasion—some excitement. They wake up once a week, perhaps, and accomplish a great deal in a short time, but they must doze the remainder. According to my views, it is far better to work moderately every day, and to put up things as one goes along. I never knew men of great-day's-work ever thrive; nor persons who one day in a month made a job of putting up things which it had taken them twenty-nine days to scatter about. How many weeks and even months of some persons' lives have been *wasted* in looking after things which they had carelessly thrown down and forgotten. My son, how many *miles* have I travelled round the house the past year, in putting up articles which you have displaced. But I hope my resting-days are about to commence. From this time, I trust, you

will save me all the trouble you can. I will not expect perfection at once; but I do expect an honest effort, on your part, to carry out the plan I am proposing. My chief apprehension is, that, like a weak and too indulgent mother, I may pass over neglects too often, and thus retard rather than accelerate your improvement."

"I don't think there is much danger of that, mother; I am sure you generally do as you say."

"In the present instance I pray that I may. I wish to inspire my son with a love of order, and with a due care of things committed to his charge. If while young he acquires a proper notion of having a place for every thing, and keeping every thing in its place, I expect, should God spare his life, that he will form a prosperous and happy man here on earth, and be more likely to have a place in the future kingdom of God." W——N.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

Many years have passed, yet the scene I would describe is still fresh in my memory.

By that sympathy which every parental heart understands, I had been attracted to the house of sorrow. Day after day it was my sad privilege to linger near the cradle of the drooping infant. From "that dreadful post of observation, growing darker every hour," I could not fail to mark the progress of disease, as step by step it moved on in its fearful work, nor was I an unconcerned witness of those convulsions which racked the delicate frame of the little sufferer as the closing scene approached.

I saw the deep fountains of parental grief broken up, as hope died away in those stricken hearts; was near to perform the last sad and tender offices for the precious dust; and having followed the little one to its final resting-place, returned with the bereaved parents to their lonely dwelling.

The mother's grief for her darling boy was deep and soul-consuming, yet quiet and submissive. It was that sorrow which the "stranger intermeddleth not with," and which the hand of time healeth not. The father's was like the rush of a mountain torrent, its impetuosity being increased by each unsuccessful effort at restraint: bursting forth afresh after momentary composure, it would overleap every barrier, seeming hardly to feel the control which religion imposes.

In one of those seasons of deepest agony he was observed pacing the floor of his little parlor, pausing only to look occasionally from its windows, where, to a heart unoccupied by grief, all nature would have seemed reposing in quiet loveliness. But fresh torrents of tears were poured forth, as thought after thought passed through his desolate bosom.

"Look yonder," said he; and obedient to the mourner's call, I repaired to the open casement. "Do you see that dwelling behind the trees?" It was the one nearest his own, yet partially hidden by thick shrubbery. "There," continued he, "dwells a family of eleven children. Some of them have reached maturity, but most of them are little ones. Death has never crossed that threshhold."

"Now look again in the opposite direction. There a father is just entering his dwelling to meet a smiling group of happy faces. There are five of them, and all so young, so tender, so helpless and confiding, that they remind me always of a nest of little birds. From either of these household bands, it would seem, *one* could hardly have been missed. But Oh! the void, the utter desolation, where the only one is taken!" Here his grief became overwhelming, and utterance was choked.

The mother sat by, motionless and silent, except as a deep sigh occasionally burst from her heaving bosom.

Like the companions of Job, I could only sit in the dust with these bereaved parents, not attempting to speak a word, for I saw that their grief was very great. I might indeed have pointed their sorrowful hearts to Him who, as "Judge of all the earth, must do right," but this they already knew. I felt they needed only the

teaching of the Divine Spirit to make all darkness light around them.

As I left this house of sorrow to return to my beloved home, to meet the smiles and receive the warm kisses of my own little ones, I could not fail to ask the question, Why upon one family, rather than another, has such a stroke been permitted to fall?

Again were these parents permitted to use the endearing epithet, "My son, my son," and to receive in lisping accents as a reply, these tender expressions, "My father, my mother." But with a stroke more sudden and appalling than before, was the second little one torn from their bleeding hearts, while on each side of them bloomed still in freshness and in beauty the sweet plants of promise from either garden not a flower plucked.

Again I inquired, "Why is it?" And I lingered long for a reply. Within and around me all was dark and silent as the grave. Then I looked upward, and a little light broke through surrounding darkness, and I listened if perchance some sound might reach my ear.

Then methought I heard, in tones of unutterable tenderness, the voice of him, once the sweet Psalmist of Israel, now perhaps a leader of the heavenly choir, and his language was, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now will I keep the law of my God." "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me."

Again I heard—and from another once styled the "Weeping Prophet," but from whose eyes all tears have long been dried away, and his testimony was, "It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth. The Lord will not cast off for ever. Though he cause grief, he will have compassion. For he doth not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men."

As I listened farther, there passed before me the form of one from whom the wounds and scars of a desperate conflict seemed hardly effaced, though for more than four thousand years his dwelling had been with the redeemed and glorified in heaven. "He had feared God," and was "perfect and upright in his

generation," yet very great and sad were his sorrows and bereavements. But he had "endured, as seeing him who is invisible," and his touching words were, "Surely it is meet to be said unto the Lord, I have borne chastisement, I will not offend any more." "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

From the lives of Paul and Peter, and the beloved disciple, and a host of later saints, came language of the same import. I heard something said about "being chastised for our profit, being made partakers of his holiness," and the trial of faith being more "precious than gold."

I listened yet again; and from behind the darkness and thick cloud seemed to issue the voice of the Infinite Jehovah. There was no sternness nor terror in the sound, but his compassionate language was, "I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."

And yet once more the sweet language of man's Redeemer, addressed to his beloved ones in an hour of darkness and sorrow, met my ear, "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Child of sorrow and affliction, is it not enough? See you not in the light of the Scriptures, why for the people of God, even his chosen ones, the cup of mingled bitterness is so often prepared?

Bear with me yet a little longer, and I will lead you to the contemplation of another scene, which one of our own kindred was once permitted in vision to behold.

"The beloved disciple" was led by the Spirit into the invisible world: ere his mortal life was closed he gazed on the wonders of heaven, and listened to the songs of angels and redeemed sinners. He saw the thousands of Israel there assembled. He marked the positions which the angels and the elders of heaven occupied *round about* the throne. He observed also those who stood *nearest*, even *before* the throne of God and of the Lamb. It was a host innumerable. White were their robes, and in their

hands were palms of victory. And they worshipped with a loud voice, uttering the sweet song of "Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." The attending angels united in the chorus, and sang with them, "Amen: blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto God for ever and ever. Amen."

We may suppose the astonished beholder of this glory to have gazed and listened in silence and wonder. But the question, "What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence come they?" broke upon his ear.

The beloved disciple could not tell. Meekly and humbly he replied, "Sir, thou knowest." Perhaps the heavenly teacher beheld in his countenance the earnest look of inquiry, and, commissioned by the Lord of angels and of men, for his profit who beheld, and for our consolation, who, at this late period, and in these ends of the earth, still weep and mourn, he stoops to reveal the heavenly secret.

"These are they who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they *before* the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth upon the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light upon them, nor any heat: for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Therefore is it that the righteous suffer; that they may stand nearer to the throne of the Lamb, and walk in purer white, and have all their tears dried by the hand of Infinite Love.

So let me add; it is blessed to sorrow now, that we may rejoice hereafter; to be clothed awhile in sackcloth, that robes of unsullied purity may adorn our spirits for ever; to mourn and weep here, that in due time a louder and sweeter song may resound from our redeemed and sanctified hearts unto Him, who, "having loved us and washed us in his blood," hath allowed us

"to be partakers of his sufferings," that we may be partakers "also of his consolations."

"Wherefore let us comfort one another with these words."

V.

DAILY INSTRUCTION TO CHILDREN.

GIVE A FEW MINUTES TO THAT CHILD.—Few parents realize (says President Lindsey) how much their children may be taught at home, by devoting a few minutes to their instruction every day. Let the parent make the experiment with his son ten years old for a single week, and only during the hours which are not spent in school. Let him make a companion of his child—converse with him familiarly—put to him questions—answer inquiries—communicate facts, the results of his reading or observation—awaken his curiosity—explain difficulties—the meaning of things, and the reason of things—and all this in an easy, playful manner, without seeming to impose a task, and he will himself be astonished at the progress which he will make.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE WOMEN AT THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

BY E. W. CHESTER, ESQ.

Something more than eighteen centuries have passed away since Mount Calvary, without the gates of Jerusalem, presented a scene of deeply-touching interest. It was in the days when the iron hand of Rome lay heavy on the nations. The land of David and Solomon had bowed beneath her yoke. And in this land the religion of their fathers was lost in a bigotted superstition. The judges had descended from the judgment-seat to become but persecutors and accusers at the bar of a tribunal where foreigners

held the power of life and death. The highest penalty of law was now inflicted with all that cruelty in which Rome, both in her idolatrous paganism and in her paganized christianity, has been pre-eminent. No humanity was shown to the condemned—the executioner was preceded by no minister of religion commissioned to prepare the unhappy mortal for an account to be rendered before a higher tribunal—no tones of mercy breathed in his ear—no sympathy touched his heart—no affectionate remonstrance waked up repentance. A lingering death, with limbs distended on a cross and hanging by nails rudely driven through the quivering flesh, awaited the offender—and there he hung in torturing pain, an object of scorn and derision to the gazing multitude.

It was an execution like this which drew from the streets of Jerusalem those who could delight in such an exhibition. Two malefactors were to meet the stern doom of the law. They had been rightfully convicted, yet why to the penalty of death add such excruciating pain?

Yet these offenders against the Roman law were not the objects of chiefest interest. Jerusalem would have felt no sorrow or exultation either in their punishment or escape. Had they alone met their doom, a wave of oblivion would soon have passed over the scene, and the present and future have felt no impulse—nations and individuals would have been as if these men had never lived—or, having lived, had died quietly in their beds. But between them hung ONE, not condemned by Roman law, but given up by Roman policy to Jewish hate. The proud Pharisee, the scoffing Sadducee, the scribes and dignitaries of Judea had come forth to see, as they fancied, the end of a man whose searching eye and stern rebuke had enkindled their bitterest hate. On that cross he hung, convicted of no crime, condemned for no violation of law, and yet there in his innocence, the guilty on his right and left, and the still more guilty in ferocious exultation wagging their heads and finding in his severest tortures their highest gratification. The stern soldier, touched, it may be, with his sufferings, sought to end them by a thrust of his spear; but from his

Jewish enemies, iron-hearted in their malignity, came no look of pity, no feeling of sympathy.

Human nature here had been clad in her darkest colors, unrelieved by a tint of brighter hue but for yonder group. There stands the cross, and on it He is nailed who came on an errand of tenderest mercy to our race. But every eye is not pitiless; that little group tells us that there are yet human feelings on earth. Mark them! They are women. His every pang draws forth their sighs; his groans are more than spears to their flesh. Let the world mock with its cruelest derision—let friends, sturdier in frame, be affrighted from his presence—the hour of his calamity is the time when they will not refuse him the solace of their presence—the day of threats and danger is not the day that woman falters in her friendship. In her parlor a spider may frighten her; but neither men in their most savage mood, nor scorn in its concentrated bitterness, nor the elements in their deadliest conflicts, can drive her from the side of her friend in his hour of distress and danger. She is there to minister to him and give him comfort; her timid heart gathers firmness, and the sense of fear is lost in the strength of her sympathizing friendship.

Delicate in all her fibres, her affections yet give her, in an hour of peril to others, an intrepid firmness seemingly more than human. When self alone is concerned, her eye scarcely dares meet the gaze of equals; but when one dear to her becomes the object of remorseless hate and the victim on which untempered tyranny is rushing in its wildest fury, she stands forth unabashed by the presence of princely pomp—of royal power—or what is still more fearful, of popular rage. It is then that the power of her affection subdues every other feeling of her nature, and she stands unabashed and unappalled, to put forth effort while there is hope in effort, and to manifest the depth of her sympathy when that alone remains.

Thus it was with that little assemblage of women. They had followed their Lord and Friend to minister to his wants. They stood back, it may be, in modest diffidence, when the people shouted hosannas to the Son of David, and with their garments

carpeted his path—contented to rejoice at an humble distance in the honors paid one so dear to them. But when from the same fickle multitude the cry of "crucify him, crucify him," arose—when he was led forth scorned, and mocked, and derided by high and low; and when scarcely one who had rejoiced in his instructions, had received health and vigor at his hands, or the power of working miracles in his name, dared show himself among the throng—then, when abandoned to the maddened passions of an infuriate people, and when, to the human eye, the unresisting victim on the cross seemed, by his very helplessness, convicted as an impostor—lately claiming to be no less than the Son of God, with power to destroy and restore at will the proudest works of men, and to bring legions of angels to his help, yet unable to deliver himself, or to release his hands and his feet from the cruel nails—in the midst of all this, these women of Judea stood by him in his last agony, their affection burning with a purer, brighter flame as a more death-like darkness gathered over the scene and enshrouded their hopes.

But amidst that little company there is one whose heart feels a yet deeper pang. Her age is some fifty years, it may be more. He who hangs yonder, scoffed and derided in his agony, and tasting the bitter pangs of death, has been dandled on her knee and nursed at her breast. He is her son—her first-born—begotten of no earthly father. How strange at such an hour must be that mother's thoughts! Amidst the confusion she is perhaps gathering up her recollections of times and events long past. Is the present a vision of the mind, or a scene of stern reality? Are the thoughts of the past but airy dreams? Did no messenger from above announce the birth of this son as the Prince of Peace? Did no heavenly choir tune their harps on the plains of Bethlehem when he lay an infant in her arms? Did no wise men from the East come to salute him in his infancy as King of the Jews? Instead of death and disease and the elements of nature, in a thousand instances, obeying his voice, has a delusion hung over her senses? Is this—this cruel cross—this ignominious death of her son, to be the blasting of her cherished hopes? Surely he

cannot, will not thus die. He will yet come down from that cross, and confound those enemies now so proud in their mockery. Or perhaps ten thousand angels may descend commissioned of heaven for his rescue, and the overthrow at once of Roman power and of the Jewish Sanhedrim. And as busy recollection gathers up the history of the past, and it comes before her mind a living reality, she will not believe that this is to be the end of that son of her hopes.

But how do his words touch her heart and ring in her ears, when he commends her to the care of the loved disciple! They awaken the tender emotions of the mother, for she is thought of and cared for by her son in his mortal agony. But yet in awaking new tenderness they teach her to despair of those hopes she had, perhaps, been too fondly nourishing. His language betokens a farewell. And must it be? Were messengers sent from above to announce so brief a life—so short and so imperfect a work?

In vain do we seek to read that heart when he bowed his head and gave up the ghost—it was a mother's heart, and it felt, therefore, what no other heart can feel.

Did a cloud pass over her faith and gather the darkness of despair around her? Did she feel in that hour that the cross had ended that life, and that the tomb was for ever to conceal that form? Or did she understand and confide in the assurance, that in three days he would rise again? Whatever her hopes or her despair, on the third day, this Son, victorious over the great enemy of our race, rose triumphant from the tomb, and that mother and those women who clung so fondly to the Savior of men in his deepest humiliation, will find in the beaming favor of his countenance, amidst the anthems of the heavenly world and the shouts of the unnumbered millions made alive by his death, a recompense for their brief sympathy and suffering, long as eternity and rich as a Savior's love. And mothers and christian women of that age, and of this, and of every intervening period, will come together around that Jesus, then crucified on earth, but now enthroned in heaven, and find in his presence and favor a happiness, of which the best joys of earth are but the dim foreshadowings.

LONDON MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Reed we have been furnished with a list of subjects for conference for the regular meetings of the London Maternal Association for the year 1843. They show the interest felt in Maternal Associations on the other side of the water. We hope some of our contributors will give us some well-written pieces on these subjects.

SUBJECTS FOR CONFERENCE.

Thursday, Feb. 23.

The importance of so acting while our children are young, as to secure their respect and confidence when older.

Thursday, March 30.

How long has a parent a right to expect unqualified obedience from a child ?

Thursday, April 27.

The peculiar interest which parents should feel in means for checking the prevailing errors of the times.

Thursday, May 25.

Children's artifices, how to be treated.

Thursday, June 29.

Ought children to be required to maintain their regular seasons of prayer; or should the duty be set before them, and they be left to voluntary action ?

Thursday, July 27.

The necessity of a simple and constant dependence on Divine influence for the conversion of our children.

Thursday, August 31.

Condition of a child's mind, and proper treatment to be pursued, from seven to twelve years of age.

Thursday, September 28.

Errors of parents.

Thursday, October 26.

Principles involved in our habits of dress.

Thursday, November 30.

How far can children be kept out of the way of evil example, and how far ought they to be so kept ?

Thursday, December 28.

Children's friendships, how regulated, and how improved for good.

The meetings of the Association are held on the last Thursday of every month at the Sunday-school Union, 60 Paternoster Row, which are always open to ladies from the country, and the wives of missionaries.

Liberty, Bedford Co. Va. March 13th, 1843.

To the Editors of the Mother's Magazine:

Whilst I was a resident missionary at Areopolis in Greece, your periodical was sent to Mrs. Leyburn. The opinion we have of your publication you can easily see from my ordering two copies of it. It is one which missionary "mothers," and even fathers, read with great interest. The children of missionaries are thrown, in a peculiar manner, upon their parents, and hence the importance to those parents of every thing that may aid in their education. We read the "Mother's Magazine" ourselves with continually increasing interest as long as we were abroad; and I have been glad to know that arrangements have been made by friends at home and otherwise, for sending it to so many of our foreign missionary brethren. I could wish that it could be read by every missionary family, not only for its value to missionary parents as such, but because many of the principles that apply to parental education are equally applicable to the subject of education in general, in which foreign missionaries, from the connection they so commonly have with schools and young people, have an important concern.

And I may here remark, that friends at home can hardly, in my opinion, do a better service to our foreign missionaries, than by sending them occasional gifts, for themselves and their families, of useful books, especially of such as they may have reason to believe their missionary friends have not had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with. The benefit conferred in this way would be important, not only because our foreign missionaries do not, many of them, feel that they have the means for purchasing many books, but still more perhaps because, from their remote situation, they have no means of becoming acquainted with the merits of new publications, except through notices of them in the newspapers.

I have made these hasty remarks for your private eye, but with the hope that if there is any thing useful in them, the benefit of them will reach the public through you.

With every wish for the success and usefulness of your excellent publication, I am, in christian regard, yours,

G. W. LEYBURN.

In reply to the above we would say, that we send to the various missionary stations throughout the world a large number of the Magazine gratuitously. A large number are sent by the friends of the missionaries. And we should be glad to furnish the work to those who may wish to send it to their friends abroad.—*Editors.*

LAMBS OF CHRIST'S FLOCK.

A sermon with this title, recently published by Rev. Sylvester Woodbridge, at the request of the Long Island Presbytery, contains some suggestions relevant to the important object contemplated by the Mother's Magazine: we extract the following:

INSTRUCTION.

PARENTAL TRAINING lies at the foundation of all successful effort and thorough improvement. The fires of the family altar impart a warmth to the heart not to be communicated by any foreign agency. To whatever market we may be brought in subsequent life, the original brand impressed under the parental roof still remains.

> "Though year after year has roll'd on to the deep,
> "Where their sorrow and joys in oblivion sleep,
> "Since my eye fondly linger'd to look an adieu,
> "As the home of my childhood was fading from view—
> "Not a flower nor a vine round my loved native cot
> "Through time's ceaseless changes has e'er been forgot."

The tenacity with which the mind adheres to the haunts of infantile and inexperienced hope should prompt us as christians to "carve on the bark of every tree and write on every opening blossom" where the child "goes out a gypsying," lessons of moral wisdom. He should be taught to hear "sermons in brooks," and to extract "good from every thing." Until the

DOMESTIC watch-towers of Zion are manned and operative, other movements can hardly be expected to protect against the inroads of vice and irreligion. An irregular, disjointed family altar, with defective and partial instruction, constitutes the lurking-place of those vermin of hell, heresy, fanaticism and infidelity.

PASTORS,

As representatives of the great Shepherd who "carries the lambs in his bosom," should bestow particular attention upon this portion of the flock. At stated times, or occasionally, preaching may be accommodated on the Lord's day, with happy effect, to their capacities and necessities; although greater results may perhaps be anticipated from direct appeals in parochial visitation; a remark which extends, also, with no small force, to all descriptions of hearers. Of every moral weapon, personal application is the point to reach the heart—THOU ART THE MAN. By the fireside at their homes, or at meetings appointed for the purpose, children should be examined from time to time, by the minister, in their catechisms; a labor of love which can hardly fail to act upon their young minds, by enkindling a laudable desire to be perfect in their lessons, as a constant stimulus to exertion. The approaching pastoral review will accomplish more in furthering the designs of anxious, well-disposed parents, than many saccharine or birchen arguments. By every practicable, judicious method, the rising generation must be made to feel that they are objects of deep and special solicitude with the ministry.

MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS,

Wisely conducted, may be rendered greatly subservient to the object here contemplated. The influence of mothers is proverbial. A mother's tear or a mother's smile, accompanying a sentiment, embodies more of the eloquence of action, than the entire round of starts, star-gazings, contortions, and sweeping gesticulations recommended in the Manual Oratory."

"Methinks I yet can see
"Her angel eyes, as close I knelt
"Beside my mother's knee."

My mother—sacred, endeared name! Long since her spirit emigrated to heaven,—long since the form of her visage dissolved amid the damps of the sepulchre,—still here is *she*, vital, warm—her image daguerreotyped upon my memory; while her pious lessons, as if the nutriment imparted in infancy were "stirring within me," still circulate through every vein and artery, and vibrate upon every fibre of the soul. Time, with the deathful miasma shaken from its viewless wings, has clouded my vision, corrugated my brow, and blanched my looks, producing a corresponding paralysis upon the energies of the mind—but cannot tarnish the remembrances of a mother's love. Maternal Associations—beloved allied helpers in the household of faith! we bid you God-speed with God's blessing.

BOOKS.

In selecting from the inexhaustible depository furnished by the press, books for the use of children, great caution needs to be observed. When juvenile religious literature, instead of being comprised, as heretofore, within the coarse blue paper covers of the "NEW ENGLAND PRIMER" and "JANEWAY'S TOKEN," comes to us in battalions of fifty and a hundred volumes,

——"gleaming in purple and gold,"

as if to take by storm the citadel of the understanding and the heart, does not prudence suggest the expediency of submitting them to the test of God's word? Meanwhile, one of the principal advantages connected with Sabbath-schools, indeed a chief auxiliary in all moral and intellectual improvement, is a well-assorted library. Without books, the human mind is a mind indeed, and little more—a canal without water, a storehouse without merchandise, a port without shipping, a city without inhabitants, an unlighted lamp in midnight darkness.

By combining our own unremitted and undiminished exertions with these instrumentalities in Providence provided, will not the beauty of the Lord our God be made to "rest upon Zion?" "When all her children shall be taught of the Lord, in righteous-

ness shall the church be established." What is gained by this abundant machinery may, however, be lost by inaction. Let the excellence of the tools occasion no relaxation of effort or diminution of strength in the use of them.

PRAYER.

Means of grace, however numerous, and however faithfully employed, unless accompanied with the energies of the Holy Ghost, will avail little to retain the lambs of the flock within the enclosures of the good Shepherd; impatient of restraint, they will break away, wander, and be lost for ever. "Paul may plant and Apollos water, God giveth the increase." While, therefore, the appointed available subordinate agencies are vigorously plied, let the throne of grace be besieged, in the closet, at the household altar, in the social prayer-meeting, and in the great congregation—morning, evening, daily, hourly, in short, whenever and wherever the soul communes with God, until our children are washed and made pure in atoning blood, and adopted into the family destined for glorification in heaven; until the infant becomes an infant seraph, and joint heir with Christ Jesus to the incorruptible inheritance above. Let the upraised hand of importunate, persevering supplication touch with unwavering faith the affectionate chord that vibrates (and which still vibrates with unabated vigor) in the infinite heart of the Son of God, when he said, "SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME, AND FORBID THEM NOT, FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN." The responsive melody shall thrill through all the ranks of our offspring in tones of SALVATION.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MARY HARMON, OR THE SACRAMENTAL AND FUNERAL SERMON.

There was in my congregation a little girl of the name of MARY HARMON, dedicated to God in infancy by her parents,

and trained in the fear of the Lord. In the progress of childhood Mary developed the natural qualities of decision and stability, as well as of frankness and affability. But it was not until the age of ten or eleven that she began to be solicitous about eternal things. Nor was her purpose then definitely fixed to serve the Lord, though, under the influence of Sabbath-school instruction and parental prayer, her heart was restrained, if not regenerated.

When her older sister united with the church, her anxieties were again awakened. At the meeting of the Synod of Virginia, in Alexandria, last October, when the blessing of God descended on ministers and people, Mary was one of the first who expressed a desire to embrace the Savior. At the memorable communion season in the afternoon of the Sabbath, when the Savior was manifestly made known to his disciples in the breaking of bread, this little girl, with some others, manifested anxiety for the prayers of christians that she might be converted to God.

From that time she resolved that, by the grace of God, nothing should separate her from the service of her beloved Redeemer.

On the first Sabbath of the new year, with several others, Mary came forward and entered into covenant with God. We sung, at the ratification of the heavenly covenant, the sweet hymn,

"Oh happy day that fixed my choice,"

the concluding stanza of which has thrilled so many hearts on similar occasions.

"High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
"That vow renew'd shall daily hear;
"Till in life's latest hour I bow,
"And bless in death a bond so dear."

That "latest hour" was to come to Mary before the close of the week! That sacred bond was to be her comfort in death on the following Thursday. In the bloom of health and promise of childhood she sat at the table of the Lord on the first Sabbath of the year. Ere another Sabbath, the grave had received her youthful form to its silent and tranquil bosom.

On Wednesday she became ill, and symptoms of croup were

strongly developed. I visited her, and found the little sufferer struggling with that remorseless disease, scarcely able to communicate her ideas even in a whisper—yet seizing my hand, she exclaimed, "Oh! he is going to save me, he is going to save me. How happy I am. How good he was to let me sit down once at his table before he took me away." And then, unable to say more, she clasped, or rather clapped her hands, and raised her eyes to heaven, as if in praise for redeeming love. The thought of death seemed not to disturb her, nor to occupy, if it occurred to her mind, but anticipated glories filled her vision. She begged her mother not to weep, for she was going to her Savior. She clasped the neck of her brother, a little older than herself, and who joined the church at the same time, and charged him, "Study your Bible, love God, and meet me in heaven."

As the powers of life began to fail under the pressure of this disease, her faith rose to a higher degree of strength, and her love glowed with increasing ardor. Her peace flowed like a river, and she said or sung

"When the last trial's o'er,
"How happy we shall be."

Not long after, she calmly breathed out her soul, at the age of thirteen years and five months.

On Saturday afternoon we repaired to the house of God, and to perform the funeral solemnities, during which her cold remains reposed in the same spot, beneath the pulpit, where a few days before she stood a living witness for Christ. How different, yet not distant the transactions. On the Sabbath it was a bridal—to-day a burial. Then the joyful anthem filled the courts of the Lord—now the funeral dirge. Then we rejoiced over the spiritual life of the soul—now we mourned the natural death of the body. On that morning the countenance of little Mary was lighted up with joy—now it was like the repose of marble, yet serene and sweet its aspect, as if it symbolized the tranquillity of the departed spirit.

The first Sabbath of the year was her last on earth. The second Sabbath was her first in heaven. It is a solemn thing for

a pastor to preach one's sacramental and funeral sermon in the same week, yet so near are we to eternity. J. N. D.

For the Mother's Magazine.

ON THE GRAVE OF AN INFANT.

"*Sealing the stone and setting a watch.*"—Matthew, 27 : 66.

Not to secure this lowly grave
From careless sacrilege alone;
Not from forgetfulness to save,
We raise this humble, simple stone.

This little tablet "seals" our trust
In "all our Father's 'works and ways,'"
Our witness this, that he is just,
Though low *our cherished hope* he lays.

And here a holy "watch we set,"
From rebel thoughts this grave to keep,
Each vagrant wish, each fond regret,
That fain would break its slumber deep.

Oh watch then with our Savior dear,
Conform us meekly to thy will;
How safe, how sweet, to linger here,
While *thou* dost whisper, "*Peace, be still.*"

D

London, July 26, ——.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE,

AND

FAMILY LIBRARY.

VOL. XI. JULY, 1843. No. 7.

For the Mother's Magazine.

MOSES AND PHARAOH.

BY E. W. CHESTER, ESQ.

Reader, fancy thyself carried back in time some three thousand five hundred and fifty years, and in space transported from this land to the banks of the Nile. Look not on the scene from a distance, but let the light and vividness of a present reality break through the gloom of years and the dimness of space. All around are the tokens of life and industry. An active generation is on the stage of being, and Egypt stands first among the nations. But Egypt is not the land of freedom. Proudly strides the master and lowly bends the slave. The Egyptian's foot is on the neck of the Israelite. The former may boast his superior intelligence, and exult in his liberty. But the love of liberty in the master is a love selfish and exclusive—it is connected with not one generous, ennobling emotion. He who holds his fellow-man in bondage and exacts from him unrequited sweat and toil, but mocks the name of liberty when he takes it on his lips, claiming exclusively for himself what a common Creator has given in equal right to all.

There is an unnatural state of society. Between the oppressor and the oppressed there is no law but that of force. And the former acknowledging no other right, in the consciousness of his wrong lives in just fear of an indignant retribution from those he holds in bondage. However callous habit may have rendered his heart, he cannot always clamor down the voice of conscience or bluster away his fears. So it was with Pharaoh and his people. The increasing number of the enslaved Israelites awakened their fears. The time is approaching when the strong right arm of the bondmen may hew down the power of the oppressor. No heart is stout enough not to quake when they who have been taught that *might makes right*, feel the power to shake off their chains.

Long and severe has been the servitude of the children of Jacob. But now the fears of the Egyptians is bringing around their hopes a yet darker night. The mother must quench the gush of her affections, stifle the yearnings of her heart, and be herself the executioner of her babe. The boy opens his eyes upon the light to die by a mother's hand. It must be so—Egypt has decreed it. Her heart-strings may break—wailing may be in every dwelling of the bondmen—tears and entreaties touch not the heart of power—a stern necessity is claimed—a *patriarchal institution* must be preserved, and to preserve it, the men-children must die—*must die* that the masters may rest undisturbed by fears. And many are the tender infants who have found the Nile their only cradle—the bitter tears of mothers have been swept along its tide—the heavens have heard the deep-drawn sigh and the loud lament. *There is a power above us*—justice, though it seems to linger, comes with a pace as sure as the Almighty power.

Mark you that little ark amid the reeds? See you a maiden's foot approaching? Is there no intelligence above that baffles, and more than baffles the fancied wisdom of the wise? That decree which has made Israel's daughters mourners, and has forced a mother thus to expose her helpless babe, shall be the means, and that infant the instrument to carry desolation through the land, and to shroud every family of Egypt in mourning. The child weeps now in his helplessness, but nurtured in the proud court of Pharaoh, and instructed in all the

learning of the wisest masters of the land, he is to be prepared for a mission, which in its outset shall make Egypt and her monarch to quake, and in its full development exert an influence on nations and ages to the end of time.

That child is dear, very dear to a mother's heart—but how little can that mother's eye pierce the future, or her most excited fancy call up what shall be the living images of future reality!

Egypt has now been long enshrouded in darkness—the glory of her noon-day has passed away—a deep night for ages has brooded over her—her science and arts are seen but dimly in the history of the past, but time only brightens the page and gives new glory to the wisdom of Moses, the inspired law-giver of Israel.

For the Mother's Magazine.

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY.

"*I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thy offspring.*"

It has frequently been the subject of serious and painful inquiry with me, why this promise—one of the most important and precious in the covenant of grace—should so often, as far as human observation goes, fail of its accomplishment. On the part of God there can be no failure, for he is a faithful God. Why is it then that instead of the fathers we see not the children filling up their places in the church of God? Ought we not to ask, "What doth hinder?" yea, and more than ask,—should we not search out what it is that impedes the flow of this covenant blessing. This great difficulty was in a measure solved to me in the house of God not long since.

I visited the sanctuary that morning to behold a scene I had never witnessed before—a congregation composed of mothers with their children. It was a public service of the Maternal As-

sociation, and one of the most interesting nature. I returned from this delightful service convinced that the want of youthful piety in the church of God must be traced to the neglect of mothers. The ministers of the sanctuary must continue to cry, "Wo is me! my soul desired the first ripe fruit," until mothers are awakened to their responsibilities as nursing-mothers to the church, receiving their little ones with this injunction from heaven: "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

How can we presume to expect that our sons will be as plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace, unless by a decidedly religious education we seek after *this* as the "one thing" we have desired of the Lord for our beloved children. That God, as the God of the families of Israel, has a right to require this at our hands cannot be disputed; and shall we rob him, and train up our offspring for the *world*, of which Satan is the god? shall we turn them out of that "course" where flow the streams of covenant grace?

Does this thought startle us? and are we ready to say, "We are not of this world," "we are of God?" True, we may not ourselves be walking according to the course of this world, which leads from God, yet is it not to be feared that we follow too much the manners of the world in the training of our children? Are there not many who venture to prepare their children for fashionable life at a most perilous risk, forgetting that every step they take in the unhallowed pleasures of this world leads them further from God? Do not such parents lose sight of the distinctive marks of the people of God—a people which God has formed for himself to show forth his glory? Does not the secret worldliness of the parent betray itself here? Do they in this path of relative duty walk by faith and not by sight? Do they not seem to forget that the outward prosperity which comes with God's blessing can only prove a real good, and that God by an eternal decree has united duty and privilege? Can they presumptuously expect that the unchangeable "I AM," he who said to the father of the faithful, "I know him, that he will command his children, and they shall keep the way of the Lord," will change the econo-

my of his government for them? No. He is of one mind—"God is one;" and the duty enjoined is as *binding* as the *promise* is *sure*.

If he has said, "I will establish my covenant between me and thee and thy seed," he has also said, "Thou shalt keep my covenant." Nor are promises and warnings to be found in the sacred volume more specific and clear than those given as incitements to the faithful discharge of parental duties. Alas! it is but too well known that the larger proportion even of christian parents deny their own beloved children the privilege of a scriptural education, and consequently cut off from them the blessed results.

But these papers are written for those who do indeed desire to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; who have themselves been by converting grace brought out from mystic Egypt, and who by their lives declare plainly that they desire and seek a better country, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

Let those whose prayers and practice harmonize, take encouragement. Let them pray in faith, and "be instant in prayer." Let every maternal duty be performed in a prayerful spirit. The records of eternity will unfold the achievements of prayer, nor are we now without many heart-cheering memorials of the instrumentality of parents in the conversion of their children.

London, ———.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE POCKET BIBLE;

OR

"HIS LOVING-KINDNESS CHANGES NOT."

By Charles A. Goodrich.

I was standing at the counter of a book-store some years since, when a lady entered and inquired for pocket Bibles. I knew her well. A few years before she had married a respectable young merchant, who, although possessed but of little, if any,

capital himself, had been started in business by a gentleman of wealth, with every prospect of success. He was active, honest, and enterprising; and, although he had married early after commencing business for himself—perhaps too early—the lady whom he had selected as his companion was worthy his choice. She had more ambition, some of her friends thought, than comported with their circumstances; and, although she contrived to repress it, in consideration that her husband's income for the present was small, it was apparent that her spirit was aspiring, and that she was looking forward with some impatience to the time when she should be the mistress of a fine house, with furniture corresponding. A friend of his, who was married about the same time, had at once entered upon the enjoyment of these objects of ambition, and had even a handsome carriage at her command. Quite possibly, Matilda Grant cherished the secret hope that she might one day be able to visit that friend in a similar establishment of her own.

The dispensations of God, however, not unfrequently intervene to thwart our plans and defeat our cherished hopes of worldly good. He has higher views respecting us than we ourselves entertain—the elevation of our souls, and those of our friends, to a crown of glory in his own blessed mansions—and a preparation therefore is necessary, which requires sorrow here in order to joy hereafter. Through much tribulation must we enter into the kingdom of God.

For a few years Mr. Grant went on well in business. His purchases were made with judgment, and his goods were credited to those who, he thought, would be able to pay. But unfortunately, and unforeseen, his principal creditor failed, and in a single day Charles Grant was a bankrupt.

At the time of this sad reverse he was ill of a fever. It was difficult to conceal it from him; but the news had a still more unhappy effect upon him than was anticipated; and from that hour he continued to decline, and in a few weeks was carried to his long home. It was a grievous blow to his wife, with whom her friends most sincerely sympathized, and to whom they tendered for herself and two children—a son and a daughter—all the kind assistance which their circumstances allowed.

On an investigation of Mr. Grant's affairs, his failure proved even worse than was feared; and although the gentleman who had advanced the capital was quite liberal in the settlement of the concern, the widow and her children had but a few hundred dollars, and for most of that she was chiefly indebted, it was thought, to the generosity of her husband's friend.

This result, added to the loss of a fond and truly estimable man, made the shock still more terrible. She felt the calamity keenly, and the more so, as she had no near relatives at hand to condole with her, and was ignorant of the divine consolations of religion. But there was mercy in her cup of sorrow. The Spirit of God came in to heal that troubled spirit, and to sanctify those trials to her soul. And at length she was enabled to bow in humble and quiet submission to the will of God, and betake herself to the support and education of her lovely children, now her solace and delight.

At the time I saw her in the book-store she was in pursuit of a pocket Bible for her son, named Charles, after his father. The purchase was soon made—it was a beautiful edition—not expensive—but just such as a fond and religious mother would wish to present to a son whom she loved, and which she hoped would prove a lamp unto his feet. A further circumstance about this Bible I knew in after years; on presenting it, she turned the attention of the happy little fellow to a blank page in the beginning, on which, in a beautiful wreath, she had inscribed her own name, and under it the words, "To my son," followed by the appropriate and touching lines:

"A parent's blessing on her son
"Goes with this holy thing;
"The love that would retain the one
"Must to the other cling.
"Remember 'tis no idle toy,
"A mother's gift—Remember, boy."

And still a little below were printed, in small but beautiful capitals, words which a mother's faith might well appropriate:—"HIS LOVING-KINDNESS CHANGES NOT."

At the age of seventeen Charles Grant was a stout, strong,

active youth. He was more than ordinarily ambitious, but as his ambition had not full scope, he was restless, and, I sometimes thought, unhappy. Had his mother, at this critical era of his life, been able to find him some employment suitable to his active and ambitious genius, it would have been fortunate indeed; but she knew of none; and, besides, she needed his aid—but what was more than all, she was alone, and felt that she could not dispense with his company.

About this time a young sailor, by the name of Thornton, belonging to the neighborhood, arrived home from a voyage. Charles naturally fell in his way, and was delighted with the story of his wonderful adventures. He listened long and intently. His age and circumstances combined to excite in his ambitious bosom the desire for similar exciting scenes. Without designing any special wrong, young Thornton at length proposed to Charles to accompany him on his next voyage, which he should commence in a few weeks. For a time he hesitated, or rather declined—his mother and Alice would never consent, and to leave them by stealth was more than he felt willing to do. Thornton did not urge him, as it afterwards appeared, but Charles was himself strongly inclined to go, while the young sailor was quite willing to have a friend and companion so bright and enterprising as Charles Grant. In an evil hour the latter decided to go, and to go without the knowledge of his mother.

On the night appointed for their departure Charles rose from his bed when all was still, and, softly feeling his way to the door, opened it and escaped. It was a beautiful night; and as he proceeded round the corner of the house to get a small bundle of clothes which he had concealed the day before, his heart beat with unusual violence, and for a few moments a faintness came over him at the thought of leaving a mother and sister, the only objects on earth whom he had ever truly loved. He stopped for a moment, as if meditating a better resolution—and then proceeded to the gate, which he opened and went out. Here he again paused—turned—looked—lingered—hesitated—and even put his hand again on the latchet, half resolved to creep once more to his little bed-room. But at that moment the low call of

Thornton, at some distance, reached his ear—he had lingered longer than he was aware, and now the moment had arrived when he must go, if at all—with a sort of desperation of feeling he hastened away, the tears trickling down his cheeks as he bade adieu to the humble cottage which contained all he loved on earth. His bundle was still under his arm, and in that bundle, I am glad to say, was "a mother's gift," the pocket Bible. Charles felt that he could not go without that, and perhaps he felt that the discovery that he had taken it might serve somewhat to assuage a mother's sorrow.

Before morning the young sailors were a long way towards the sea-port whence they expected to sail, and a couple of days brought them quite there. The ship, it so happened, was ready, and Charles having been accepted on the recommendation of Thornton, took up his line of duty before the mast. Shortly after, the ship weighed anchor, and stretched forth on a far distant voyage.

I must leave my readers to imagine, if they are able, the surprise and even consternation of Mrs. Grant and Alice, the morning following Charles' departure, at not finding him in the house, nor about the premises. What could it mean?—what errand could have called him away?—at what hour did he leave?—what accident could have befallen him? Search was made for him by the increasingly anxious and terrified mother and sister for an hour and more, before they ventured to make known their solicitude to their neighbors. My own residence was not far distant; and, before I had finished my breakfast, a messenger in haste made known the truly distressing situation of Mrs. Grant and Alice. I hastened to the house—other friends at no distant hour were there—inquiries were instituted—messengers were dispatched around the town; but not the slightest tidings could be obtained, and even conjecture was baffled. At length, however, Mrs. Grant made the discovery that his better suit was gone, and there was a transient gleam of joy on her face as she announced that his *pocket Bible* was also not in his chest. Some days passed—long days, and long and gloomy nights before any satisfactory intelligence was received, and then the amount of that intelligence was

in a short but affectionate letter from Charles himself, just then on the eve of sailing for the Pacific ocean. It runs thus:

My dear Mother,—Can you, will you forgive me for the step I have taken without your knowledge or consent? My heart has smote me every hour since I left you. I am at —— and on board the ship ——, which sails in an hour for the Pacific ocean. Fondest—best of mothers—do not grieve, I will one day return to bless and comfort you and my dear Alice. I must do something for you and her. Kiss her for me. Mother, I can write no more, only that I hope I shall have your prayers. I have got my pocket Bible, and shall keep it next my heart. Farewell.

Your affectionate son,

Charles Grant.

P. S. I have somewhere read, what I am sure will prove true in my own case:

"Where'er I rove—whatever realms to see,
"My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee."

By some means the letter did not reach the post-office so soon as it should have done, and the uncertainty bore heavily on the heart of mother and sister. The post-master on its arrival kindly sent it to me; and, hoping that it contained tidings of the lost child, I ventured to break the seal. The truth—sorrowful as it was—was a great relief, and was felt to be so by Mrs. Grant and Alice. Yet, for a season—and who can marvel?—their hearts were filled with a sadness which scarcely admitted of alleviation; it was a dark and mysterious providence; and when friends called in, as they often did, to mingle their tears with the weeping, and to administer consolation, the most they could do was to weep, and to say, "His ways are in the sea, and his judgments past finding out."

But time does something—religion does more. By degrees these sorrowful ones were able to pray, and as the christian poet says, "Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw."

So it did for them. They did not, indeed, recover their wonted cheerfulness—but they were calm and subdued. No murmur escaped the mother's lips, and even Alice seemed to have imbibed the spirit of a holy resignation, "Father, thy will be done."

But there were days of keen and bitter anguish, and in those nights, when the storm swept its angry blasts across their humble dwelling and rocked their bed, it was impossible for a mother's heart not to tremble for her sailor-boy, far off upon the stormy ocean, and perhaps suffering the perils of the billowy tempest. But even at such times she was enabled to commit herself and her wandering child to the care and grace of a covenant-keeping God—uttering the language of holy confidence, "His faithfulness is as the everlasting mountains." "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Four years elapsed, and nothing was heard of Charles Grant. Sometime during the second year of his absence a rumor reached us that a ship, supposed to be the ——, which sailed from ——, and on board of which Charles was supposed to be, was burned at sea, and that but two or three only of the crew were saved, and that among them was a young man of the name of Grant. But the rumor, though not contradicted, was not confirmed, and another period of uncertainty and anxiety fell to the lot of the long-stricken and heart-saddened mother and sister of the absent boy.

At length the friends of Mrs. Grant were pained to perceive a visible change in her health. The indications of that too fatal malady—consumption, were too apparent to be mistaken. Its approach was indeed slow and insidious, and for a time was kept at bay by the kind and assiduous attention of our village physician; but medical prescription at length lost its power, and she became at first confined to the house—then to her room—and finally to her bed.

I often visited her, as did other friends. Her room was no longer the abode of gloom and sorrow. She had for some months been making rapid progress in resignation to the will of God; and, though her feeble tabernacle was shaken, and was likely to be dissolved through years of anxiety and affliction, yet her faith seemed to acquire more and more strength, and to fasten with a firm hold upon the divine promises.

One day, as I sat conversing with her, she alluded to the faithfulness of God, and expressed her unwavering confidence in Him.

She said it had been her desire to acquiesce in the Divine will, and she hoped that she should be able to do so, whatever it might be in relation to herself or her absent son. But, continued she, I have prayed long and fervently that I may once more see him—see him a true penitent—and I cannot relinquish the belief that God will hear and answer.

I was about to say something which might tend to soothe her, in case her hopes were not realized, as I must confess I saw little present reason to expect they would be, when she stopped me, and observed, "You may think me presumptuous, but my faith must enjoy its hold on the Divine promises. Has not God said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will answer thee, and thou shalt glorify me?' I have called—yes, I have called, by day and by night, and God has seemed to help me. Has he excited such strong, such intense emotions for nothing? Has he enabled me to wrestle so with him, only to be disappointed? I am aware that probabilities are all apparently against me. I must soon fail; this heart will soon cease beating, and the narrow house be my resting-place, but I still have confidence in the faithfulness of my heavenly Father. What though I see no immediate prospect of the return of my poor boy, I believe that I shall yet press that child to my bosom. Years since, I wrote in a pocket Bible I gave him, "His loving-kindness changes not," and do you think it will fail now?"

I confess I admired the steady faith of the mother—a faith strong in the Lord and in the power of his might; and yet it seemed scarcely possible that her hopes should be realized. At length my faith faltered, for it was apparent that her hour of departure was not far distant.

That night two or three female friends, fearful of her failure before morning, offered to stay with the mother of Alice. This the latter cheerfully assented to, though she had decided not to leave her mother. The necessary arrangements for the night were made, and at an early hour all was silent in and around the humble cottage.

It was a glorious night abroad—clear, soft, mild,—just such a night as a saint might well choose in which to take its departure

and soar to the temple above. The poet must have had some such night in vision when he penned those beautiful lines:

> "The moon awakes, and from her maiden face
> "Shedding her cloudy locks, looks meekly forth,
> "And, with her virgin stars, walks in the heav'ns,—
> "Walks nightly there, conversing as she walks
> "Of purity, and holiness, and God."

It was just such a night, and Alice had risen from her seat; and to hide her emotions, as her dear parent breathed more heavily, had gone to the window, the curtain of which she drew aside, and was standing leaning her arm on the sash. In the distance, just beyond the gate, she descried, as she thought, the figure of a man who seemed to be approaching. For a moment she started back, but again looked, and his hand was on the latch. The gate was opened with great caution, and the stranger approached slowly towards the house. Presently a gentle knock was heard at the kitchen door. It was impossible for Alice to summon courage to attend to the stranger herself; but she whispered to the nurse, who upon unlocking the door inquired the reason for so late and unseasonable an intrusion.

"Does Mrs. Grant still reside here?" inquired the stranger in a kind but earnest tone.

"She does," replied the nurse; "but she is dangerously ill, and we fear cannot live many hours: you cannot see her."

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the stranger, and so audible were the words pronounced that the sound fell on the ears of Alice, and her heart beat with strong and distressing emotions. "I *must* see her," continued the stranger, "do not deny me, madam, quick—quick!" and he gently pressed open the door, still held by the surprised and even terrified nurse.

Alice listened to the sounds without being able to decide their import; but at length fearing that her mother might be disturbed, she stole softly out of the room for the purpose of ascertaining what the stranger wished.

"Alice—Miss Alice!" said the nurse as she approached.

But before she had finished what she was attempting to say,

the stranger inquired, with a countenance wild with emotion, "Is this Alice Grant?" and the next moment he swooned and fell on the floor.

"Miss Alice," exclaimed the agitated nurse, "what does all this mean?—who can this be?—what shall we do?"

Alice herself stood amazed; but as the light fell upon the features of the apparently lifeless stranger a thought flashed across her mind, and the following moment she was nearly falling beside him.

"Nurse," said she, "softly but quickly hand me some water." This she applied liberally to the temples of the stranger, who slowly recovered his consciousness, and at length sat up. He looked round, and presently fastened his eyes most intently and inquiringly on the pale and motionless Alice. "Yes, yes," he exclaimed, "it is she; it is—it is my own beloved Alice!"

"Charles—Charles—my brother!" uttered Alice, as she fell upon his bosom. "Oh, heaven be praised! Charles, is it—is it you?—Oh, mother—mother!"

The sound of voices reached the dying mother, and she inquired, "Alice, my child,—what—what did I hear, Alice?"

Alice, scarcely able to stand, hastened to her bedside, and taking her mother's hand, already cold with death, spoke in accents tremulous—for her whole frame was agitated—tremulous, but kind.

"What did I hear, Alice?" the mother softly whispered. "I thought I heard something. I thought he had come. Did I *dream*, Alice?"

"Mother, dear mother," said Alice, putting her face close to the cold face of her dying parent, and scarcely able to draw a breath, "whom did you think had come?"

"Why, Charles: it seemed as if he had come. But I dreamt —did I, Alice?"

"Mother," said Alice, "could you see him? could you sustain it if you could see him?"

"Surely, child; why I long to see him; and I did think I should see him once more before I died."

At this instant the door softly opened, and Charles approached, cautiously—inquiringly.

"Mother," said Alice, "here—can you look up? do you know who this is?"

"Who is it, Alice—who is it?" inquired the half wild but still conscious mother.

"Mother," softly whispered Charles, as he kneeled down and kissed her cold cheek,—"Mother!—my dear mother! Oh, will you—can you forgive your long-lost but penitent, broken-hearted child?"

"Charles! my dear Charles! is it indeed you?" said the now nearly speechless mother, at the same time endeavoring to put her wan and feeble arm around his neck, "My dear boy, you have come; yes, I said you would come—you have; yes, I can now praise God! One question, Charles, and I die in peace,—Is my boy a penitent?"

"Mother," said Charles, his tears nearly choking his utterance, "that Bible and a mother's prayers have saved me. I have come, and in season, to ask forgiveness. 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' Mother, my dear mother, and will you forgive me also?"

"Enough—enough," said the departing mother; "yes, it is enough!" her countenance beaming, as it were, with seraphic joy.

"I am nearly through; but go, my son—go, my dear Alice, and publish it to the mothers of the land, what I have found true,—and will continue true as long as praying mothers exist,—

'His loving-kindness changes not.'"

For a few moments following it was thought that she had ceased to breathe; but she revived sufficiently to press once more gently the hands of Charles and Alice; and then she was heard singing, in a faint and scarcely audible tone, those beautiful lines which she had often expressed a wish that she might have occasion to sing:

"Soon I shall pass the gloomy vale,
"Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
"Oh may my last expiring breath
"His loving-kindness sing in death!"

The prayer was answered. "His loving-kindness" were the last sounds which were heard. They ceased here only to be resumed, and to be sung by the glorified and triumphant saint before the throne of God.

For the Mother's Magazine.

AN AFTERNOON WALK.

The spirit of the injunction, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," is far from being rightly apprehended if we wait till the urgent claims of our duty crowd about us so that they almost impel us to action. To learn the lesson aright, we must have a heart, an eye and an ear alert to seize upon that which may affect our own or others' temporal and eternal welfare.

We must cease from turning on the pivot of selfishness, and cease from wrapping about ourselves merely the mantle of certain forms and ceremonies of religion, as if its folds would cover the broad principle of charity. Even when nothing but sin and degradation present themselves to our view, there are chords of feeling that may be reached, and a conscience is there that may be roused and enlightened.

But alas! how much of life is spent and mind wasted on we know not what—thoughts, feelings and perceptions hardly defined; and when our minds are active, often the veriest trifles of dress, furniture, change of plans, or perchance some morbid feeling of fancied or real wrong intended us, may occupy thoughts during many a walk or avocation that might be otherwise more usefully directed.

An incident, although of a common, every day occurrence, induced this train of thought, and we merely give it as an evidence that in our daily paths we have constantly the power to scatter the good seed.

It was a beautiful spring afternoon, and many had strolled forth eager to catch the warm breath of our tardy season; and as we turned from the more general throng into one of the broad open streets in the upper part of our city, we caught the sound of a lady's voice calling from an open window, "Come to me, little boy," and turning round, we saw a group of little boys standing so perfectly still that we came at once to the conclusion that some unusual commotion must have preceded such a calm. As we crossed over near the children who were standing in the middle of the street, a gentleman, who from a distance had observed the whole scene, hastily walked up to a stout boy of eight or nine, and shaking him smartly by the collar, asked him how he dared abuse the little boy of four or five who stood beside him? As soon as the boy could release himself from the firm grasp of the gentleman he ran blubbering away, and at each step dropping from his basket the sticks he had just gathered. By this time the lady who had first attracted our notice came from her house, and thanking the gentleman for his interference, went up to the little ragged urchin who had been assailed, and in a mild, serious tone said, as she leaned down to look in his face, "But, my little boy, I heard you use very bad words; don't you know it is very wicked to swear?" We saw the child as he stood then just before us, his brown, misshapen cap tossed on the top of his white hair, and he bowed his little head on his tattered sleeve to wipe the tears as they flowed afresh at the rebuke of the kind lady.

The two elder boys who had been spectators of the scene immediately said, "We told him to stop—we told him to stop." "But why did you not make him stop?" both the lady and gentleman replied.

We left the lady still talking with the children, while we pursued our way, thinking that she realized indeed a "beauty all about her path;" and when in the midst of her daily cares she beheld the quarrelling of children in our streets, she felt linked to them as human beings demanding from her all the good influence she could exert for their welfare—the oppressed to be relieved and the oppressor rebuked.

The lesson taught in those few moments may have its restrain-

ing effect for many years: the cruel boy may remember his detection and mortification; and the little child of four or five, whose heart so overflowed with emotion, will not soon forget the gentle lady's words, "My little boy, do you not know it is very wicked to swear?" and perchance the companions who suffered wrong to be done to one whom they could defend may hereafter be more manly. The passer-by could not fail to be impressed with the value of improving those opportunities of usefulness that surround us in the house and by the way.

The wicked children of our streets, those even that cannot be gathered in our Sunday-schools or common-schools, are not beyond the reach of instruction; and a word spoken to them, notwithstanding all the counter influence that is around them, may still sink into their hearts.

The greater their ignorance and wickedness, the greater claims have they upon our sympathy.

For the Mother's Magazine.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION IN WATERVILLE, ONEIDA CO. N. Y.

Through the kind providence of God we are brought to our ninth anniversary. The return of this day reminds us of the encouragements and assistance we received from our much beloved but now deeply lamented pastor, the Rev. A. Garrison, whose memory will ever be dear to us all. At first our Association numbered but eleven mothers and fifty-three children: our present number is thirty mothers and one hundred and twenty-two children, nine of whom were left to our counsel and prayers by a departed sister.

During the nine years which our Society has existed, but six of our dear children have been called to try the realities of an unseen

world; but, through grace, we trust that "it is well" with all of them.

One, a daughter, who gave her heart to the Savior when thirteen years of age; and from that time until her death, a period of six years, she ever manifested a conscientious and devoted spirit, and an anxious desire to be useful.

A few weeks before her death our beloved pastor, the late Rev. J. Frost, was taken from us by a short but distressing illness. The dying chamber of that eminent saint was a privileged spot, and the scenes which there transpired will long be remembered by those who were present. After his dying words were repeated to our dear young sister, she exclaimed, "Shall I indeed meet him in heaven? It seems impossible while I am so vile and he was so holy. Holiness, holiness!" she repeated, "I cannot describe the delight that word imparts. It diffuses more happiness through my soul than any other word." Then appearing to have a view of her Savior as her righteousness, she exclaimed, "I shall see Jesus and be like him, and then I shall be satisfied." She wished her friends would not converse on worldly subjects in her hearing, as she took no interest in them; but wished to hear religious conversation whenever she was able to listen, that her soul might receive spiritual nourishment. She had many interesting and faithful interviews with her friends, and the impenitent among them she affectionately entreated to become reconciled to God. When the last sad conflict commenced she spoke like one inspired, and delivered her dying message to each member of her family. Her mind was vigorous and full of the glory of heaven. After she ceased to speak she continued to be perfectly conscious of what was transpiring to the last. She was beautiful in death, disease heightening instead of marring her lovely features. She, being dead, yet speaketh in accents of admonition and encouragement to this Association, saying, Pray more earnestly and labor more faithfully for the conversion of the dear children who are still out of the ark of safety, and for the sanctification of them all.

Thirty-four of our dear children have become hopefully converted since the formation of our Society, thirty-two of whom are still living and professors of religion, and many of them are bear-

ing fruit to the glory of God. Some of them are heads of families, and training immortal beings for weal or wo. Our meetings have been semi-monthly, and including quarterly and annual, we have enjoyed two hundred and twenty precious seasons of prayer and religious instruction. Some of our children have been present, and received instruction in Scripture exercises and pastoral addresses twenty-five times. Our voluntary contributions have only amounted to eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents, which have been appropriated to benevolent purposes, except purchasing a few books for the Association. Our meetings have been sustained by a few sisters, while the majority have been quite irregular in their attendance. We meet alphabetically, which enables every member to attend at least one meeting once in fifteen months. Our reading has been the Bible, Mother's Magazine and many other appropriate books, too numerous to mention in this brief narrative; but, next to the sacred Scriptures, we are most indebted to the Mother's Magazine, which we have read in our meetings ever since its publication, and have derived more useful and important instruction from it than from all other human works combined, and would earnestly recommend it to all kindred Societies.

A work entitled "Book for Parents, or the Family Constitution," has been read by us often, and with more profit than any other work of the kind. It should belong to every family library. By united prayers and mutual consultation we are cultivating a deeper interest in each other's spiritual welfare, and are constantly becoming more anxious for the salvation of all the dear children of the Association. We would assure those who rarely if ever attend, that we have learned more at these meetings, of our duty to our Maker, our children and the world, than with the same effort and self-denial we could have learned elsewhere; and we are assured by personal experience that any member is repaid in exact proportion to the efforts and prayers bestowed upon this object. We would kindly and affectionately entreat *all* the dear members to make sacrifices to attend our meetings, for they may never know in time what they and their families lose by their occasional absence. God's word furnishes all the encouragement

we need to continue in prayer for the salvation of those who are still enemies to God; and daily as each one retires at the appointed time to pray in concert for them, let us be encouraged by such promises as these: "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do." "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them," &c. And although we have not had a revival of religion the past winter, as we have anxiously desired, yet we have the assurance that our prayers will not be in vain if offered in faith. But in relation to the withholding of the Divine blessing, should not each one ask herself, Have I done all in my power to promote a revival? Have I indulged in no selfish desires for the salvation of my impenitent children and neighbors; but bringing them in faith to the Savior, have I there plead in *sincerity of heart* that He would renew and sanctify them, and cause them to glorify him in the way that would best promote the interests of a dying world? And have I, in the diligent use of means, depended *alone* on his merits, righteousness and intercession for a blessing on them, and an answer to my petitions? If we cannot answer to all these questions in the affirmative, let us repent and seek forgiveness of the Lord, and in humble reliance on his grace strive to do our *whole* duty the rest of our lives.

E. T——, *Secretary.*

For the Mother's Magazine.

Scripture Exercise.

HISTORY OF MOSES.

Who were Moses' parents?
In what country was he born?
Were his parents Egyptians?

What command had the king of Egypt given respecting the children of the Hebrews?

Had the parents of Moses any other children?

Were they born before Pharaoh's cruel edict?

How did Moses escape being destroyed according to the command of the king?

Whom did his mother set to watch him?

Who came down to the river?

What were her feelings when she saw this helpless babe?

Who offered to procure a nurse?

Whom did she call?

What did Pharaoh's daughter tell her?

When the child grew what did his mother do with him?

What is it probable that his mother taught him while he was with her?

What education did he receive. Acts, 7 : 22.

Which had the most influence on his life, the precepts of his mother or the learning of the idolatrous Egyptians?

Did he choose to be called a Hebrew, or the grandson of the king of Egypt? Hebrews 11 : 24.

On what occasion did he flee into Midian?

Whose daughter did he marry?

What business did he follow in Midian?

Who appeared to him, and in what manner?

To whom did the Lord say he would send him?

By what name was he to make God known to the Hebrews and Egyptians?

What miracles was he to make use of to convince the unbelieving?

Was Moses willing to accept this commission?

What excuse did he make?

Whom did God promise should meet him and go with him?

Did Moses comply with the command of God?

What did he and Aaron tell Pharaoh that God required?

How many plagues were sent upon Egypt before the king would let the people go?

What signal judgment was sent upon the Egyptians at the Red Sea?

How many years did the Hebrews wander in the wilderness?
Did Moses lead them all this time?
Did he lead them into Canaan?
Why was he not permitted to go over Jordan with them?
Did he see the land of Canaan?
Where did he die?
How was he buried?
How old was he?
Did he retain his strength and faculties till this great age?

USEFUL MONARCHS EDUCATED BY MOTHERS.

The first impressions that should be made upon man's angelic mind, unquestionably are such as we trust will flourish in heaven; and God has committed to mothers the teaching of these things to their children—to prefer honor to fortune, to succor distress, to love our fellows, to raise our hearts to God. I have been much struck by a remark made by a French writer. "Of sixty-nine monarchs who have worn the French crown, (he says,) only three have loved the people, and all those were reared by their mothers without the intervention of pedagogues. A Bossuet educated the tyrant Louis XIV; his mother did not train him. St. Louis was trained by Blanche; Louis XII. was trained by Maria of Cleves; and Henri IV. was trained by Jane of Albert; and these were really the fathers of their people." "Good professors can make *good scholars*," says this author; "but good mothers alone can make *good men*."

The incidental effect of Maternal Association is to elicit attention and talent to the great object of maternal duty, and to draw forth those great lessons of wisdom that mothers need to learn to fit them to fulfil it.

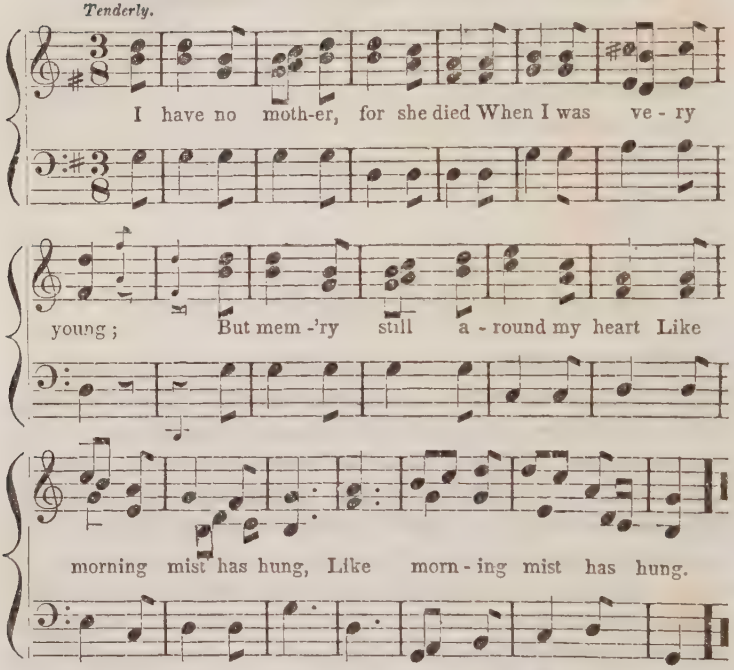
E. N. Kirk.

The following beautiful piece we insert, by permission, from "JUVENILE SONGS," by Thomas Hastings, published by D. Fanshaw, at 148 Nassau-street and 601 Broadway, New-York.

"I HAVE NO MOTHER."

German.

Tenderly.


I have no moth-er, for she died When I was ve - ry
young; But mem -'ry still a - round my heart Like
morning mist has hung, Like morn - ing mist has hung.

2

They tell me of an angel form
That watch'd around my bed,
And of a soft and quiet hand
That wiped the tears I shed.

3

With smiles she held my tiny arm
When I began to walk;
And joy would sparkle in her eyes
When I would try to talk.

4

And often, too, as I was ill,
She kissed my burning brow;
Her tears would fall upon my cheek,
I think I feel them now.

5

And then she used to kneel with me,
And teach me how to pray,
And raise my little hands to heav'n,
And tell me what to say.

6

O mother, mother, in my heart
Thy image still shall be;
And may I hope in heaven, at last,
To meet and live with thee?

Anon.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE,

AND

FAMILY LIBRARY.

VOL. XI. AUGUST, 1843. No. 8.

For the Mother's Magazine.

STAFFORD, (Genesee Co. N. Y.) June 5, 1843.

Accompanying the first Annual Report of our Maternal Association, we send you an Address, which was delivered before our Society at its Annual Meeting, by the Rev. D. D. Buck, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of this place, and which was listened to with interest and profit. Our Society send a copy of the Address to you, if it meet your approbation, we wish to have it published in the Mother's Magazine. Our Methodist sisters have come forward in this important enterprise with praiseworthy decision, and have afforded us much assistance by their counsels and encouragement. We thank the Lord, and trust that the time may be near, when all mothers may see eye to eye in the great work of training the young and teachable mind to usefulness, happiness and heaven.

May God give his *Spirit of grace* to direct those who have the editorial charge of the Magazine, that through your efforts many, very many, may be profited for time and eternity.

In behalf of the Association,
M. W. S. W., Cor. Sec.

LADIES OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION,—In compliance with your polite invitation, I arise to address you. But diffidence of my own ability leads me to fear that your edification and profit will not be proportionate to your anticipation.

Nothing less than conviction of duty has influenced me to un-

dertake a labor so unfamiliar and yet so important. Appropriate to your Association may be found subjects numerous and extensive; and there will be no difficulty in finding something to say: the less easy task is in selection. Therefore it is quite possible that my inexperience has led me into error, in choosing for the present address a few observations in relation to *Maternal Influence*. And I design to confine my observations principally to the *Mother's influence in shaping the dispositions of her children*.

By selecting this theme we shall not have the advantage of novelty; for this subject has occupied a prominent position in the instructions of the moralist and philosopher from the earliest ages. For this reason, perhaps, the restless spirit of curiosity may cause some to think, that on a subject so trite nothing can now be spoken worthy of notice.

It is not a minister's province to pamper a morbid craving for novelty; if it were, an ordinary genius would have nothing to fear from the attempt; he would find material in abundance; and the viands might be seasoned to please the most fastidious palate. But although it may bring me less creature applause, I would much prefer an approving consciousness of having set before you a few morsels of wholesome instruction, than a wreath of laurel for having pleased a taste vitiated and dangerous.

And now, ladies, I solicit your attention to a few reflections.

1. In this mode of being, we are called in the Providence of God to sustain various relations in the human family. These relations have an importance proportionate to their necessity and influence. And a little attention will enable us to perceive, that, of all others, the maternal relation exerts the greatest influence in shaping the destinies of the human race. This relation, therefore, claims particular consideration.

2. It is evident that the All-wise Creator designed that this relation should be sustained by a portion of the human family, notwithstanding the inexplicable mystery and the sacred delicacy in which it is veiled.

His design will appear, *Firstly, from the absolute necessity of that relation* in the family of man in its present organization. The Lord does not now, as at first, fashion the human form of

the literal dust; he has established an order of dependencies, in the observance of which, man, in a secondary sense, is his own sustainer. But in this divinely established order, the maternal relation is of first and absolute requisition.

The design of the Creator will also appear, *Secondly, from the perfect adaptation of the constitution for this relation.* And this adaptation, it is evident, is not an unintended phenomenon; not a chance discovery of what nature would admit of; but a most skilful contrivance of the original Framer of the creation; developing his wisdom, power, and goodness. This design and adaptation were complete in the original pair, while they inhabited Paradise, before sin had defaced the moral image of Jehovah. Here it may not be amiss to say, that the most honorable, useful, and exemplary women mentioned in sacred or common history sustained the maternal relation. And our Savior himself honored and sanctified this relation, by making it the medium of his own glorious incarnation.

3. But some may call in question the sentiment we advanced relative to the unrivalled influence of this relation in moulding the destiny of mankind. We are so accustomed to attach the greatest importance to those influences which are direct and visible, that deep-working, indirect causes, are deemed scarcely worthy of notice. As a familiar illustration, consider how a direct and visible blow aimed at our persons will awaken our fears and instinctively put us on our defence. At the same time, the sure but gradual and silent advances of death hardly lift the eyelid with alarm. We allow him to hold steady his aim at our very hearts with his keenest arrow, drawn to its utmost limit: but because his aim is so deliberate, and he draws near with such a moderate step, we smile in his presence, and suspect no danger. But when we perceive his encapturing snare woven around us, and feel his dart pricking through the heart's covering, then we tremble, for we discover his agency. But danger infinitely less than we thus pass, in supposed security, if it be only *visible* and *direct*, will silence the cry of thirst and hunger, and drive sleep from our eyelids. But is an influence less mighty because it lays its foundation too deep to be suspected? Is it less influential because it is

gradual and indirect in its operations? To answer this, let history tell what death has accomplished in his gradual and silent operations. Let it speak of the heroes he has conquered, and of the philosophers he has outwitted; of the glories he has sullied, and of the beauties he has blasted.

Popular philosophy is generally inclined to overlook the most extensive and important agencies in operation around us, because they are too deeply founded for the superficial observer. The mind is prone to form opinions from hasty and superficial inspection. It too often walks by sight, not by faith. It is apt to build upon the surface, instead of digging for the rock. The angle of intellectual vision is too defective to form distinct images of distant objects, although it has no difficulty in perceiving a mote on the eyelash. To take an example: Napoleon on the pinnacle of glory rivets the world's attention. To see kingdoms tremble at his nod, and thrones totter at his frown; to behold temples rise at his bidding, and mountains paved for his pathway; then the agency is so visible, and so direct, that in the conspicuousness of that we lose sight of all others. But how happened that furious comet of blaze and blood to dash through the political heavens, deranging all its machinery, and crushing spheres of resistance? Not merely because he had a frame of iron and a genius of fire; nor was it because a theatre of conspicuous action opened before him, and that he had talents for political tragedy. Others had the same nerve, genius, and opportunity; and yet the world has hardly heard of their names.

Napoleon's notoriety, however, is doubtless founded upon his actions, but his actions were a *result* as well as a cause. Where then shall we look for the cause or spring of his actions? doubtless to his *disposition*. But where shall we look for the *cause of his disposition* which thus eventuated in unrivalled notoriety? was his disposition an effect without cause? a stream without fountain? did it spring up uncaused, and mature like the creations of fancy? By no means; his disposition, like every thing earthly, had an embryo existence and a gradual growth. It did not receive its strength from once feasting, or its inspiration from one mighty cup. It was fed sparingly, a crumb at a meal; and

was years in attaining its maturity. Whence then drew Napoleon his disposition? where was it nursed and cradled? It had a being previous to his triumphs in Italy; and was developed before he studied in the school of France. Its first public exhibitions were in his childhood's frolicks, when he had mock battles with his schoolmates; when he drew his camp lines with a potsherd, and formed his forts of the snow-drift. O could we lift the curtain of obscurity which hangs over his infancy and early childhood, could we trace the influences which *formed him a Napoleon*, we should doubtless perceive that to maternal influence was he chiefly indebted for the alpha and omega of his disposition and destiny. His parents as little dreamed that they were educating an emperor for the world, as you, ladies, that you may be rearing despots for America. He was, it is likely, a pampered monarch in his cradle, and a tyrant in his infantile sports. Revolutions were kindled by flattering his courage; and his commended ambition dragged popes from their palaces—his encouraged freaks stained the pyramids of Egypt with gore.

Maternal influence had a large share, doubtless, in collecting the combustibles and laying the train of his disposition; then the fires of political concussion found their way to this mine: the earth shook, and heaven trembled at the explosion. At the beginning of his being, had another hand caressed him, and another bosom pillowed his head; had some other one been his companion and instructor, Zion might have been blessed with another apostle, or science with another Newton. The Bourbons might have kept their sceptre, and the British lion had never trembled in his lair.

4. When human disposition begins its career, it is like a little fountain on the mountain's summit. It has not yet overflowed its tiny basin, but it tries on all sides to break through its little strand. Its course is so uncertain, however, that we cannot tell which way it will flow. How easy *then* to direct it down this side in virtue's channel, or down that into destruction's gulf. At first it is like a little streamlet, with scarcely a tributary dripping; but it seeks for a lower level. Yet it is so feeble and easily led that you may guide it at pleasure. But soon it will receive supplies; then it

will, if neglected, descend first the slope of imprudence; then the ledge of error; and in the end perhaps leap the precipice of sin into the gulf of perdition. Just in proportion as disposition goes down the steep of depravity, its tributaries become more numerous and large; until it strengthens its influence, so that the little teachable streamlet of early inclination becomes the Niagara of stubborn determination. Then who can control it?

How important is early education! what an influence may a mother acquire! what tremendous consequences probably resulted from it in the case of the wonderful Corsican! But the influence was so silent, so unobserved, so gradual, that the hasty historian has not paused to record it; and the descriptive limner has scarcely touched it with his pencil. But is an influence less eventful because it is unsuspected? The answer has already been given in the illustration of death.

5. It may be profitable for us to have more permanently impressed upon the mind the *nature* of some of the most powerful and extensive influences in operation around us. The mind should become familiar with the fact, that such agencies generally effect their purposes in a silent, unobserved, and often unsuspected manner. When this is fully known, it may influence us to appreciate moral influence which exerts itself in the same manner. *Caloric* produces the most important and astonishing results, in a gradual, unobservable, and long unsuspected manner. It penetrates the most solid bodies; hardens or softens, compounds or purifies, contracts or expands matter in every form and of every nature. Silent and unobserved as it operates, yet, without it, not a sunbeam could illumine, not an insect fly, or a pulse beat; not a shower could descend; not a river flow; ocean would be chained; thunder would never lift his voice; and all existence, whether animal or vegetable, would give up the ghost. Take another illustration:

Light has an astonishing influence; although it is so silent and unobserved in its operations that men will hardly believe that it is this which causes the leaves and branches of vegetables to radiate from a common centre; and thus gives to plants and trees their external symmetry. It is this which paints the hues of every

flower, and weaves the carpet of nature in mosaic. It is this which hardens and gives strength to vegetables to enable them to sustain their own weight. What is it which lifts up the mighty forest towards heaven, and leads the vine up along its branches? It is the same influence that trails the ropy sprout along a dark passage towards the light, and bends the geranium towards the window. It is the mild, constant, patient and inexplicable influence of light. Don't think lightly, then, of maternal influence, because, like these influences referred to, it may be gradual and silent in its doings. We have a clear exhibition of it in the history of Washington, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." It was this influence which gave to the world an Augustine, the Wesleys, a Doddridge, and a host of other benefactors of mankind, too numerous to mention. With Scripture history, on this point, it is presumed you are sufficiently familiar. Moses, Samuel and Timothy, are conspicuous examples.

6. Could we with Omniscience trace the operations of the various influences which affect human society, after making sufficient allowance for others, we should doubtless discover, that in instances innumerable this influence has fixed the destinies of kingdoms, and had a tremendous agency in preparing souls for their eternal destiny. We would by no means detract from the paternal and other relationary influences in human society; but that the maternal is much the superior is our most decided conviction.

This, I think, will appear from a few considerations:

First, *The mother has the earliest and best opportunity of discovering the natural temperament of her children.* When they are ushered into being they are not confided to the father's care; they must rest upon her bosom. Her hands must dress them, and to her they look for support. Are they cheerful, she is their playmate; are they sick, their physician. She hovers over their slumbers a guardian seraph, and in their waking hours is a ministering spirit. She knows best how cold and heat affect them; how pleasure or pain, hunger or fulness, health or sickness. She can observe the first symptoms of moral disease, and watch the

operations of remedial prescriptions. The first development of intellect is for her inspection, as well as the earliest displays of temper. Their incipient inclinations and prejudices cannot be concealed from her eyes; and she may know their sources of temptation.

Are they peevish and restless, she must herself sooth them; and they desire her own arms for their cradle.

About these affairs the father can know but little: he can educate the ox to his yoke, and discipline the horse to the collar; he watches the fold, and the herds low for his coming; the forest falls prostrate before him, and the earth opens her treasures at his command. It is his to brave oceans, to lead armies, to legislate for kingdoms. But the mother, she must educate the infant; give it not over to him; he was designed for other labors; his empire is without: the lightnings leap from the skies to obey his requirement, and the mighty steamer is his dutiful servant; the war-ship is obedient to his dictation, cannons roar at his bidding, and temples rise at the touch of his hands. But leave the little one with its mother; it is God's design; and nature instinctively prompts us to obey him.

In the second place, *the mother has the best opportunity of strengthening the good and correcting the evil qualities of her children.* To do this requires exhaustless patience, untiring perseverance, and suitable opportunity. Her advantage in this respect will appear not only from her superior knowledge of what should be done, but particularly from her better opportunity of doing it. The father's duties make him a comparative stranger in his own dwelling. His is the comet's orbit, elliptical and devious. He occasionally returns to the perihelion of his domestic centre, lingers a moment, then flies off in the far aphelion of distant duty.

But the mother—she is the stationary, central sun, ever shining in the nursery sphere; she is surrounded by feeble dependencies that instinctively look to her for support; it is designed that she should influence and govern by mild but constant attraction. If she wander from the path of virtue she must not murmur if her dependents follow; if her continual influence is exerted in a proper manner, she may generally expect her offspring to reward her with cheerful and permanent obedience.

When the father goes abroad to his labor he commits his most valuable treasure to the safe-keeping of the mother. He can know but little of what passes in his domicil during the day. When at evening he returns, the listening children hear his voice or his footsteps and bound forth to meet him. One grasps his hand and another his knee, in their gladness to see him.

The confinement of the day is over now; variety lights up the dull monotony of long restraints, and all is gladness in the domestic circle. The peevish girl forgets her fretfulness; the angry one is mild as the fawn; the stubborn boy is no longer a rebel; and the father, as he witnesses the sunny brightness of the circle, thinks little of the clouds and tempests which the mother has met with during his absence. She does not wish always to embitter his return by complaints about the children; or if she does speak of her trials, perhaps the accused are all ready for their defence, if they have not already forestalled the matter, and gained beforehand the father's decision in their favor.

At any rate he feels that this is no time for tedious and unpleasant investigation. He is weary and saddened by the cares and labors of the day; and he has returned expecting enjoyment in his domestic province. He is not disappointed; the children act different now, and he beholds an Eden of peace. Suppose the disobedient do deserve the rod and have escaped until that hour, what father can at such an hour take the rod and become the executioner? He will hope for amendment in future and dismiss the matter from his mind. O, how important that the mother early secure the confidence and obedience of her children! She has not only the best opportunity for knowing what should be done, but the best chance to secure it.

Let her then guide the streamlet in its proper channel in its first attempts at freedom. Let her influence be constantly exerted to train the young scion to lift itself high toward heaven in true moral excellence. Let her not cease until she is obeyed and gains the permanent ascendency over the waywardness of her charge.

Habit in a child is at first like a spider's web; if neglected, it becomes a thread, or a twine; next a cord, or a rope; finally a cable; then who can break it?

Disposition is first a yielding twig; a branch next; and then a tree.

> " 'Tis education forms the early mind;
> " Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

If the branch be left to mature its own crookedness, who can straighten it? If by superior force it is then bent to its place for a moment, remove the restraint, and it flies back to its native deformity.

That web of habit, daughter of Eve, is mostly for thee to break; or if thou hast neglected it, that twine, or that cord. Haste then in thy duty, lest, if thou delay, the strength of the cable mock thy feebleness.

That young yielding twig is mostly for thy care and patience to rear. Suffer it not to grow crooked and unlovely; bind it to its position by constant attention; and when it is matured and stands noble as Lebanon, and blooms fair as the myrtle, thou wilt not regret thy years of anxiety and untold seasons of maternal perplexity. It will give honor to thy bleached head of infirmity, and peace to thy death-bed. Thine own happiness is bound up with thine offspring; thou art shaping thy felicity as well as their destiny. Thou art leading to heaven or guiding to misery. Thou art weaving a wreath for the brow of thy children, a shroud of despair, or a mantle of shame. Thou needest the counsel of experience and the step of discretion. Shall a mother live without prayer, when so much depends upon her doings? Let her make friends with "that Friend that sticketh closer than a brother;" and let her be on intimate terms with that One who can afford her unerring counsel.

Ladies, I approve of your Association. I will render it any service of which I am capable. Pressed as you are with such solicitude, trembling under your responsibilities, I wonder not that you occasionally flock together: human beings are of sympathetic nature; and especially your sex.

If man has superior strength, he has not your tenderness. Do his cares drive him to solitude? yours lead to society. Does he love to commune with himself? you will hold intercourse with each other. And yet man, with all his distant coldness, with all

his self-sufficiency, feels at times the need of his brother. If he would accomplish any thing of importance, he pleads assistance, and seeks for it by association. This has been his history from the tower in Shinar to the Mexican pyramids; from the Grecian phalanx to the modern brigade. Would he till the ground successfully, he has his fairs. Would he acquire wealth, he has his corporations. Would he pursue the arts, literature, or science successfully, he gathers in groups, and dares not tread alone the rugged path. He has assemblies of peace and councils of war. He finds that co-operation is the pillar of support to the state; that it secures victory in war; that it lights up the dark avenue to learning; and that it is the anchor of religion.

Does it not then become you, ladies, in your responsible duties, to associate together? If man, the stronger, man the less sympathetic, if he finds it important, would you be wise in neglecting it? Yours are concerns of no ordinary moment. Man may guide the destinies of empires; but you, mothers, you form the character of man himself. As his nature is moulded he gives character to the world he governs. Thus you perceive that, indirectly, mothers give character to the world itself.

Seek then by association all the aid you may find. Let not indolence cause you to linger in the pathway of wisdom. Having no lyceum of discussion, no hall of debate, it is proper that the temple of prayer should fling open its door and invite your deliberations to its holy altar.

It is meet that trusts so sacred, labors so important, influence so momentous, should shun the confusion of worldly assemblies, and mingling religion with their discussions, should sit down beneath the brooding wings of piety, and there mingle with earth, with heaven, at once.

May you return to your domestic cares deeply impressed with your responsibilities, determined faithfully to discharge your duties, and hoping and trusting in the grace of the living God for success.

Hath He said it, and will He not do it? hath He declared it, and shall it not be so? "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

For the Mother's Magazine.

TO A YOUTHFUL BRIDE.

N——, Dec. 21, 1842.

My dear young Friend—You will probably be surprised at seeing my signature; and your first feeling may be one of disappointment that this large sheet had not been filled by some more familiar hand. But, believe me, there are few beyond your own family-circle who feel a more tender interest in your welfare, both here and hereafter, than does the mother of that *sweet girl* who but little more than a year since sat with you in this very room, engaged in cheerful conversation. The snows of winter rest upon *her* bosom; while the friend that sat by her side is enjoying the most unalloyed of earthly bliss, that which fills the heart and the hopes of the youthful bride. Well do I remember the time when I became *a wife*. How full was my cup of present joy, and how ardent my anticipations of future happiness! Dear E——, have you felt this same delusion fastening itself about *your* heart? Have you settled down in the belief that you are now *truly happy*, and that if this could but last *for ever* it would satisfy your soul? Suffer me to assure you *that it is not so*. "The fondness of a creature's love" is not sufficient to fill the soul that was made *to enjoy God for ever*. When I first tasted the joys of pardoned sin, (after having yielded, as I trust, my heart to its rightful sovereign,) I had added to the happiness of *a wife* the untold joys *of a mother;* and yet I well remember saying to a young friend, four days after that blessed change, "I have experienced more happiness during the last four days than in my whole life beside." Since that time I have been called to stand by the death-bed of a beloved mother and of a revered father and of a daughter who was as dear to me as my own soul: and these repeated afflictions have but taught me more and more of the value of that Almighty arm which alone can sustain under

sorrows like these. Long may it be, my dear young friend, ere you know the heart of *an orphan!* May your heart never bleed *as mine has bled!* Yet in this world which sin has spoiled, "trials must and will befall." But were your cup of earthly bliss constantly to overflow, and not one drop of the bitter waters of affliction ever mingle with it, yet, believe me, you will find "an aching void" within, unless you enthrone the Eternal God in your affections, and make every other object subservient to him. Love your husband, your parents, your brothers and sister as much as you please, only love Infinite Beauty, Infinite Excellence, Infinite Dignity more. And is not *this* right, to appreciate objects according to their relative value? All that you can imagine of created loveliness and purity and majesty combined, falls infinitely short of what is to be found in the blessed God. Think of the innumerable company of spirits who have never sinned, who nevertheless vail their faces as they cry continually, "Holy, holy, holy!" And have *you* no feeling of reverence in unison with theirs? Think of the blessed throng of the redeemed who cast their crowns at the Savior's feet, and, with emotions unknown to earth, sing as they bow, "Unto Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood,—to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever!" And has this Savior no claims upon your grateful praise and your willing service? Dear E——, sin has truly blinded the mind, and perverted the affections, and ruined the soul! Well do I remember when the Savior was to me "as a root out of dry ground," in whom I saw no form nor comeliness why I should desire him. Never would I forget that he "sought me when a stranger, wandering from the fold of God," and by this wonderful act laid me under infinite and unchanging obligations to be wholly his, and to use all my powers for him. "This is my Beloved and this is my Friend," "the Chief among ten thousand, and the One altogether lovely," whom I would commend to your warmest love, your highest admiration, your adoring praise, your obedient and constant service. Think of the relations you sustain to your God and Savior. He it is who created your body, so "fearfully and wonderfully made." He gave you your rational powers, and made

you capable of knowing and serving and enjoying him. He has bestowed upon you an existence which is to last as long as his own throne endures. He gave you that best of earthly blessings, a praying mother, who devoted you to him in baptism, and who has often renewed that consecration in her closet. When the hand of disease pressed upon you, and anxious friends feared that you were about to be laid in an early grave, he redeemed your "life from destruction," and took from your side one not less beloved, but, as we believe, more prepared. All this he has done for you individually, in addition to what he did when he *bought you with his blood.* And now I appeal to all that is ingenuous within you, have you made him any proper returns? By all these mercies he has been pleading with you, "Open unto me, for my head is wet with the dew, and my locks with the drops of the night."

"He's waited long, is waiting still;
"*You treat no other friend so ill!*"

Dear E——, my heart yearns over you, as the first-born of my early friend, and the loved companion of my sainted child. Since I am denied the privilege of doing any thing more for her whom I was permitted to train for heaven, I long to bear some humble part in preparing her young friends to follow her thither. It is my constant prayer that her sweet example while in health, and her holy triumph in view of death, may lead them to seek the Savior in whom she trusted, and to follow her in the path of early piety. I have remembered you and your dear husband before the Mercy Seat, and have with tears invoked for you His favor which "is life," and his loving-kindness which is "*better than life.*" "Seek first the kingdom of God," and all of earthly bliss that is best for you will assuredly be added.

Your dear mother misses you much, *as I too well know;* but she hopes to see you again. God grant she may not be disappointed! Oh that you would rejoice her heart by telling her, in your very next letter, that you and your dear husband and brother have come to the blessed resolution to serve the Lord!

"Now is the time he bends his ear,
"And waits for your request;
"Come, lest he lift his hand and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

Farewell, my dear young friend. May your mother's God be yours!

Believe me, with sincere affection, yours,

F. L. S.

For the Mother's Magazine.

ON PROVOKING OUR CHILDREN TO WRATH.

By Rev. Ralph Emerson.

The brightest gem now left in our fallen nature, is that instinctive affection which leads the fond mother to prize the life, the health, the fame, the welfare of her darling child, even more dearly than her own. This ruby is tarnished, indeed; and the actings of its magic power are also sadly misguided in the best of us. But, instead of destroying, or checking, or even blaming this noble relic of paradise, christianity bids us increase its power and elevate its aim. Its salient might needs but the guiding rein—not the curb. Though stronger than death, though so intense that no waters can quench nor floods drown it, the Bible utters no rebuke; while, on the other hand, the parent "without natural affection," is pronounced "worse than an infidel."

It is therefore a vain conceit, into which some have fallen, that natural affection in parents is to be checked and restrained, because it has so frequently been misguided, and even connected with selfishness and idolatry towards our children. We are not to love them the less, but God the more—and the universe the more—and all with a purified affection. Without it, the brother would more often betray the brother to death, and the father the son, and children would rise up against their parents and cause them to be put to death, and a man's foes would be they of his

own household. The French revolution just began to show what the world would soon become by stifling natural affection through a fantastic regard to universal philanthropy. Men became worse than the tigers of the desert.

But, while the Bible put no check on this part of our inbred nature, it gives us many a caution, and many a precept for its right direction. To some of these we shall have occasion hereafter to advert.

And here it may be to my purpose further to remark, that after all the excellent productions which our age has afforded on the moral training of children, the Holy Bible remains the one grand directory on this most important branch of education. Indeed I may say, without the fear of contradiction by those best acquainted with this branch of our literature, that one of its best results is the more complete establishment of the supremacy of the Bible as the book of all books on moral education. It contains not only the fundamental principles, but also much more of the details and modes of application than men have been wont to imagine. Nor is this strange; for, while the Bible does not profess to teach *natural* science, it is given for the very purpose of teaching *moral* science, and teaching it for all lands, all ages, all conditions of men; and coming from Him who knew what was in man, and what is needful to be in him, it can never be either superseded or corrected by man's increasing wisdom.

The subject to which I would now more particularly invite the attention of christian mothers, is *the scripture doctrine in regard to provoking their children to anger.*

That the Bible forbids parents thus to provoke their children, will be sufficiently apparent from two passages which Paul has left us. In Eph. 6 : 4, he says, "Provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" and in Col. 3 : 21, "Provoke not your children to wrath, lest they be discouraged." And neither here nor any where else in the Bible do we find any exception to this prohibition. In no case, whatever be the circumstances, is a parent warranted in departing from this injunction.

It is somewhat remarkable that the apostle repeats precisely

the same language in both these passages. Surely he must have been deeply sensible of the evil of this fault in parents, and also of their liability to commit it. Alas, that excellent and all-pervading trait of natural affection, which, in its pristine strength and purity, might have kept every fond parent from such a sin, the eye of Paul beheld as a beautiful but mutilated ruin—its comely proportions marred, its fragments scattered! And if we would profit by the aid of this wise master-builder, in its reconstruction, we must, with him, first survey the *ruins*, and then the *means for repairing them.*

In our present number, we can consider only the first branch of our subject,—*the evils which result from provoking our children to wrath.*

1. They are thus induced to commit a great sin against God. This I place foremost, as being the greatest of all considerations. As benevolence is the essence of all moral goodness, so anger is at least one of the worst forms of sin. To be filled with wrath at any being, is sinful. But for a child to be angry at the mother that bore him, is second in atrocity only to his anger against the God that made him. It is also to be considered that he thus breaks directly one of the most solemn commands of the decalogue. He that said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, said also, Honor thy father and thy mother. O, where is the mother that has ever thought of what she was doing when provoking her own child to anger against her! For her to induce him to lie, to steal, to swear profanely—she would be horror-struck at the thought. Why, then, has she done this thing? How *can* she have done it? It can only be because she thought not of what she was doing. She thought, if she thought at all, only of the fault he would commit against herself, and as of one which *she* could pardon at her pleasure. Nor did she consider the account herself, as well as her child, must render to God. For herself, she can, she must, she will repent; but for her poor child, no tears of hers can wash away the guilt!

2. The influence on the child's temper is most baleful. Creatures of habit as we are, every excitement of anger increases our irritability. And peculiarly is this the effect in the plastic period

of childhood and youth. A few repetitions then may be productive of more permanent evil to the disposition than many at a subsequent stage in life.

But there is also another principle involved which renders the case still more baneful. Anger excited against our dearest friends must produce a much worse effect on the temper than the like anger against those with whom we have but few if any ties of affection; while it is likewise a greater sin. Stronger barriers are burst asunder; and therefore we might naturally anticipate such a result. And facts, too, so far as we can ascertain them, appear to substantiate the same conclusion. For, how seldom do we find a person of bland disposition who has grown up in daily collision with the irritating deportment of an austere or peevish parent. Such an one, if not consoled by the kind and judicious sympathy of other friends, feels that his last tie to humanity is severed. More wretched than the slave, he becomes a misanthrope, perhaps like Lord Byron, with power to love no being but his dog; or he becomes a villain, wreaking his revenge on all whom he has courage to assail; or he may become, if destitute of mental elasticity, a poor dejected thing that never dares to look a human being in the face.

If such, then, is the tendency, how great may be the blasting effect on the forming temper, produced by the ill-nature, or the indiscretion, or perhaps the false theory of a parent who may, nevertheless, be toiling day and night for the temporal benefit of that child.

3. Filial respect is thus impaired, and perhaps a settled hatred is produced towards the parent. Every instance of anger diminishes, at least for a while, our moral esteem towards its object. We eagerly spy and enhance all existing faults, and often impute such as are only imaginary. Instinctively bent on self-justification, the child utters, mentally if not audibly, more than he can at once believe of what he regards as his ill-usage. But by repetition, he comes at length to believe the whole. Of course that moral respect, that high esteem for the justice and goodness of the parent, so essential to filial regard, is gone. And when this is gone, nine-tenths of the power of parental authority is annihi-

lated. The crushing power of a mighty arm may, indeed, still be dreaded: but where is that spring to the alacrity of filial obedience which the child was born to feel, and which he would have felt through life, if the right course had been pursued with him? Respect and love, which are far more intimately blended than we are apt to imagine, constitute this combined spring.

But this is not all. Instead of this moral esteem, there may arise a settled hatred. Instances are not wanting of this mournful occurrence. And when this stage is reached by the vicious and vitiated child, the farther and the sooner removed from the paternal roof, the better. The oft-recurring sight of a *hated* parent will but make him twofold more the image of Cain.

4. It discourages every good wish and effort in the child. Says the apostle, in a passage already cited, "Provoke not your children to wrath, *lest they be discouraged.*" Discouraged in what? First, in trying to please *you;* and then, in trying to do well at all. Love must be elicited, or at least met by love; else it will die. Kindness must be met by kindness and hearty approbation; else it will droop, then languish, then perish. There is vast happiness in making those happy whom we love. Such is God's nature; and such the nature of the beings he has made. Hence that glorious heaven of bliss which God has delighted to provide for his children, and where he will for ever delight in making them as happy as they can be. And hence the delight which kind parents feel in toiling through the longest life to provide for their offspring; and hence the peculiar felicity enjoyed by wise christian parents when, by God's blessing, they succeed in rendering their own dear family circle the brightest earthly image of that blissful society by which the throne of God is encircled. And hence, too, that reciprocal and choice felicity which obedient and affectionate children feel, when they find themselves successful in their attempts to please their parents and make them happy. This filial delight is the elastic spring to their best obedience. This is the true philosophy of life; the emblem, because the very temper and wisdom of heaven.

But where the parent fails in this wisdom, or is devoid of this temper, in vain will the counterpart be sought in the child. The

spring of joyful obedience cannot long exist. If the child finds or even fancies his parent hard to please, he will soon lose his best incentive to effort, and sink to the worthlessness, because to the misery, of a slave. And this he will soon find or fancy, if often provoked to anger by the parent.

And if he cannot please his own parent, whom will he hope to please? He therefore becomes discouraged, likewise, in his general purpose of well-doing. The bright morning of hope is overcast. He feels alone in the world, "with none to bless him, none that he can bless." And, "this," will he reiterate from a poisoned heart that once felt all its blasting wo, "this, this is to be alone," though "amid the shock and hum of men." Alienated from his kind, and the hope of pleasing gone, all desire and effort to please are abandoned.

5. Not only does it endanger the happiness and usefulness of the child in this life, but also his future salvation. When and how the cord is struck that hardens fatally the heart against the calls of the Gospel, we may not know till the final judgment. But, in many instances, it may be much sooner than we should imagine, and by a hand we should least suspect. And can it sometimes be by the hand of even a fond parent? Shocking as is the thought, it may be so. And if so, by what blow is it more likely to be inflicted than by one of this kind? Suppose you were roused, by some special cause, to seek earnestly the conversion of your child within the compass of one week, should you not be exceedingly cautious not to provoke that child to anger during the week? and were you, by some ill-judged word or deed, to excite his rage, would not your hopes be dashed? Is not this the dictate of nature, or rather of your knowledge of the human heart? If one instance, then, would mar your efforts for a week, what would be the result of a frequent repetition of such instances in marring your efforts and hopes for a whole life?

It is the *goodness* of God that leadeth to repentance. This some are charged by the apostle with "not knowing." And how often is it likewise the fact that the remembered kindness of a pious mother, long after her death, is found, like a live coal, in the bosom of a wayward son, the only thing to rekindle his con-

victions, and to impart a saving power to her long-resisted admonitions. But where would have been that undying power of hers, if she had often provoked that son to wrath? And where, as a consequence, would have been his soul?

And not only may our own salutary influence be thus destroyed, but also the influence of others, and of the whole Gospel, on our children. Make a child a misanthrope, and you have well nigh sealed his doom for both worlds.

In another passage already quoted from the apostle, he warns us not to provoke our children to wrath, but to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Here he sets the one course over against the other in the attitude of an alternative. Both we cannot pursue. If we provoke them to wrath, we cannot train them up for God, and may never meet them in heaven.

If such, then, may be the evils of provoking our children to anger, where is the mother in a christian land who will not be anxious to know how she may avoid these evils? But this branch of the subject must be deferred to a future number.

(To be continued.)

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

No deeper emotion can touch the human heart than thrills through every nerve when the young mother looks on her first born. A cord is struck before untouched. As the boy sleeps quietly in his cradle she gazes on him with feelings to which she had before been a stranger. She has loved her husband—her affections have been warm towards father, mother, brothers and sisters. But now her emotions are of a new class—a different order—strange—undefinable—so tender that her eye fills with tears while she gazes—so rapturous that her blood dances in wild yet soft delight through her veins. In its strength it may be felt again—in its strange novelty it never returns. A mother knows it now, or remembers it as past, but both pen and tongue are utterly powerless to describe it.

From infancy to romping childhood, when sickness and fears are absent, what an incessant source of delight is found in every new indication of intelligence! The first smile—how sweet! The first manifested recognition of its mother—how it makes her heart to dance! The first attempt to walk—the first effort to speak—the young mother cannot reason herself into the belief that ever child was before so deeply interesting. To her it is such a being as never before existed.

It is indeed most wise and kind in the good Author of our being to implant such deep affection in the parental heart. The cares and anxieties of rearing our offspring are compensated by present pleasure, instead of waiting a distant reward. If every day has its toils, it brings also rich present enjoyment. That heart is cold—it is not a parent's heart, that can sneer at a mother's fond partiality for her child. Let her feel that no other child ever presented such claims to a mother's love. It is her privilege to feel this, and to taste all the pleasure that such a feeling, unrestrained by cold and heartless reasoning, can give. Indeed no reasoning can clothe another child to her with any portion of the interest which hers presents. She sees and admires the beauty and the sportive smiles and gambols of another's infant—but these in her own reach a deeper fountain—they strike at once on the heart's finest cords.

It would seem scarcely possible that a mother should not be a religious woman. The deep affection and tender solicitude for her offspring lead her to look for some higher power than her own to shield and protect its helplessness, and looking to the future she desires some sure and ever-present guide to accompany her child amidst the temptations and vicissitudes of life. She must look up—she must feel how weak her arm—how impotent her best skill. Knowing, as every one in a christian land does, that there is an abounding fountain of wisdom—a power unrestricted by time or place or circumstance—she cannot, when she looks on her infant, and her full heart is overflowing—she cannot but look up with gratitude, and offer up her prayers for that protection and for those blessings which an infinite Being only can bestow.

E. W. C.

For the Mother's Magazine.

LITTLE ELLEN.

"Sanctify me, oh Lord"—this simple petition I had often uttered and pondered in my heart, but I can never hear it now without a still sweeter association and remembrance—memory recurs to a winter at the south only a few months since.

The family group were gathered in the parlor for the evening, and the mother of little Ellen and Henry, after bidding them good night, had left them, saying, "Be kindly affectioned one to another." The elements without were stirring with the approach of a winter's storm, the winds beat fitfully against the mansion, and the thunder was rumbling in the distance. It grew still nearer, but yet in our closed apartments the lightning had not been visible, till with startling power the whole room was filled with a glare of lightning, succeeded almost instantly by a terrific peal of thunder.

The mother sprang to the bedside of little Henry and Ellen, her children lay calm and quiet, while Ellen repeated "Sanctify me, oh Lord." It was a scene for a painter!—for a lover of the beautiful and sublime! but more than all for the christian mother, who loves the Savior's words, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

Little Ellen was but five years old, and it is not supposed that she could understand, in its fullness and richness of meaning, the words "Sanctify me, oh Lord," her comprehension and petition only extended to take care of me, and make me good, oh Lord.

But here was already the fruits of a pious mother's instructions, already her child, in an hour of fear and danger, looked up, calmly trusting her heavenly Father, with the confidence of the Psalmist when he exclaimed, "Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

For the Mother's Magazine.

TO MARY H. H., AGED EIGHT MONTHS.

I saw thee, Mary, lovely one,
All brightness, life, and glee—
My days were happier for thy smile;
My dreams were full of thee.

I saw thee pale and suffering,
I heard thy moaning cry—
Its memory still upon my heart
With saddening weight doth lie.

I saw thee lone and silent laid
In the familiar room—
I long'd to fold thee in my arms
And save thee from the tomb.

I saw them bear thee slow away—
My tears, how fast they fell!—
Till suddenly a whisper came,
My bosom's strife to quell.

It bade me turn an eye of faith
To yonder heavenly home:
I dried my tears—how bright the bliss
From which thou ne'er shalt roam.

I saw thee happiest of the throng
That bow before the throne—
I heard thy angel brother's voice
Greet thee with gentle tone.

I heard thy own unfettered tongue
Lisping the song of heaven;
And to thy tiny, clasping hand
A golden harp was given.

Mary, how strange! but yesterday
Thou wast a feeble thing,
And now beneath thy finger's touch
Immortal numbers spring.

I see thee still, dear, lovely one,
Clothed in eternal bloom—
The vision of that calm, fair brow
Dispels all thought of gloom.

Unchanged thou art, save that the clog
Of flesh is laid aside—
For ever loving and beloved,
How swift thy moments glide!

I wish thee joy, I wish thee joy,
Eternity is thine—
Speed thee—immortal is the race—
Thy portion, bliss divine.

S.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE,

AND

FAMILY LIBRARY.

VOL. XI. SEPTEMBER, 1843. No. 9.

For the Mother's Magazine.

ON PROVOKING OUR CHILDREN TO WRATH.

By Rev. Ralph Emerson, D. D.

(Concluded.)

It is my design in these papers to consider the Scripture doctrine on this important subject. In a previous communication I have endeavored to present some of the more prominent evils which are to be feared from a disregard of the twice-repeated injunction of the apostle, Provoke not your children to wrath. The child may thus be induced to commit great sin; his temper may be injured; his filial respect may be destroyed; his hope and his desire of doing well may be discouraged; and his final salvation may be endangered.

I now proceed to consider *how these evils are to be avoided;* or, to speak more definitely, *how the mother is to guard against presenting any such provocation.*

And here, perhaps, some may imagine, at the outset, that the rod of correction must be cast away for ever. Not so, however.

For, it must be recollected, we are inquiring for the Scripture doctrine on our whole subject; and the Bible in this, as well as in other parts of a christian education, must be our rule. And the omniscient Lawgiver, knowing well the points in which the tender heart and imperfect judgment of the kind parent would be most likely to err in the application of the divine principles, has expressly guarded us against this mistake. He has commanded us to chastise the wayward child, and not to spare him for his crying. Nay, he assures us that he who spareth the rod hateth his child. It is the very dictate of wisdom and of love, both for this world and the future, to inflict corporal suffering on some occasions. Of course the infliction, thus commanded by God, cannot necessarily be an infringement of his other rule. Nor does such punishment, when really demanded, and when right in manner and degree, necessarily excite any anger at all. This I shall endeavor to show, among other things, while considering the first of those directions which I will now venture to propose.

1. The mother who would be sure never to provoke her child to wrath, must always govern her own temper. It is in itself at least as great a sin in *her* to be angry, as it will be in her child to be *provoked* to anger. And if we are right in placing the sin the child may commit as the first among the evils we have considered, we are right in reminding the mother, first of all, of this dissuasive against indulging the like passion. And again, if we are right in noting it as a sin of peculiar aggravation, and "next to that of anger against the God that made him," for a child to be angry with the mother who bore him, what shall be said of the mother who is angry with the child that God has given her?—and a child, it may be, of many prayers. The mother who may feel herself in no danger of committing this sin, will pardon this great plainness of speech, in the hope that some weaker sister may be benefited by so solemn a thought.

And not only is it a great sin, but, like some other sins in parents, it bears with it its own baleful visitation on the children. Viewed simply in the light of *example*, it is most balefully contagious. As smiles produce smiles, so angry frowns produce their counterpart; and the parent sees his own image, as face answereth

to face in water, reflected from all around him. And as the enchanting tones of inimitable love draw forth their accordant music from the infant tongue, so do the harsh notes of anger produce their own jarring echoes. But when, in addition to the mere force of example, the child finds this anger directed against himself, an antagonist passion is roused; and that anger which he has been practically taught to indulge towards others, is directed towards his parent.

But whether this last stage be reached or not, there is another evil which must necessarily follow: I mean the prostration of that high moral dignity in which the parent ought always to stand in view of the child. This serene elevation, the result of a benign equanimity, and resembling the moral dignity of God himself as compared with the irascible and consequently despicable gods of the heathen, is lost to the parent by his indulgence in anger. At the sight of so degrading a spectacle the astonished children may be led to exclaim, as of Samson shorn of his glory, behold he has become weak like one of us! And, if themselves enraged at him, they may despise—and if not enraged, they must pity—their fallen father. Even a single sad scene of flashing anger they will never forget; nor can years of a better temper completely reinstate him on that throne of moral supremacy he once held.

To guard completely against the evil, the parent should *never* be in a passion. But if this point be not maintained, he should at least be careful never to speak to his child till the passion has subsided, lest, like even the meek Moses when thus excited, he speak unadvisedly with his tongue.

And least of all should a parent *chastise* the child while in anger. If he do, he will be likely to inflict too severe a chastisement, and thus discourage the child, if he do not also cause him to harden himself in anger and in the purpose of secret or open revenge. But suppose the punishment be not too severe, it may still, from the angry manner of its infliction, appear to partake of the nature of revenge, and thus defeat the best moral effect on the child, a loathing of his *sin* as well as of its consequences.

I have said above, that the use of the rod need not produce anger in the child. The way is now prepared for showing *how* the

painful duty may be so performed as to avoid this great and besetting evil.

The general and very comprehensive direction may be thus expressed: the duty must be so performed as not only to be, but also to be seen to be, a truly painful duty to the parent. The parent's heart should writhe much more than the body of the young offender. And for this purpose it is generally needful that time should elapse before the infliction, in order that all passion and perturbation of mind may subside in both parties. Then, not only will the parent be in the right state of mind for so solemn an act, but the child will be the most likely to appreciate the motive, and to be led to abhor himself for his crime. And I doubt not that many a wayward child has thus been led to true repentance towards God as well as towards his parent, though we cannot hereby be justified in employing the rod as a means of grace. And, on the other hand, we may well believe that an *angry* chastisement has generally made the child twofold more a child of rebellion.

Indeed, reproof, even without stripes, if given at the right time, deliberately yet earnestly and very solemnly, affectionately and yet with an unwavering indignation of the crime, sinks into the very soul of the young transgressor, withering to the dust that pride and naughtiness of spirit that might, in the hour of passion, have braced the will against the severest infliction. If sad but salutary experience might speak, I would say, O how I used to dread, not stripes, (for those were not inflicted,) but that solemn hour of reckoning which I knew would come. How I wished my parents would, like some others, instantly inflict on my *body* what punishment they pleased, instead of afterwards punishing my soul by arraying before it its sin and ingratitude, when that soul had lost its power of resistance and could only sink down in self-abasement!

Prayer, too, with the child, should sometimes precede or rather follow the chastisement. And when used, it should be short and very appropriate, the child being taught to unite heartily in the confessions and the pleadings for pardon.

Reproof and chastisement, thus administered, I again say, need

not excite anger; and they may be speedily followed with gratitude, love, and increased filial respect.

2. The mother should early study the peculiar temperament of the child. As there is an endless variety in human countenances, so is there in human tempers. No two are precisely alike. Each has its own peculiar obliquities as well as its beauties; and just as absurd is the hope of removing all moral as well as natural deformities by any one application. The diseases of the mind are multiform as those of the body; and just as various are the remedies to be sought. Never, therefore, should the parent imagine that one unvarying mode of treatment will answer for all his children. And never should he be confident that the course which has proved successful with three of his children may not fail with the fourth. And much less should he imagine that he could successfully train up all the children of some other family.

This view is highly important to the success of any parent of a numerous family. And while it rebukes a vain presumption before the experiments are completed, it also excludes all vain boasting when success may have crowned the whole. Even President Edwards had one perverse son whom he failed of guiding in the way he should go. And so had David. And so with many other great and wise men. Some children, with almost no parental training, are seen to grow up the models of discretion and virtue; while of others, we are tempted to say, no man can tame them. And often is it the fact that the child who has required and received more parental solicitude and care than the whole six or ten other children of the family, becomes, after all, an exceedingly perverse man.

But while some children are much more perverse in their temperament than others, we are by no means to ascribe the whole of the difference in the final success of parents to this cause. Occasionally it may be found that the chief reason why a parent succeeds so much better with one child than with another, is the fact that his mode of treatment is not equally adapted to both. In other words, he either does not sufficiently study their diverse peculiarities, or he knows not how to meet those diver-

sities of temper. What is salutary in one case is less so in another, and positively baneful in a third. It has been well said that there is some good thing in even the worst of men. And so is there probably some assailable point in which every individual may be reached. The devil knows how to approach this point for evil: and God knows how to reach it for good. But "we who are of yesterday," how little do we know in some of the more difficult cases. And I must here add, how little do some even try to learn by any careful study of the peculiar tempers of their children. The discreet physician detects the nicest shades of difference in the diseases of his patients and in the aptitude of their constitutions for enduring his remedies; and with ceaseless vigilance does he watch their varying symptoms from day to day. But some parents seem to act as though there were but one phase of moral disease, and but one remedy, (perhaps the rod;) and that to be applied in an equal degree in all cases. This is empiricism, over which the devil rejoices, as leaving but little for him to do; but empiricism which he never practices in administering his poisons.

In this view of the complicated and delicate science of education we may readily see the reason why a perverse boy is sometimes so readily and completely reclaimed by being transferred from the paternal roof. Thus one of you may have a child who is frequently provoked to anger instead of being reclaimed by the means you employ for his good, while your plan succeeds well with the rest of your charge. He does not like your ways. And I also may find one of mine equally averse to my ways and irreclaimable by my course of discipline. Now it is quite possible, were we to exchange these two sons with each other, all parties would be completely accommodated. The wants of these sons would be met, and they would be reclaimed. But, since such exchanges cannot be expected, it remains for those who find their efforts baffled, to study more carefully the peculiarities of their children, if peradventure they may find some more excellent way for checking their bad and eliciting their good propensities.

Another remark is also as obvious as it is important. The

same course of training, and with the same sort of children, may be the best for some parents but not for others. Some are better fitted to wield one kind of means, and some another. Some may succeed best with mild means, and some with the more severe. The very tones of voice which a parent can command, to say nothing of the majesty of personal appearance and of physical strength, are not to be disregarded on such a question. The roar of the lion and the music of the linnet may be equally effective: but both cannot proceed from the same organs. And no more can the best influences of the mother assume the same form with those of the father. Nor can the good systems of education we find in books, be followed by all with equal safety or advantage. The very manner of applying the means, may itself be the greater means, whether of good or of evil: and contempt instead of respect, or anger instead of love, may be the result.

3. A prompt attention should be paid to all the questions and requests of the child. This is far from saying that all requests should be granted, or all questions fully answered. But unless they are promptly noticed in some way, the child will repeat what he has said in a louder voice. And soon that neglected voice will assume, first the imperative, and then the angry tone. And, as a matter of fact, the child has become angry. And the further fact is, that he has been *provoked* to anger by (shall I say the truth?) the *negligence* of his parent. Who has not heard of such things? And yet who, amid the frequency of their recurrence, has duly reflected upon all their bearings? And who has stopped to think of the violation of the apostle's twice-repeated injunction?

And now, shall I here venture to suggest what I believe a further fact; and then to offer the best palliation I can for it? The supposed fact is this, that mothers are much more frequently guilty of this fault than fathers are. Harshness and severity may be much more common in fathers, while of such negligence as this they are rarely guilty. And now for the *apology*, though not the *justification* of this neglect of a divine command. The palliation is found in the extremely trying office which the hard-working mother has to discharge. And what is this office thus

imposed on the weaker, the more delicate vessel? She, indeed, can much better tell it; but a man can readily tell more than I have space here to utter.

In a large family, with but little if any aid, she has not only every thing to see to, but also almost every thing to do. And if, in the midst of such toil and distraction, two or three little children begin to speak to her at once, surely she has an apology if she does not at once hear them all, nor even answer any one of them at the first call. And what, too, if she form a habit of inattention to their requests? It can be regarded as no wonder. And yet it must be regarded as something far more than a mere wonder—a sore evil, which costs both her and them very dear—and which is by no means removed by being explained. It is a sore evil to her, in as much as she loses their respect and her authority over them, when they come to insult her with angry and imperious tones. A sore evil to her also, in as much as she gains nothing by the delay, for she has all their questions finally to answer, and perhaps also to spend twice the portion of breath, if not likewise of animal spirits, in reproving them for their impertinence. And a much sorer evil is it also to them, in the sin they thus commit of being angry at a mother, and in the depravation of their tempers, and in the special chastisement of God which they may incur.

What then shall she do in so hard a case? All I can here say is, let her make the *moral* care of her children her *first* care, come what may of other things. Better that their food be spoiled, than that their souls be left to famish for the want of a moment's timely care. Better, infinitely, that their raiment be neglected, than that they be left to an eternal exposure of their shame through her neglect of the higher duty.

But, in truth, she is driven to no such alternative. It is all a mistake. For she will gain much time for other purposes, instead of losing it, by forming a habit of instant attention to all they say. And if she cannot at once answer all their questions, she can at least impose temporary silence on them, just as men do, and not allow them to become impertinent and disrespectful and angry. This done, and the authority of the mother is pre-

served, much time and trouble are saved, and a multitude of sins are prevented.

4. Just views of the sin and the disgrace of being angry at a parent should be frequently impressed on the child. God's first commandment with promise, is the ample basis for this all-important lesson. Such religious views can be very early inculcated by the mother at least as well as by the father. And when properly inculcated, their effect is lasting and powerful beyond all other kinds of discipline. Probably all who have thus tried such religious motives have been astonished by their success.

5. If a mother would prevent the evils in question, she should be careful to secure a proper degree of filial respect toward herself. Respect for a person, and especially moral respect, represses and even overawes anger. One would not easily be provoked at such a character as Washington. There is too much of reverence to admit of it. And though anger and disrespect are not the same, and may exist separately, yet are they twin-sisters, and one prepares the way for the other.

What, then, are the ways in which a mother is peculiarly liable to forfeit this respect? and what shall she do to secure and increase it? Some things in answer to these weighty questions have already been incidentally noticed, and need not be repeated. I will add but a single topic on each question.

It is probably no uncommon thing for a woman to appeal to her husband, in the hearing of their children, to support her authority. This, I cannot help thinking, is one of the greatest mistakes she could make. He may, indeed, teach them the duty of respecting their mother; but for her, in their presence, to appeal for such aid, will be regarded by them as an acknowledgment of her inferiority in right or power to *command* their respect. And such an acknowledgment may detract more from their respect towards her, than his commands can possibly add. She must command respect by her own conduct and dignity mainly, if she is to hope for it at all. She is herself to repress their incipient disrespect, and herself to punish the transgression in her own way. And I may here add, that one of the forms in which she will be first called upon to suppress their disrespect, is in for-

bidding them to say *yes* and *no* to her. Never should she suffer the use of either these stout little Saxon words to her. The child may at first mean no harm; but the bad effect will soon be apparent in him. Nor is a lesson or two on the subject sufficient. The error must always be corrected on *the spot*, or the bad habit will be formed. And here is another point in which mothers are much more apt to fail than fathers; and hence a great cause of their diminished respect.

In regard to positively increasing filial respect towards a mother, I know of nothing more effectual, in addition to what has already been suggested, than the faithful discharge of that most important of all duties towards children, the duty of imparting religious instruction. No office under heaven is so fitted to command the respect of the inmost soul of man as the office of a religious teacher. This is proved by the veneration in which such teachers have been held in all ages, and among all nations, and of whatever religion. Even the Druids were more revered by our savage ancestors than their kings. Something of the dignity of the divine Being and the awe of the external world is transferred to the person who unveils such sacred mysteries to the opening mind. True, the devout mother will not teach the momentous truths and duties of religion to the young immortal God has committed to her charge for the *purpose* of commanding his veneration towards herself. This would be a profanation. But equally true is it that she cannot begin to teach them as she ought without incidentally producing this very happy result; a result lasting as life, and as salutary as it is lasting.

From this consideration, then, as well as from other and higher motives already suggested, I close by again saying, *let the moral and religious* training of her children be a mother's *first and chief care*. In this way will she best serve herself, and serve her husband, and serve them, and serve her generation, and serve her God.

INFLUENCE OF A PRAYING MOTHER.

From the New-York Evangelist.

The Bible begins the story of the Redeemer's mercy; but it is only a beginning. The whole history of redemption can never be said to be published, till every name on the pages of the book of life has been read, and the leadings of God's mysterious providence, in regard to each one, have been unfolded in eternity.

A few years since I was called from my study to see a stranger. He brought a letter from a friend in Ohio, which stated that he was "a man of the right stamp." His name was Joseph W. Barr, then a student at the Theological Seminary at Andover. He was out of health; had walked nearly thirty miles; and there was nothing very prepossessing in his first appearance. But a few hours' acquaintance only was necessary to discover that he was a man of a strong, well-balanced mind, of deep piety, and a breast full of benevolence. One great object of his visit was to restore his health, which had become impaired by study. But instead of lying upon the couch, taking gentle exercise and "light medicines," he hired himself out, for the vacation, as a carpenter; and a better or more diligent and faithful workman seldom entered the shop. He received high wages, and the family in which he resided can hardly speak of him, to this day, without tears. On leaving us he carried away a good stock of health; and more of the heart and good wishes, and pure substantial tokens of confidence from his christian friends, than if he had spent his time in any other way. While in my study one evening, I requested him to relate to me his christian experience, and the dealings of God in regard to his soul. He began at once, and did it with such simplicity and humility that I was compelled more than once to turn away my head to conceal my tears. I wrote down the account just as he had related it, as soon as he had left me. It is not merely a true account of his conversion, but, as nearly as possible, in his own words:

"Among my first recollections is the image of my sainted mother. We lived at the West, in what was then a howling wilderness, but is now the flourishing State of Ohio. My father was a minister and a missionary, and my mother was every way qualified to be his helper. My father was gone much from home in searching for the scattered sheep of Christ's fold, and could not do much towards forming my character. But my mother! she was an angel to me. We lived in a log-house, and had but one large room; of course she had no closet there. But there was a beautiful grove a little back of the house, and there, as early as I can remember any thing, I can remember that she took me by the hand and caused me to kneel by her side while she prayed aloud for my absent father and for me. At first, I hardly understood it; but soon learned that God, who dwelt far, far above those high trees, could hear her prayer, and was hearkening to her sweet voice. She used statedly to lead me there, and always laid her right hand on my head while she prayed; and feelings of deep awe always came over me. She never omitted this practice whilst she lived; and I there had distinct and correct impressions made as to my character, as well as to the character of God.

"She died when I was nine years old, and was buried near by. During the most giddy and wicked period of my life I could never forget these impressions. The grove is cut down now, but the spot seems a hallowed spot. Even since the grove has been gone, and since my mother's grave has become level with the surrounding ground, I have stood on this spot, and her meek image seemed to be before me, and her voice, tremulous with feelings, seemed to come again to my ears; and I have paused there in tears, chained by a remembrance of her faithfulness and her love. No legacy could she have left me half so precious, nor could her features have been more vividly and accurately left upon canvass than they are upon my memory.

"Many years after my mother's death, I was in the hey-day of youth, and in a course of sin truly dreadful. The restraints of conscience were broken, and there was little that could or did check me, except my early education. My mother had died

when I was a mere child, and my father was too far off to reach me otherwise than by his prayers. I well remember many seasons of deep conviction for sin, but which my stubborn heart resisted or stifled. One night at a ball, whither I went, as I should then have said, for rational and innocent amusement, my conscience was suddenly startled.

"I was introduced to a young lady for my partner who came from a distant section of the country. After the dance, in which we were partners, I entered into conversation with her respecting the place from which she came. She gave me many interesting particulars of that then newly-settled place, and among other things mentioned the late sickness of her father, and the many continued kindnesses and attentions of a Mr. Barr, a missionary; stating that Mr. Barr had been to see her father very frequently, and that she felt much attached to him. She knew not my name. I replied that 'Mr. Barr, the missionary, is my father.' She started as if from an adder. 'Your father! *he* your father! *what would he say if he knew you were here?*' Had a dagger been thrust into me I could not have felt the wound more deeply. It spoiled the evening for me. It ruined my peace; and, though I know not that it can be said to have been the means of my awakening from the sleep of sin, yet I am confident it planted a thorn in my conscience which was not taken out till I had bowed to God with a broken heart. The giving and receiving of this keen reproof were both, as it were, involuntary, and show that neither of our consciences could approve of the employment of that evening, if allowed to speak out without restraint.

"A few days after the ball I was present at a communion. At the table many of my near friends were found. The scene before me, and the thoughts of a future, eternal separation, affected me greatly. The sermon, too, reached my conscience; and I might, at the close of the services, be said to have been under strong convictions for sin. The same day a very devoted christian was accidentally thrown in my way. He began to address me on the subject of my salvation, without knowing any thing of my previous history or the state of my feelings at that time. Then my heart began to rise with a strength of bitterness which I never

knew before. I reproached him, pointing to the inconsistencies in the church; raved like a madman; and while my conscience was grinding me like a millstone, I still kept pouring out my invectives. He bore it all with meekness, perfectly unmoved, and, by his gentleness, held up a shield which caused every dart I threw to recoil upon myself. His christian meekness was too much for me; I rose up in wrath and left him. Had he given only one retort, shown one angry feeling, it would have relieved me; but no, I could find no handle. I went out into the woods, smarting under the wounds which I had been giving myself; and when I could stand under it no longer, I returned, told my christian friend my situation and feelings, asked his pardon, and begged his prayers. Truly, as Henry Martyn beautifully says, 'And this also I learned, *that the power of gentleness is irresistible.*'

"I had now been under deep and pungent convictions for sin for more than three weeks. I could not pray. I could not feel sorry for sin, nor hate it, except as it must bring me to unspeakable ruin. There seemed to be no mercy for me. The heavens were brass, the earth was iron, and I was fast preparing to look up and curse God. Perfectly sensible of my situation, perfectly convinced that I deserved hell, I could not feel regret or humbled. Every feeling of my soul was deep awakened enmity to the character and government of God.

"At length, after struggling with the terrified conscience and the stirrings of the Spirit of God, *I determined to take my own life.* It was not the result of a paroxysm of despair, but the cool deliberate determination of one who dares throw himself upon the thick bosses of the Almighty's buckler.

"After coming to this determination, I selected my time and place. Not far from me was a considerable waterfall; thither I went one beautiful morning, fully resolved to return no more. The waters, dark and deep, gathered themselves together in a narrow channel, and after whirling themselves around several times, as if recoiling from the plunge, they rushed headlong over a time-worn rock, and fell forty feet or more into a large basin beneath. On that rock I placed myself, prepared to do the deed.

I looked down into the great basin forty feet below me, and there the falling waters were boiling and foaming up, as if indignant at being thus cast down—fit emblem, I thought, of the helpless raging of the wicked in the world of despair. But I will now know the worst which God can inflict upon me. I will plunge in, and in five minutes I shall *know* what hell is, and what is to be my situation for eternity!

"I drew myself back to take the plunge. There was no faltering—no shaking of a single muscle—no sensation of fear. But just as I was in the act of leaping, the hand of Omnipotence seemed to be laid suddenly upon me. Every nerve seemed to be paralyzed, and every bodily function to fail. A cold shivering came over me, and I had not the strength of a child. I turned my face away; the beautiful sun was shining, and for the *first* time a voice, like that of my departed mother's, seemed to say, '*Perhaps there may yet be mercy for you.*' '*Yes,*' I replied, '*I will seek it till God takes my life!*' And there, and on the very spot where I was about to consign soul and body over to endless misery, there the mercy of God found me, and there the first ray of hope visited me. O! I can never think of this temptation without feeling that I have been near the pit; and that man, if left by God, will quickly destroy both soul and body."

Before closing this narrative I will add that this interesting young man lived the life of devoted, consistent, ardent piety. He completed his education, and devoted himself as a missionary to Africa. He was all ready to depart—had taken farewell of his friends, and was, as I believe, on his way to the ship which was to convey him to Africa. He arrived at Richmond, Virginia, on Saturday night, and was to have preached the next day; but about midnight he was seized with the cholera, (of which he was the first and only victim in that city,) and after twelve hours passed in indescribable pain, he calmly and sweetly fell into the arms of God's messenger, and was carried to that glorious assembly where the praying mother, we doubt not, welcomed to her everlasting embrace the child of so many prayers.

How mysterious are the ways of God! He raises up pious friends, and leads them to labor, and pray, and go down to the

grave without seeing any good fruit from the plants which they nourish and water with prayers and tears. But long after they are gone their prayers are answered and their labors blessed. Let no praying mother doubt that her prayers will finally be answered. He is mysterious, too, in that he raises up instruments apparently fitted for great usefulness, and then cuts them off just when they promise to be most useful. But his own glorious plans will go on, and he will raise up others to take the places of those who are dead. All shall be for the glory of God! O! the blessedness of belonging to a kingdom which cannot be injured by any changes among such beings as we are. Reader! if you belong to this kingdom, be up, be doing, be vigilant, be faithful. Your crown is near, it is sure. If you do not belong to this kingdom, come at once and give yourself to the work of serving God. Repent of all sin, forsake all sin, and that same Redeemer who saved the dear youth of whom I have been speaking, shall be yours.

For the Mother's Magazine.

OBITUARY NOTICE OF MRS. LOUISA CLIFFORD WHITE.

Miss Louisa Clifford Payson was born and principally educated in Boston, Massachusetts; and in 1830, during a temporary residence at Andover, she became interested in the truths of the Bible, and connected herself with the church of Christ. In the spring of 1832 she was united in marriage with Rev. Morris E. White, of Southampton, Mass.; and leaving all we could say of her when she graced the refined and festive circles of her youth, we will pass to some account of her in the relations she then sustained as the companion and help-meet of her chosen friend and partner through life's pilgrimage.

The sphere of her labors was not untrodden ground. The wife of the former pastor, Mrs. Mindwell Gould, whose praise

is in the churches, there labored and died, and many active and efficient ladies still survive, and secure for themselves a good report. To these in a great measure she confided the more active direction of the benevolent associations of the place, and with untiring efforts devoted herself to the early training of the children of the parish. Her labors for them in the Sabbath-school have already been extensively known and imitated, and in this brief record I will only say, as the inhabitants were not compactly settled, and many mothers must be detained from public worship with the care of their young children, she conceived the benevolent project of collecting them in a Sabbath-school during the afternoon service, thus giving mothers an opportunity of hearing the preached word. She received all those who were too young to profit by the exercises of the pulpit, excluding none who were old enough to lisp the name of the Savior; and although such a school could not be punctual in attendance, yet we understand it sometimes numbered more than a hundred. A school-room near the church was the place where she usually met them, but when her health rendered it inexpedient, she received them at her own house, and from year to year did she thus feed the lambs of the flock.

A popular writer, after describing her labors, has said, "I doubt not she is doing more for the good of the human race than many who wear plumed hats, and swords by their sides." She had also a juvenile sewing-circle, to which she devoted much time and attention, until her increasing family cares rendered it inconvenient for her to attend upon it.

But these efforts did not satisfy a mind that was deeply impressed with the importance of *first impressions*. She saw and felt that with parents, and especially with mothers, rested the character and in a great measure the destiny of their children, and that they must themselves *be* what they wish their children to become. With these views she united with the ladies of the parish in a Maternal Association for mutual benefit, and after she became a mother she identified herself particularly with this institution. For this she read, for this she labored, and for this she prayed; and considering the obstacles that are ever thrown in

the way of *new* associations, she accomplished more than could have been anticipated. The *monthly* meetings of the Association were designed especially for mothers, but at the quarterly meetings the children assembled with them, and so deep was her conviction of the importance of those meetings, and her own responsibility in connection with them, that it frequently caused complete exhaustion and an entire prostration of her delicate frame. She interested the ladies deeply in periodicals designed especially for their benefit as mothers, and at one time, as your records will testify, there were about twenty copies of your Magazine taken in the parish.

The mothers were also influenced to purchase a library for themselves and families. It was her custom to peruse the books before purchasing them for the Association, and thus they were volumes of her own selection and approval, and that library is said to be one of the choicest collections of its size and kind ever made. Her list of books has been extensively copied for similar use, and thus many mothers are reaping the fruits of her researches, and being dead, she yet labors in her chosen sphere.

Although for the last three or four years of her life her health would not allow her to engage with former energy in her favorite plans, yet she had the satisfaction of frequently hearing, from different and distant places, of the influence her example had exerted in the formation and sustaining of similar associations.

In the management of the two children she has left behind, her practice and theory were happily blended; so much so, that since her death many a young mother has acknowledged with tearful eye how much she had depended on her precept and example for aid in training her offspring.

She succeeded in making herself the confident and companion of her children. She interested herself in all their little toys and sports, and particularly was she successful in cultivating their consciences and creating within them a reverence for the God she loved and the Sabbath she honored. Her whole course with them, her prayers with and for them, and the records she has left behind of her secret wrestlings on their behalf, show that their spiritual interests lay nearest her heart; and may we not

hope that in many circles of mothers, when these institutions are commended to God, these motherless ones will come up in remembrance in their prayers?

Mrs. White's attachment and devotion to her husband was proverbial among her acquaintance, and as the wife of a *pastor* she was in many respects a model for imitation. When she entered that important relation she incorporated herself emphatically with the work of the Gospel ministry, and in all the cares, toils, trials and councils of her husband, she bore a part. She was indeed a help *meet* for him; and his brethren in the ministry remember her as one who participated in their joys and shared their sorrows.

She cultivated a deep interest in the people of their charge, and a *parishioner* always found a ready welcome at her fireside, let her circumstances or company be what they might. She was frank and ingenuous almost to a fault; yet courteous to all, and never ready to impute a wrong motive for insult and abuse.

She had no sympathy with the noisy efforts that have distinguished some females of the present age. On the contrary, her efforts were all noiseless and unobtrusive, and like the hidden rill, traced only by the verdure that springs up in its course. It was her belief that *home* is the circle where the virtues of woman should shine, and that any attempt at public teaching, display, or general admiration, was unsuited to the female character.

That inimitable description of a wife by Pollock, could well be applied to her:

> "Best pleased to be admired at home,
> "And hear reflected from her husband's praise
> "Her own. She sought no gaze of foreign eye,
> "His praise alone, and faithful love and trust,
> "Was happiness enough for her."

As a *christian* she was consistent, exemplary and cheerful. Religion with her was not a gloomy subject; she looked and spoke *naturally* when it was the theme of discourse, and all her modes of manifesting religious feeling were such as accorded with her temperament and taste. It rendered more attractive to her all

the enjoyments of life, and she loved God in his *works* as well as in his word. She was very conscientious in the performance of religious duties, nothing being permitted to interrupt her seasons of retirement. She has been known to withdraw from the social circle to observe the consecrated hour. At some seasons of the year she would rise earlier than the time for commencing her daily domestic duties, that she might enjoy the first quiet fresh hour after waking in meditation and communion with her Savior.

She possessed a deep reverence for God, his word and Sabbath, and her whole deportment was a commentary on the religion she professed. Still she made no pretensions to a life of uncommon piety or usefulness. She was not one to speak of her religious affections and exercises; on the contrary, she was distrustful of her title to a heavenly inheritance, and not until a few months previous to her death was she enabled to say, "I *know* in whom I have believed." Still there are many who have witnessed the fervor of her prayers, and felt on their own hearts the persuasive influence of her entreaties to walk in the paths of righteousness.

But she has ceased from her labors, and we delight to think of her lovely spirit that has rested on our pathway in its heavenward journey. Her early character had been cultivated under those influences which soften, refine and render attractive the domestic virtues, and a well-balanced and highly cultivated mind, united with superior personal attractions, made her the idol of her friends and family.

The circumstances of her departure were peculiarly afflictive to her bereaved friends. She died very suddenly, at New-Haven, Connecticut, while on a journey for health. Her husband left her on Wednesday, and returned to their home. On the following Saturday a messenger summoned him to her dying-bed. He hastened thither, but arrived only to behold the tabernacle of clay which the freed spirit had left. Her remains were carried for interment to the scene of her labors, and the ladies of the parish have expressed their respect for her character by placing a marble over her grave.

She died at the age of 31 years; but if, as we fully believe, she had accomplished the great end of life, it was long enough for her; though for her companion and dear children we could have wished it longer.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

WHAT EDUCATION SHOULD BE.

Education, unaccompanied by moral training, is like a sword in the hands of a madman—and yet grieved am I to utter it, much of the education of the country is of this sort. The schools of most reputation are eagerly sought—the colleges of richest endowments are greedily visited—*knowledge*, *knowledge* is the cry, while not a thought is spent upon the moral education which may be going on during the acquisition of that knowledge—of the poison that our children may be drinking in—the poison of immorality, of licentiousness, of infidelity. My friends, rather let your children lack the accomplishments of life—rather let them be behind in the knowledge of the day, than procure them at such a cost. But no schools, however well conducted, no colleges, however strict the moral discipline, can achieve any thing for your children, until you yourselves train them in the homestead, to obedience, self-government, to courtesy, to virtue. It must be "line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little"—it must be daily instruction in the word of God—it must be a constant watchfulness over faults and habits—it must be earnest prayer for them and with them; and accompanying all this, must be a free use of the rod of correction: for "folly is bound up in the heart of a child," and nothing else can fetch it out. This is education, and it is the want of this which has made our schools and colleges rather engines of evil than instruments of good.

Bishop Elliot, of Georgia.

For the Mother's Magazine.

A LOVELY BRIDE.

I was spending an hour not long since in turning the pages of a pleasant miscellany, in the course of which my eye fell upon the following perhaps rare but beautiful and touching incident in the history of one who that day was to become a bride.

A party of lively and interested cousins and friends had early assembled at the bridal mansion for the purpose of decorating the drawing-room where the marriage ceremony was to be performed. At length this pleasant duty being accomplished, they retired, happy in contributing to the joy of an occasion which, while it would take from them one whom they loved, would unite that one to the object of her highest regard. The room was beautifully decorated with rich and variegated bouquets, and on a centre-table lay the gayly adorned bride's loaf, an object of great importance.

I said all had retired from the lovely spot—but there was one of the cousins, who, a short time after, stole gently back to look once more at the varied beauty of the scene, and to indulge by herself the hopes and anticipations of an affectionate heart for the future happiness of her friend. She gently opened the door, and was about entering, when she noticed the sofa was wheeled round to the precise spot where that evening the happy pair were to rise and exchange their solemn vows, and there the lovely bride was kneeling—so absorbed in her own solemn thoughts that the intrusion of her friend was unnoticed. That friend stood for a moment gazing in holy admiration at the scene—she longed gently to approach and kneel by her side—but the occasion was too sacred to admit of social union, and she retired.

And what so solemn and absorbing was occupying the thoughts of this happy being? Was it the anticipations of earthly felicity that had brought her there? Looking round upon the beauty and gayety of the room, where in a few hours she would give her hand to him whom she preferred to all others on earth, had she

in the wildness and excess of her emotions fallen into a reverie? Nothing of the kind. Delighted she might be, and justly was—but she had one duty to perform—a high and holy duty ere she plighted her vows to the object of her earthly affection. There, in that spot where she would soon stand and surrender her earthly all to her husband, she would first consecrate herself to the Lord. The prior consecration was due to Him. On that altar she wished to offer an earlier and holier incense—on that spot to make a record of the prior deed, which she had given of herself to her superior Lord.

I know not of an earthly scene more lovely, or of an immortal being in similar circumstances, in an attitude more becoming. And I am sure that if her intended husband had himself the love of God reigning in his heart, and could he have seen her there, whatever he might have thought of her before, his love would have become more pure and intense—he would have said—not perhaps with perfect truth, for others, it is to be hoped, have done so before her—but he might be forgiven if, in his ardor and admiration, he had exclaimed, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

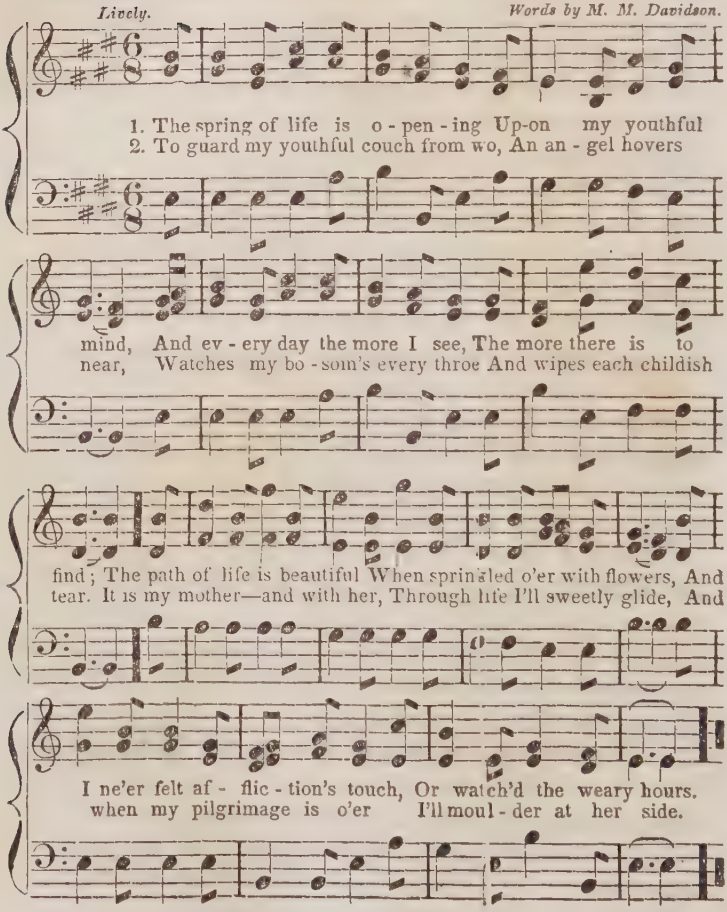
What a beautiful example for the imitation of those who are about to be led to the hymenial altar! Most beautiful! most becoming! I know not the subsequent history of that "lovely bride," but I am sure she never repented of that act of self-dedication to God. She may not indeed have escaped sorrow and affliction; but if they were her lot, I know that God would remember the kindness of her youth. He would not forsake her. She might bury husband and children and friends—she might suffer from sickness and poverty—but in no hour would her heavenly Father forsake her—he would guide her by his counsel, and afterwards receive her to glory. Youthful females! would you lay the foundation of future peace—would you provide against the reverses of fortune—would you have a friend and protector through this world of vicissitude—would you have consolation in the darkest night of adversity which may set in upon you, imitate the example of "a lovely bride."

W——— N———.

Selected, by permission, from "Juvenile Songs," by Thomas Hastings; published by D. Fanshaw, at 148 Nassau-street and 601 Broadway, New-York.

"THE SPRING OF LIFE."

Lively. *Words by M. M. Davidson.*


1. The spring of life is o - pen - ing Up-on my youthful mind, And ev - ery day the more I see, The more there is to find; The path of life is beautiful When sprinkled o'er with flowers, And I ne'er felt af - flic - tion's touch, Or watch'd the weary hours.
2. To guard my youthful couch from wo, An an - gel hovers near, Watches my bo - som's every throe And wipes each childish tear. It is my mother—and with her, Through life I'll sweetly glide, And when my pilgrimage is o'er I'll moul - der at her side.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE,

AND

FAMILY LIBRARY.

VOL. XI. OCTOBER, 1843. No. 10.

The following piece of poetry from Miss Gould, was prepared for the "Winter-green," for 1844. From what we have seen of the Annual, we think it will make a rich present for the coming new year. It is for sale by Collins, Brothers & Co. New-York. And by Thomas, Cowperthwaite, & Co. Philadelphia.

THE MARINER'S ORPHAN.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

That cold, faithless moon looking down on the wave!
How dark grows my heart with her beaming!
And yonder she smiles on the new-covered grave,
While tears drown my sight in their streaming.

For there lies my father, down, down in the deep,
O'erwhelmed by the black, heavy billow!
And now have they borne off my mother, to sleep,
Where damp clods of earth are her pillow.

How oft did she kneel, when that moon from above
Hung mild o'er a calm, sparkling ocean,
And lift her sweet voice in thanksgiving and love,
To Him of her evening devotion!

And when into clouds all their brightness was cast,
With looks full of wo and imploring,
She bowed like a reed at the rush of the blast,
And prayed while the tempest was roaring.

Then pale at the noise of the storm and the sea,
While tears rolled as crystal-drops shining,
She threw her fond arms round my brother and me,
Her trembling to stay by their twining.

But, oh! when they told her the whole fatal tale,
By silence her anguish was spoken;
She heard the torn bark had gone down in the gale;
Then sunk! for her heart-strings had broken.

And since, when I see the bright moon beaming clear,
With stars gathered thickly around her,
I think of that night when no ray would appear
To light the frail bark that must founder.

The sound of the waves as they die on the shore,
It fills me with sadness and sighing;
To me they bring back a dear father no more—
They show me a mother when dying.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE HABIT OF PRAYER.

BY HARVEY NEWCOMB.

In a recent number of the Magazine, several questions, propounded at the meetings of the London Maternal Association, were published, with the request that some of your contributers would furnish communications on the subjects to which they relate. Among them was this: "*Ought children to be required to maintain their regular seasons of prayer; or, should the duty be*

set before them, and they be left to voluntary action?" In answer to this question I would offer the following observations; which I believe to be agreeable both to Scripture and experience.

1. *It is the duty of children to pray.* This no one will dispute. It is no less the dictate of nature than the requisition of God's word, that the creature should hold daily intercourse with the Creator. This intercourse should be commenced with the first dawnings of intellect and the first developments of moral feeling; neither of which can be suitably cultivated without that sense of dependance and accountability which the habit of prayer is so admirably adapted to produce and sustain. If, therefore, our children grow up *without the habit of prayer*, we may expect them to grow up *ungodly.*

2. *It is the duty of parents to enforce obedience to God, so far as the thing is practicable.* They are the appointed guardians of their children, to whom God has commanded obedience, that they may have the ability to lead their offspring in the way they should go. Parents are to their children in an important sense, though not absolutely, *in the place of God.* He has delegated authority to them, to be used in his name, to secure obedience to him. When children obey their parents' righteous requisitions they obey God; and when they disobey such requisitions, their disobedience is to God, through their parents. It is spoken to the praise of Abraham, that he would "command his children and his household after him," in the way of the Lord. But could he do this if he did not require them to worship God? True, the parent has no means of enforcing the *obedience of the heart;* and therefore he does not possess the power of securing prayer that is truly spiritual. And it has been objected, that to require the child to observe the *form* is only to encourage hypocrisy. So, likewise, it has been said that as all that an impenitent sinner does is sin, to encourage the habit of prayer in impenitent children is to countenance "unregenerate doings." But the parent should explain the nature and enforce the obligation of offering *penitent believing prayer.* Yet his not having the power absolutely to secure this, does not release him from the obligation to require the outward performance of the duty. In

doing this, he sanctions hypocrisy and "unregenerate doings" no further than he encourages his children to think their prayers are meritorious, or to engage in their devotions with the idea that they are *means of conversion*. But, though such ideas should be studiously excluded from all our instructions, it is an undeniable fact that the habit of prayer has a good influence upon children that give no evidence of being regenerate; and that none are ever converted, so far as we know, till they begin to pray. The old distich is true even with reference to the *form* of prayer and the outward conduct of the unregenerate:

"Praying will make us leave off sinning,
"And sinning will make us leave off praying."

3. *Children are volatile and forgetful.* If it is allowed that adult christians may sometimes grow remiss in their duties, we cannot say that it is incompatible with the existence of grace in the heart of the child, that the same disposition should sometimes manifest itself. But the influence and authority of the parent, judiciously interposed to require habitual attention to the duties of the closet, may save the child from grievous backsliding.

4. If the child is trained from infancy to observe its regular seasons of devotion, the exercise of authority will rarely be required. It may be necessary to remind him that the hour has arrived for him to retire with his Bible to his closet; but this is all that will generally be needed. I may, however, remark in this place, that it is of great importance to have a convenient and comfortable place of retirement for every member of a household, and especially for children; where this is not attended to, the neglect will prove a great hinderance to piety. The Jews were wise in providing a place of prayer in every house; and it would be well for christians to follow their example in the construction of their houses.

It is impossible to calculate the advantages of having the *habit of daily prayer* early established, and interwoven with all the associations of childhood. It operates as a regulator to the whole conduct. It calls back the mind at stated seasons every day, from the vanities and follies of youth to the serious con-

cerns of eternity. It tends to chasten the spirit, even of an unconverted child. And the habit thus established, if the individual becomes a true christian, will affect the christian character through life. I conclude, therefore, that no one will leave a child to neglect the habit of prayer, unless he intends to abandon him to an ungodly life.

INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS.

John Newton, a name known to all the friends of religion, both for the remarkable features of his religious history and for the usefulness of his religious life, broke away in his youth from the restraints of a religious education, and became profligate, addicted to every vice, connected himself as a mariner with a vessel engaged in the slave trading—and will you look in a mind so deeply debased for any remaining traces of pious education and of a mother's prayers? Behold him wandering upon the sands of Africa, so debased and wretched in character as to be despised and cast out by the negro savages. And can the memory of a mother's influence reach him here? He lies down upon the sands for his repose for the night—his thoughts stray back to the scenes of childhood—he finds himself repeating the little prayer conned in the nursery:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
"I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
"If I should die before I wake,
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The influence of other days rushes back over his mind with overpowering impression. By the grace of God his soul is renewed, and the sequel you know. It may seem a small matter to you now, ye mothers, that your children are fixing upon their minds the impressions of these simple forms of religious thought. But if you are binding upon the hearts of those children the cords by which, after wandering so far, they are to be brought back to hope and heaven, ye are doing a great work.

N. E. Puritan.

For the Mother's Magazine.

PARENTAL GOVERNMENT.

No. I.

Human governments of every description are based upon the Divine prerogative, and constitute a part of the Divine administration. It must be obvious, therefore, that they involve principles of policy and objects which can be fully appreciated by those only who have acquired a clear perception of the true economy of the moral government of God. It is not pretended that this subject is wholly devoid of difficulty. But still, guided by sound reason and by the Bible, we may arrive at some very important principles of God's moral administration, which may render an essential service in the elucidation of our subject.

The necessity of government is laid in the constitution of things. If all intelligences were absolutely infinite there could be no occasion for mistakes—no incentives to sin. For in that case every one would seek his own happiness in the best possible manner without interference with the happiness of others. An Infinite Being will not sin. But as all created intelligences are finite, they are of course liable to mistakes, and through these mistakes to be led into courses of conduct destructive alike to individual happiness and to the general good. The avoidance of so great an evil involved a necessity that God should devise for them a substitute for infinite knowledge, which he has accomplished by prescribing for them rules of action emanating from himself that are in every respect perfect. The government of God is designed, therefore, to supply the deficiency in the capacity of his creatures, and while it leaves them free agents, to furnish them with the means of self-control. If they were uniformly and perfectly obedient, they would be as holy and happy as they could have been under the guidance of an intelligence at once their own and infinite. The great object of the Divine government then, so far at least as it respects the human family in a state of probation, is to

secure in them habits of unwavering obedience to the dictates of infinite intelligence, as manifested in that law which is holy, just and good.

One of the principal features of human depravity consists in the fact, that men are utterly unwilling thus to be guided. Conscious of their free agency, they refuse to be influenced by what they know to be right; and hence they place themselves in open rebellion against the Divine government. In dealing with them as rebels, God, as the great Moral Governor, exercises over them various acts of discipline, designed, without interfering with their freedom, to bring them back to their true allegiance. A most essential part of this process is involved by the influences of the domestic constitution. It is in this connection chiefly that the true value and glory of this constitution are made apparent; and it is also *here* that we must look for the clear development and importance of its associated duties. It is through this institution that God, by employing the agency of parents, according to the fixed principles of his own law, is acting with great directness upon the character and destinies of the entire race. How fearful, then, are the responsibilities of a parent? He is the vicegerent of God!

The division of the race into families, taken in connection with the fact that each individual is brought into being in a state of helpless infancy, shows very clearly that God designed by this arrangement to establish a system of early training adapted to the necessities and calculated to promote the moral and everlasting welfare of the whole. By this arrangement the parents of one generation are made responsible, in a most emphatic sense, for the character and condition of that which is to follow. Not that every parent who happens to have a vicious child is himself to be regarded as a reprobate; such an inference would be altogether unjust. It cannot be questioned, however, that a true and faithful development of the parental constitution would secure the uniform and rapid advancement of the race in virtue and happiness. Nor can it be doubted that the great aggregate of human attainment would thus be perpetuated and immeasurably increased in every succeeding generation.

God has so ordered the circumstances of infantile development that parents cannot avoid imparting to their children peculiar and permanent impressions which go very far to make up their character for life. This is emphatically true of mothers. A greater amount of influential knowledge is usually acquired by a child during the first five or six years of its existence than at any subsequent equal period. Habits of thought, of investigation, and of industry, or of mental and physical slothfulness, have their origin in early childhood. The same is true of the disposition, and to a great extent, of the propensities to good or evil. Who but a mother can gain a sufficiently early access to the minds and hearts of her children to secure for them a right direction? Maternal influence in the formation of character is far more efficacious than is the paternal; and if it be true that God has instituted family government as a part of his moral administration, as has been already shown, how immensely important is it that all mothers should rightly understand its nature and the principles upon which it is to be administered?

It is believed that scarcely any department of human duty is so much insisted upon and so fully explained in the Bible as that now under consideration. To both parents and children God has given, upon this subject, "line upon line, and precept upon precept." Not only so, but he has fully depicted the fearful consequences of parental unfaithfulness. Whoever will compare what the Bible teaches on this subject, with the state of society as it now actually exists, will be startled by the conviction that nine-tenths of all the evils which now afflict the race are justly attributable to the neglect or mal-administration of family government. By many this whole subject is treated as a matter of very little moment. Others, admitting its importance in theory, almost entirely neglect it in practice. While others still, from the want of the proper investigation and of established principles of action, so grossly pervert the institution as to render it utterly inefficient.

Every parent, as the governor of his household, holds his commission from the court of heaven; and if it were not for the fact that he also holds clear and specific instructions from the same

unerring source, his position would be deplorable. If he were to be held responsible for the results of his administration, without having any guidance as to the nature and duties of his trust, he might well adopt the lamentation, "O that I had never been born." But, blessed be God, his duties are made as clear as is his authority; and if he proves himself in all respects true and faithful, he may go on his way rejoicing in the assurance that his "children are an heritage from the Lord." An unfaithful parent, however, must abide the consequences of his folly.

Brooklyn, N. Y. THETA.

FILIAL TRIBUTE.

The following acknowledgment of John Quincy Adams was made in a reply to an allusion to his mother, in a complimentary address of Hon. George N. Briggs, in Mr. Adams' late tour:

"Allusion has been made to the instructions of my mother, and honorable mention has been made of her as a mother in Israel. What man—that can be called man—would not, must not be affected, at the commemoration of his mother's virtues before such an assembly of his fellow-citizens? It is true, she was renowned even in that period of renowned men of our country. And is it not due to the occasion, to this numerous witness of the declaration made by my friend, as to the nurturing care of my mother—is it not due to gratitude, to nature, that he should in this audience of his fellow-citizens acknowledge and avow that such as I have been, whatever it was, that such as I am, whatever it is, and such as I hope to be in all futurity, must be ascribed, under Providence, to the precepts and examples of my mother."

For the Mother's Magazine.

WE MUST KNOW AND LOVE OUR BIBLE MORE.

This is an age of perversion, when the effervescence of things float about us, when we are tempted from every quarter to read

every thing but the Bible, and when no persecution drives us to the word to live on its promises; but we have our feet in the little streams that murmur and gurgle about us, and we neglect to bathe our whole souls in the pure fountain which would make us entirely clean. Without this blessed book how can we be clad in the whole armor of God, or lay hold upon the "sword of the Spirit," which is the word of God. On a sick and dying bed I doubt not among our deepest regrets will be that the living word does not dwell in us richly.

If then this is an age when the Bible is neglected in one sense, it is an age when the Bible is most emphatically needed, even the very words of our Bible to controvert the subtle errors abroad in our land. Let us begin with ourselves, and be Bible christians in heart, in knowledge, in doctrine, and in practice; let our children live as it were in a Bible atmosphere, where there is no dimness to cloud the mind, but where the only telescope of truth presents the past, present and future more vividly and distinctly before us than any thing else. We little know the forms of delusion that may assail our children, but we know of no greater safeguard to throw about them as a shield and buckler, or more noble impress to stamp upon their young hearts, than the very words that were written by holy men of God that spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. We shall not then find children of pious parents far advanced in the higher branches of learning (as they are called) and spending hours of each day in attaining accuracy and perfection in some accomplishment, conversant perhaps with the mythology of the ancients, yet *deplorably ignorant of the Scriptures.* We have reason indeed to condemn ourselves that this knowledge is not made paramount to every other acquisition, when we remember that it is in direct disobedience to God's definite command: "Therefore shall ye lay up these my words in your heart, and in your soul, and bind them for a sign upon your hand, that they may be as frontlets between your eyes. And ye shall teach them to your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down and when thou risest up." It was important that the Jewish children should know of the way of the

Lord and his past dealings, and so it is for ours, who are gathered from among the Gentiles. We, too, often attach trifling importance to this precise, literal information, and yet there is not an incident in the Old Testament but either throws some light on the New Testament, or the New reveals some explanation of its more concealed mysteries. This knowledge will give a distinctness to our ideas of the character and attributes of God, and shed light upon God's providential dealings.

An awakened soul feels the power and significance of every scriptural term as it fastens on the conscience, and asks for no other proof of its inspiration. Were our own hearts filled with them we could not have such a dearth of ideas, such a mere miscellany as we often find drawn from epitomes of divine truth, for we should be ushered into a new world with grand reefs of thought to dwell upon. We could then grasp eternal truths with strength and vigor, while there would be a freshness in our piety, and with the influences of the Holy Spirit a blessed and luminous reality. We could not then be satisfied with gathering flowers, but should acknowledge that we had erred and strayed from rich pastures like lost sheep, and that hereafter we will not wander from a fold that is fraught with that inspiration that is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction and for instruction in righteousness. Our devotional reading will still furnish drink for our thirsty souls, while searching the Scriptures as for hid treasure will be the filling our nets with a large draught.

If there is any thing in the "mother's face," so is there in the mother's manner, and if the whole word of God is engrafted in her soul it will impart that unction of manner which cannot fail to impress her children. And while the little group, of different ages, gather about her, she should be able to dispense to each one in proportion to their capabilities, from time to time, and continually and accurately, that narration of those wonderfully interesting details concerning the creation of the world and the succeeding events, and then the Lord's dealings with the Israelites and his people; the deep devotional strains of the Psalmist—the prophecies that are plain before us—*and the story of our Savior*—Paul's interesting history, and of the things new and old from the

Epistles. How ennobling to form the taste of the young aspirant who thirsts for the images of the beautiful and sublime, from the lofty strains of Isaiah and Jeremiah, and to inspire the mind of the lisping one, as he hears the simple words, "Suffer little children to come unto me," to

> "Wish that his hand had been placed on my head,
> "That his arms had been thrown around me,
> "And that I had seen his kind look when he said
> "Let the little ones come unto me."

Let us then be mindful of the things that were written afore time for our learning, and keep them as a perpetual token of remembrance.

Our purpose will be gained if this little volume and all else is laid aside really to catch the Inspiration of the Bible—*Inspiration*—how electrical the word, no other volume of the past or present can claim it, or carry such conviction of its power and truth to every conscience.

HABITS OF READING.

Character is formed more as the result of habits of daily reading than we are accustomed to think. Scarcely less depends on these than on the character of the books read. One man will glance over a dozen books, gaining some general conception of their contents, but without mastering a single thought and making it his own; while another in the perusal of a single work will gather materials of thought and conversation for a lifetime. Grimke, of South Carolina, an eminent scholar and orator, attributed his distinction to the influence of the thorough reading and study of a single book—Butler's Analogy: while thousands, if they would confess the truth, might ascribe their mental dissipation and imbecility to the indiscriminate and cursory reading of whatever comes in their way.

There is an evil in this direction that lies back of the character

of the popular literature, and that could not but work immense mischief even if what is so universally read were a great deal better than it is. We allude to the habit of reading for amusement or excitement. There are multitudes who have no other or higher object in reading. If the book is only "interesting" it suffices. No matter whether it contains a single valuable thought, fact or principle: no matter if it is true or false. It is enough that a morbid love of what is wonderful or amusing is gratified. It helps to "kill time," and satisfies an appetite that is as craving and about as healthful as that of the drunkard for his cups.

It is truly melancholy to see so many minds employed in catering for the risibles and lachrymals of weak men and silly women, who spend the best part of a lifetime in an imaginary world, living in "castles in the air" and feeding on husks of sentimentality. If there were no duties to be performed in this matter of fact world; and if men had not immortal souls; and if there were no day of final account, it might be well enough, perhaps, to yield one's self to the control of fancy, and surrender the mind to become the plaything of every literary harlequin who chooses to amuse and delight us: but we have duties and we have souls, and there will be a judgment-day, and we protest solemnly against the prevalent neglect of all these in the habit of simply reading for amusement. We object,

1. Because it is a wanton and wicked *waste of time.*

2. Because it *enervates* and *dissipates the mind.*

3. Because it *unfits the mind for solid and instructive reading.*

4. Because it engenders such a false taste, that even the Bible, and serious books, and the preached Gospel become powerless, or are only valued in the degree that they excite or amuse.

5. Because *eternity is a sober world;* and the mind that has given itself up to amusement in this life, will find itself poorly prepared for the realities of another. It will be a sad meeting when the writers and readers of amusing fiction stand before the Judge!

American Messenger.

For the Mother's Magazine.

A MOTHER'S PRIVILEGE.

What is a mother's privilege? It is thy privilege, christian mother, and thou must not neglect it, to train up thy child for heaven. It is your privilege, Oh! ever prize it, to plead for him the promises of a covenant-keeping God. He bids you come; he will not suffer any one to forbid you, when with yearning soul you bear your little one, warmed in your bosom, its heart beating with kindred life against your own, to Him who died for you and your child. This, this is a mother's privilege—to win a blessing for the babe you love that shall abide on its spirit through the eternity of its being. As it lies lapped in your guardianship, unconscious of the care that watches its slumbers, you can breathe over faith's heartfelt dedication of your love to your present God. As in gentlest ministry of tenderness you open for it your bosom's fount and give it as it were to drink from your own life, you can bear its name in all the urgency of a mother's love on your humble, holiest prayer! You can bind its soul around your own, inseparable from you and never to be forgotten or neglected while life or hope is yours. To watch its infant passions and check their promptings, to train its infant thoughts, to twine around its infant heart a tie that heaven will kindly own, and that shall wax stronger and stronger beneath a Savior's smile—this, this is a mother's privilege. Make it all your own. Think not it is enough to HOPE, but be sure to KNOW that your child is an heir of heaven. Promises bright with protection, and more precious still, with eternal life, beckon you on every page of God's revelation to labor for a world that needs salvation. Plead them, plead them mightily, and leave him not till he bids you go in peace. Motives break forth in voices from heaven bidding you, "Come in with thy child, come!" and in unearthly warnings from the pit, "Turn him from every path that may bring him here;" and as they pour their tide of influence on your heart, they proclaim that you have a work of faith and labor of love to perform, in which you must not linger, or faint, or grow weary. Strengthen

then that faith by feeding on the word of truth, and drink in, in communion with an all-sufficient Redeemer, the streams of life that may invigorate you to the noblest deed that your immortal spirit can accomplish. You must win that soul, instinct with undying energies, to be a living gem in the Savior's crown. Pride would teach you to ask for greatness, for honors to laurel the brow of your loved one, for what the earth-born delight in and call happiness, to be his portion here: but ask them for a greater boon than any or all of these; you must beg, and passing this narrow bound of time, your prayer must reach out to grasp a prize of which he can only know the worth, as he learns it where eternal ages stamp it never to be forgotten or unenjoyed. As if but one sole request, which must never be let go till it is granted, is your errand there, so make your urgency be felt at the footstool of the throne. A MOTHER's voice—a MOTHER's heart shall not plead in vain. S. G. E.

PROPER TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

Children should be *trained* up. If you desire your offspring to serve God on earth and enjoy his favor for ever in heaven, their spiritual welfare must be the object of daily, continual care. Occasional efforts, few and far between, are not likely to be productive of much good. A divine precept is, "*Train* up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." On this important passage Dwight remarks—"The word *train* originally denoted *to draw along, by a regular and steady course of exertions;* and is hence very naturally used to signify *drawing from one action to another, by persuasions, promises, and other efforts continually repeated.* In a loose and general sense, therefore, it may easily include all the duties of parents to their children."

This is a very important representation of parental duty. How would you *train* a tree? Would you not begin the opera-

tion while the branches were yet young and pliant; fixing them then in the right direction, and afterwards watching and guiding their growth? Would you not continue the process, by pruning away what was useless or hurtful, and directing every useful shoot till the tree should assume the shape desired, and cover the wall it overspread with verdure and fruit? Thus train a child, thus endeavor to subdue and remove whatever is baneful, and thus guide into the right way his views, his feelings, his desires and affections. Think it not enough occasionally to give a check to what is evil, or an impulse to what is good; but pursue the course now described, from month to month, and from year to year. This is training up a child in the way he should go. How is a young animal training for any particular service? The process commences early, is pursued steadily, and never relinquished till the object contemplated is accomplished. Thus "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

* * * * * * *

In training up your children, make your arrangements for them in this world, in view of the next. Let eternity be kept in sight. In all your plans for them, contemplate not only their temporal, but their everlasting interest. If you were about to place your child in a situation for one day, and then in another for twenty years, would you, when planning for the day, forget the twenty years? If your plans could embrace both, well; but if not, surely you would never so forget the twenty years as to pursue any measures that would render your child wretched through that time, for the sake of promoting his interests through a single day. If, in case the interests of the two periods were in opposition, you would let the twenty years outweigh the day. And you would esteem it no more than madness to plan for the day, and to forget the twenty years. The difference between a day and twenty years is, however, perfectly insignificant when compared with that between the longest life and eternity. Let eternity, therefore, be brought into all your estimations, plans and arrangements. Never so plan for this world as to undo your child for that which is to come; but, while striving to promote

the temporal good of your offspring, always consider also their eternal happiness. Regard both worlds in your arrangements when you can, but when you cannot, especially regard the eternal world. Let your children know, that in your efforts for their good you act under the influence of these principles. Impress upon their minds that eternity is before them, and those only are truly wise who can secure eternal blessings. Say, "My child, what concerns you most, what I am most anxious about, is not what you are to be, or to possess here, for a little while, but what you are to be and have for ever. You and I are soon to be the inhabitants of another world. There we must abide for ever. That world must be either heaven or hell; and by faith in Christ to reach heaven, and obtain its blessings, is your chief interest and weightiest concern!"—*Parental Care; by the author of "Persuasives to Early Piety."*

For the Mother's Magazine.

EXTRACT OF THE REPORT OF THE WEST MEDWAY MATERNAL SOCIETY.

"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
"And ask them what report they 've borne to heaven,
"And how they might have borne more welcome news."

Self-examination is an important exercise of the christian in all the various duties of life, and among the first are those which regard the responsible relations subsisting between mothers and children; and in taking a retrospective view of the past, I feel that we have cause for humiliation before God, that we have been so unfaithful to the trust committed to our charge.

An eminent writer on the subject says, "The question which every christian mother deems more important than almost any other is, how may I best promote the moral and spiritual wel-

fare of my children? the answer is this, by endeavoring to be precisely what we want our children to be. We must cultivate most assiduously in ourselves, the same traits of character we wish them to possess. Let your children never, under any circumstance, hear from your lips an expression or a sound which you would not be happy to hear from theirs. Do you wish your children to love God, to manifest a cheerful and grateful trust in his goodness? Then cherish habitually this feeling yourself. Let it shine forth in your countenance, in your expressions, in all your demeanor; in your cheerful acquiescence in the Divine will continually, on every bright as well as every dark day. Do we desire that our children should in all respects possess the spirit of Christ; that they should love their Savior, imitate his character, receive the impress of his image, and be educated for a happy immortality? Let our children see the image of Christ reflected brightly from our own hearts, and continually endeavor to adorn our characters by all the graces of a christian spirit.

Nine years since, last February, this society was organized, and in looking over our records I feel that we have much cause for gratitude, both in a temporal and spiritual view. There are now twenty-nine mothers connected with our society, and thirty-seven children, and none of them to my knowledge are hopefully pious; yet there are twenty-nine adult children of this association whom we hope are the followers of our blessed Savior. Since our last report, two years ago, death has been commissioned to enter our dwellings, and has taken two beloved mothers, who ever manifested a deep interest in this association, and are now, as we trust, reaping the reward of the faithful. We have also been called to mourn the loss of four children; two of them had arrived at mature age, and were taken from us suddenly under circumstances peculiarly trying and affecting.

And now, my dear sisters, let us pledge ourselves anew to the work of bringing up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, ever looking unto Him for direction, who has said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

C. S., *Secretary.*

April 19, 1843.

For the Mother's Magazine.

"TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO, AND WHEN HE IS OLD HE WILL NOT DEPART FROM IT."

This quotation from Holy Writ has become an ordinary adage. It is regarded as the precept and encouraging words of a wise man. We feel that a reasonable duty is enjoined, and this being fulfilled, there is a rational hope that the promised consequence will follow.

But of this, and of many other passages from the inspired writings we are apt not to take in the entire meaning, in all its strength. We look upon promises and assurances made from such high authority, as a foundation for rational expectation of a general fulfillment—not a fulfillment in all cases—as a foundation for hopes not to be always realized, but usually—a general law, subject, however, to many exceptions, and not therefore to be confided in as absolutely sure.

We deal not justly with the Bible. If these be the words of inspired wisdom they mean something more—they import verity —absolute certainty in all cases whatever. The parent who has not failed in giving his child the right training, may rest assured with undoubting certainty that that child in age will walk in the paths of rectitude. It is as certain as the infiniteness of Divine wisdom.

Yet the promise does not extend in its absoluteness to the entire life. Temptations amidst the turmoils of life may draw the youth and man aside, but if his early training have been such as it should be, these aberrations will not be perpetual. He will return to right paths.

We do not hesitate to say that christian parents, exercising from early infancy, through childhood and youth, their best powers to secure in their offspring a virtuous and christian character, may feel an undoubting assurance that such offspring will not fail to become the subjects of saving grace.

It has been said by flippant tongues and careless observers,

that the children of the strictest religious parents become the most irregular in their conduct when released from parental restraint. Nothing is farther from the fact, though we admit that there are occasional melancholy instances of this. But there would be found, on close investigation, probably in every case of this kind, some deficiency in the early training. *Strictness* is not all that is demanded. Something more than a frigid law is required in the training of children. Yet, with all the defects of christian parents, it requires but moderate accuracy of observation to discover, that of those converted in early or later life, a very large proportion are the children of pious parents; and the instances in which the descendants of parents, who have exhibited good evidence of piety from the birth of their children, have died impenitent, are extremely rare—much, very much rarer than from the frequent and great defects in their right training we should have good right to expect. And perhaps few parents when they see their children, one after another, exhibiting evidence of a change of heart, have not wondered that God had shown such kindness, and in bestowing a blessing promised to their fidelity, had so mercifully overlooked their glaring and conscious deficiencies. They feel self-condemned while blessings so rich descend on their families.

To train up a child in the way he should go implies much. It is not enough, as before suggested, to devise and enforce right laws in the family. The inculcation of correct principles, enforced by constant example, must be commenced early and continued late. In very many things the child may be made to understand what is right and what is wrong before his tongue can utter a word. The parent must begin here; and at this age, and for long after, it is scarcely necessary to remark that the mother's care, and skill, and fidelity are vastly more important than that of the father. The writer cannot remember when the duty of always speaking the truth, of implicit obedience to his parents, and of using no prophane language were first impressed on his mind; yet he is conscious that at some period to which memory cannot reach, a mother made him feel that these were cardinal virtues, or rather that their violation was a sin against an all-

seeing God of fearful magnitude. His principles and feelings in regard to these would appear to him innate, if they did not always seem in some mysterious way connected with his mother. There are but *three* duties or principles, yet, when fastened firmly on the conscience, they are as a hedge around the youth, guarding him from a thousand vices.

A conviction in the child that an unseen eye is ever upon him—that to a holy and ever-present Being he is answerable—that power and justice are attributes of this Being, may be fixed on the mind in early infancy; he may be made to feel this, and conscience be thus awakened so soon as he can understand our language. The conviction must be firm and unwavering. To effect this something more than precept and verbal instruction is wanted. While these ideas are conveyed into the mind of the child, the mother must give proof, by her conduct, that she feels and acts herself on the conviction of their truth. If a child is told by its mother that a thing is wrong and will draw down the displeasure of God, one single instance of the commission of that wrong by the mother, seen by the child, will make him feel that in her instructions she has been dealing only in fables. She may feel the bitterness of grief and deep contrition, but this is usually unseen by her child, and the act, to his mind, belies all her professions.

The earliest impressions made on the mind are of the longest continuance. The old man in his dotage forgets the events of his active life—all to him may be a blank since his early days, but yet the scenes, and events, and feelings of his childhood are in his memory as things of yesterday. And the character of the mind and its bent through life may be taken from the very playthings of his childhood. Ambition for good or for evil may be so awakened that no after power can utterly quell it.

It is not our purpose, nor is space allowed us, to enter into the details of parental duties. This would demand volumes rather than a few paragraphs. Our sole object is to make parents feel that there is absolute certainty in the quotation from the words of the king of Israel placed at the head of this article. Let the christian mother think of this—give earnest and continued

diligence, ever watchful and prayerful, in training her children in the way in which they should go—making them ever to feel that she is to them the most affectionate and disinterested friend—accustoming them to make her their confident in all their little pleasures or troubles; let her habituate them to kneel with her in the morning, and to ask of her and their Heavenly Father to keep them from doing what is wrong, and to enable them to do what is right during the day; and at night to look over and recount to her their acts during the day, and to consider what have been their faults; and then let her lead them in confessions to a throne of mercy—let her make it the great and prominent object of her thoughts, her prayers, her life, to train them in paths of virtue, and to prepare them for the right discharge of all their duties both to God and man—to fit them, in fine, for usefulness in this life and blessedness in the life to come; let her do this and she may have not a hope but an assured confidence and undoubting certainty that that God, ever richer in mercy than his promises, will give them to her glad embrace in a world where there is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore. E. W. C.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE MISSIONARY FLOWERS.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

Messrs. Editors:—After I came on board our vessel to embark for Persia, a packet of letters was put into my hands, in which I afterwards found the following note (anonymous) from a lady of your city, enclosing the sum therein named. Thinking that your readers may be gratified with the missionary interest which it indicates in its devoted author, and some of them, perhaps, induced to emulate her example, I forward a copy for the N. Y. Evangelist:

"Will Mr. Perkins accept a small offering from a Christian female, to aid him in his labors among the Nestorians?

"The amount enclosed ($5) is the proceeds of the sale of some favorite plants, which will yield a sweeter perfume in being thus dedicated to the service of Him who caused them to bloom.

"*New-York, February*, 1843"

May such incense soon rise from myriads of American flower-gardens, and the period be thus hastened, when a brighter than the bloom of Eden shall smile on the face of a world restored to its allegiance to God.

Very truly yours,

JUSTIN PERKINS.

Mediterranean, Long. 20° E., April 3d, 1843.

I see these flowers spring
With Nature's gladness in their honeyed cells,
And gayly fling
Back to the heavens, whene'er the zephyr swells,
Their heaven-imparted sweets;
The sunny beam,
Whose light becomes their life, receives their smiles,
While each enticing cup,
Flowing with sweets from dews and gentle showers,
Is sending up
Thank-offerings to the skies, and well beguiles
The fleeting hours.

The Lily of the vale,
All decked in innocence, with bending form,
Bows gently to the gale,
Uninjured by the threatenings of the storm;
And when 'tis past,
Flinging her corols forth with playful toss,
I see her cast
Her tribute to the skies, nor feel the loss—
She borrows from the hand
That tips her petals with the honeyed dew,
At whose command
She can each day her luscious stores renew.

The blushing Rose,
Springing in beauty from her emerald lair,
Around her throws
Peculiar fragrance on the laden air;
And forced to meet the gaze
Of rapt admirers who her throne approach,
Looks meekly down,
And wounds the hand that with unhallowed touch
Would take away her crown.

The Passion-Flower,
Which Nature gave to Piety, when she
Implored a dower,
At once speaks Faith, and Hope, and Charity—
Her three-fold source of power;
Faith upward turns
Her patient eye to that pure land of rest
Whence Hope returns
To lean again on Charity, the best
Of all the three;
And walking arm in arm, with grace combined
Where love divinely burns,
Shall with the Christian virtues be enshrined.

Sweet emblems they,
And more of which I now can scarcely tell,
Which freely every day
Around me throw their soft enchanting spell:—
The chaste Verbena stands,
Upright and pure, to speak of those who dwell
In far off lands,
And leads my heart in sympathy away.
Each blossom bears
A lesson on its richly scented page,
And 'mid life's joys and cares
Whispers to childhood, youth, and riper age.

All these are sacred things!
And when the little visiter partakes
On humming wings
Their varied sweets, my loving fancy wakes,
And to me brings
A vision of the land to which they sent
Diviner stores—
Where, with the Orient's gladness shall be blent
A holier fragrance now,
To calm the spirit that, with sorrow bent,
Beneath the Cross shall bow.

And when this life is past,
Perchance these flowers shall live beyond the tomb,
And ever cast
In paradise around a sweet perfume,
Where they at last
Shall then unchanging and immortal bloom!

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE

AND

FAMILY LIBRARY.

VOL. XI. NOVEMBER, 1843. No. 11.

THE NATURE AND INFLUENCE OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Preached in Surrey Chapel, London, by Rev. E. N. Kirk.

"And they brought unto him also infants, that he would touch them."
Luke, 18 : 15, 16.

The prince of darkness has fearfully extended his empire over the whole human family; and the Son of God, the Prince of peace, has come to "destroy the works of the devil," to open the prison-door to the captive, and let the prisoner go free. He has come, with the voice of authority, to command the prisoner to escape from bondage, and, with the voice of tender invitation, to entreat him to leave his vassalage and disown his allegiance to Satan. And there are two remarkable features in all his commands and invitations; the one is, that they regard all classes of men, without respect to any of the distinctions that pertain to the present and temporary forms of society; and the other feature is, that they extend to human nature in every age of its existence, from its earliest stages and its first developments. This feature the disciples of Christ did not, at first, understand; they supposed that the kingdom which our Lord had come to establish,

was of such a nature that it required the full maturity of the understanding to appreciate its advantages and to enter upon the discharge of its duties. Hence, (as you may suppose his group principally to have consisted of mothers,) when mothers, obeying that maternal instinct, which often is more wise than the sound deductions of philosophy, (sound in the eyes of those who make them,)—that maternal instinct which felt for the little ones, felt their helplessness and their want, and had learned the power and goodness of the great Redeemer,—when they drew nigh and presented their infants to him, to come within the blessed sphere of his benignity and mercy, the disciples interposed, rejected the infants and rebuked the mothers. But Jesus said, Suffer these little ones to come to me; let no man forbid them; the kingdom that I am establishing reaches even to the infantile state of human existence; little children, too, are to be the objects of my grace and of my redeeming power: "Suffer little children to come unto me."

The first duty that devolves upon those who have the care of human beings is of course *physical;* it pertains to the animal, the material part of human nature, because that is first developed. The next development is unquestionably *moral;* the child begins to *feel* before he manifests much understanding. It is unquestionable that the conscience is developed much earlier than they whose observation has not been specifically directed to this point are prepared to believe. It is certain that the heart is very early developed; and God seems, in the very manner of the development of the faculties of human nature at successive periods, to indicate the kind of care, the kind of instruction, and the kind of influence which should be brought to bear upon human nature. Last of all seems to come the higher range of the *intellectual* powers.

The first duty, touching the character and interest of man as a moral being, is to bring him under the moral government of Jesus Christ. The first duty with the mind of man is to make him understand and feel his want and his guilt as a sinner. The first and most important lesson that a mother can convey to the heart and the understanding of her child, is, that he is the

degenerate shoot of a degenerate vine, and that in Christ alone is his help. His little mind should begin to understand first the story of redeeming and incarnate love—the history of Him who became an infant, and then the "Man of sorrows," and then the bleeding Victim, and then the living Intercessor and the omnipotent King, to raise us from our ruin; and the first attractions of the little heart, beyond the father and the mother that begat and that nurture, should be to the great Benefactor that has come to redeem. "Suffer your little ones to come to me," said Jesus: from them that are indifferent, and from them that have objections to them, he seems to turn to mothers, and say, "Bring your little ones to me."

The first duty to man, as an immortal being and the subject of God's moral government, is to induce him, just as rapidly as his affections and will are developed, to break the bands that bind him to the kingdom of darkness, and to bring him, an intelligent and a voluntary subject, into the kingdom of the Lord Jesus, to teach him to love, to teach him to obey, to teach him to serve his "God manifest in the flesh." And it is an interesting object of investigation, to see what full provision God has made for the reclaiming of man from his apostacy, the introduction and the conservation of man in "the kingdom of his dear Son;" and that from the earliest period of his existence.

There is something very wonderful in the family-constitution; there is something in it which even the church herself has not fully understood, but which many indications in Providence show that she is going to understand more fully. There is more power in the family constitution, there is more moral power in a mother than the world has begun to conceive, than even *christian* mothers have yet begun fully to apprehend. And, as they advance in faith on God's promises,—as they rise in strength of a holy confidence that seizes the promise of an unchanging God,—as they become intelligent in those great purposes of his moral government which pertain to us, and which are essential to direct us in the right discharge of duty,—we have no question that the moral power of the mother will rise; and just as far as we get away from Paganism, and all its degradation of the female sex, just as far as we get away from the foolish and romantic

ideas of woman that prevailed in the days of chivalry,—just so far shall we come into the clear and glorious light of christianity, and woman will be, what God meant she should be in his hand, the regenerator of the human race.

There is a peculiarity in the maternal feeling, that no man, who feels himself identified with the interests of the human race, can observe without himself feeling the deepest interest. There is something in a mother's love that cannot have been unintended: there is a reason for that peculiar delicacy and tenderness—for even that tenderness of tone which *we* cannot imitate; there is a meaning in the fact that the musical scale of a mother's voice is pitched differently from ours. It is one of God's great instruments for fitting her to reach man in those periods of his existence when every thing is tender in his body and in his soul.

There is an affinity between the feelings of a mother and a child, that does not exist in kind or degree between the father and the child, indicating a peculiarity in the duty and a peculiarity in the responsibility. I may say, in passing, (because I deem it of importance,) that perhaps there will become, for a time, extravagant, and exaggerated, and unharmonious, and unauthorized views of the duty of mothers, and that fathers will forget their peculiar station,—for it is one of great peculiarity, and it is one of equal responsibility, different in kind. I wish not to encourage any exaggerated view; I wish not to roll more burdens upon the tender sex than God has placed; but my specific duty will lead me peculiarly to speak, and alone to speak, of maternal duty.

There is something in the entire helplessness of human nature, in the entire dependence of human nature,—there is something in the imitative propensities of children,—there is something in that perfect confidence that characterizes children,—which fits them to come so fully, so entirely, under the kind and powerful influence of the enlightened and sanctified maternal heart; and the noblest object on the footstool of God is a christian mother, moulding human nature in the first stages of its earthly and of its immortal existence. Oh! that I might have light from God, to help even mothers this day to estimate their high calling and their holy commission.

(To be continued.)

For the Mother's Magazine.

PARENTAL GOVERNMENT.

No. II.

The science of family government embraces all those means of influence which may be rightfully employed by parents in guiding and controlling the conduct of their children. It may be true that these means, philosophically considered, are reducible to the single element of a legitimate administration of law. Yet in a practical discussion of this subject, it will be sufficient to follow out the general divisions as found in common use, without attempting any very accurate classification of their similitude. Of the right of the parent to govern his offspring, and of the importance of the duty incident to it, enough was said in our former article; and we now turn our attention to the question, how that right is to be exercised? It will be remembered, however, that the great object of all government, is to secure, on the part of the governed, the habit of universal and cheerful obedience to the will of the governor. Keeping this object distinctly before us, it is not difficult to perceive that one of the most essential elements of parental authority is that of legislation. The element of law-making is necessarily involved in the right to govern. But laws that are merely preceptive are nothing more than simple advice; and even good advice is very far from constituting a chief element in the science of government. Every law that is designed to be enforced must have an adequate penalty; and, in case of disobedience, the penalty must be executed. The authority of parents, then, is legislative, judicial, and executive.

I. The legislative rights and duties of a parent are far more extensive than is generally supposed. They are limited only by his capacity, and by the declared will of God. As the authority of the parent is altogether derivative, and rests exclusively upon the command of God, we are to look to his word as its legitimate source, and as prescribing its true limits. God has commanded

parents to "train up" their children in the way in which they should go, and children to "*honor*" and "obey" their parents. The only specific limitation of these commands is embraced in the expression—"Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath;" in other respects they are general and universal, extending from the most important to the minutest of human actions. Yet there are limitations to parental authority which must not be overlooked.

1. No parent has a right to require his child to do that which is in itself wrong. As the parent and child are both amenable to the Divine law, they are each bound to regard it as the superior rule of action. Great circumspection is always requisite in this respect, in order to avoid the enforcement of actions of questionable propriety. Many who would be shocked at the idea of commanding their children to lie or steal, are in the daily habit of requiring them to commit lesser crimes. One, from want of a proper veneration for the Christian Sabbath, will exact services on that day contrary to the spirit of the command, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." Another, from want of reflection or care, will send a message to the door, or a compliment to a neighbor, which the child cannot help seeing to be a departure from the law of sincerity and truth. When a parent thus acts, he not only teaches his children to sin, but, in doing so, he is guilty of arrogating to himself the right to abrogate the law of his God. A similar limitation exists in reference to prohibitory laws. A parent has no right to prohibit what God commands. Few would have the hardihood to impose upon a child an explicit command to neglect a known and positive duty; yet there are very many who violate the spirit of this rule by directions calculated to produce the same result. The parent who encourages habits or propensities that tend to a neglect of known duty, is, morally, as guilty as he would have been if he had commanded it.

2. A further limitation of parental authority is effected by the rights of conscience. The parent is bound to educate the consciences of his children; but he may not violate them. In order to avoid misconstruction on this point, it is necessary to be a lit-

tle more explicit. The principle here laid down is to be restricted within very narrow limits. We do not say that a parent shall not control the moral conduct of his children; he is bound to do so. On all questions relating to morals, or to religion, in regard to which we have a specific revelation, the right of control is absolute. So long as a child has no right to do wrong, his conscience cannot be violated by a law requiring him to abstain from what he thus knows to be evil, or to perform that which by the same means he knows to be his duty. It is only on questions whose morality confessedly rests upon the grand doctrines of expediency, lying beyond the pale of a specific revelation, that the parent is bound to yield to the conscientious scruples of his child. In reference to all such questions, the right of private judgment must for ever remain inviolate. The parent can only advise; he may not command. No child, however, can claim to do what his parent has prohibited, unless he conscientiously believes not only that the thing is in itself innocent, but also that it is required of him as a religious duty.

3. Another limitation arises from the want of perfection in the capacity of the parents. No human government can control the heart. A parent cannot compel a child to love God; he can command him to exercise such an affection, but he can never know whether his command has been obeyed, and he cannot therefore inflict a penalty for disobedience. Yet he has the power to restrain his children from habits of irreverence, and from profanity; and he is bound to see that their external conduct is not inconsistent with their duties to God. The same is true in regard to every affection of the mind. We may educate mind, but we cannot coerce it.

The right of parental legislation, with these three limitations operating as exceptions, is universal. It will be remembered, however, that the administration of this right is attended by weighty responsibilities, and by peculiar difficulties. It involves the substitution of the will of the parent in the place of the will of the child, in reference to all the affairs of its history during its age of pupilage. It forms a subject of inquiry upon which we need "line upon line and precept upon precept."

THETA.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

For the Mother's Magazine.

REPORT OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATION, NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

Through the good hand of our God upon us, we have been brought to the first annual meeting of our Maternal Association. It cannot be otherwise than a deeply interesting and affecting season to us all, more especially to that little band who one year ago met together, and with mingled hopes and fears organized this Society.

But as we tread upon the threshold of the coming year, let us pause for a moment and look back upon the past; let us trace the way by which God has led us, and recount his mercies and his wonderful works to the children of men. Let us look at our own hearts, and see what effect the dealings of God have had upon us, what advances we have made, and what reason to believe that the prayers here offered have been heard and registered in heaven. Let us remember that the year now gone can never be recalled; but it has hastened us nearer to eternity, and to that bar of God, from which its mercies and privileges will be again reviewed with feelings of which now, perhaps, we can scarcely conceive.

Does not the retrospect of the past furnish abundant cause for humility and self-abasement before God? Who of us but must confess we have been unprofitable servants? But while we mourn our unfaithfulness and ingratitude, let us seek with a faith and earnestness that can take no denial, for a fresh unction from the Holy One, to enable us more faithfully and successfully to perform the responsible but delightful duties of the mother. And here, may I ask, are we not too apt to think and speak of the responsibilities, the cares and anxious solicitude of the parent, while we neglect the bright side of this picture, the unnumbered sources of enjoyment which this relation opens before us? The mother's sphere of action, to be sure, is circumscribed, it may be, to the narrow limits of her humble home; but there, if

governed by a christian spirit, who has her power and influence? who can make happy faces and a happy fireside like her? Of her has the pen of inspiration declared, "her children rise up, and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her." And oh! when we think that those minds committed to her care and training are immortal, who would ask for a wider, nobler field of action? who would ask for greater happiness than to have it said, as was once done by a son to his mother—

"And if I e'er in heaven appear,
"A mother's holy prayer—
"A mother's hand and gentle tear,
"That pointed to a Savior dear,
"Have led the wanderer there."

Our regular meetings through the year have been, for the most part, well attended, and increasingly interesting. We first numbered seven, but now nineteen mothers and fifty-nine children stand recorded on our list. It is very desirable that parents should make special effort to be present at the quarterly meetings with their children, since this cannot but create more interest in the object, as well as encourage our pastor, who labors to make them profitable seasons.

We would with gratitude record the goodness of God in suffering none of our number to be removed by death. Sickness has been in our families, and some of our dear children have been brought near to the grave; but God's kind hand averted the blow, and we all live this day to speak of his goodness. But here let a passing tribute be given to one dear to us all, who now is slumbering in the silent grave. Mrs. M'Farland, owing to ill health, had never been able to meet with us, but we were anticipating the time when her prayers should mingle with ours on this common altar. But God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. He saw that her work on earth was ended, and prayer with her might be exchanged for praise. Happy, thrice happy sister! we rejoice that what we count our loss is her unspeakable gain. And has not her joyful and triumphant death left a blessed and abiding impression upon all our minds! Has it not served as a watchword, urging us on to renewed fidelity and di-

ligence in the work before us! O, yes! we feel assured that her death has not been in vain. The light of eternity only can reveal its hallowed and saving effects. Are there not some of our number, and some of our dear children too, who trust it has been to them, under God, the means of salvation? We will not then mourn for her; rather let us rejoice that her sufferings and sorrows are ended, and that the white robe and glittering crown are for ever hers. Let us imitate her example, and by a life of prayer and devotion to God, be preparing for a like happy departure.

Two members of our Association, five of the companions of its members, and three children on our list, have within the past year been brought, as we trust, to embrace the Savior. Eight of these have connected themselves with the church.

One very desirable and happy effect of these meetings has been to create a warmth and union of feeling among the members, which perhaps nothing else can so effectually do. Any thing which relates to the well-being and happiness of her dear children will reach the mother's heart. This is the object before us, and it cannot but touch a chord that will vibrate through every breast. We have become acquainted with each other, we sympathize in each other's joys and sorrows.

"Before our Father's throne
"We pour our ardent prayers,
"Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
"Our comforts and our cares.
"We share our mutual woes,
"Our mutual burdens bear,
"And often for each other flows
"The sympathising tear."

In view of all these considerations, my dear sisters, have we not reason to thank God and take courage. Let us not forget that only while depending upon his strength, his grace and heavenly teachings, can we be prospered or succeed in our efforts; but that with these, bestowed as promised, in answer to humble, faithful prayer, we may go forward, enjoying the approving smile of our heavenly Father, happy and useful ourselves, with

our dear families happy and useful around us, and all looking forward with sweet anticipations to the perfect family of love in heaven.

B. M'LELLAN, *Secretary.*

North Adams, Sept. 8th, 1843.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE SPECTRE HAND.

BY REV. F. C. WOODWORTH.

It was a festive night. The palace of the proud monarch of Babylon was adorned with more than its usual splendor. The voice of unwonted merriment was there. A thousand lords of the realm, at the bidding of their sovereign, were at that festival. From golden goblets, in rich profusion, flowed the choicest wines of the east. A splendid retinue of nobles attended the king, and many pages in royal livery served at the feast. Each, from the monarch to the humblest slave, save, perhaps, the Hebrew menial, who was wont by the rivers of Babylon to sit down and weep when he remembered Zion, was gay and merry there. Amid the strains of rejoicing no note of sadness was heard in the palace of Belshazzar. Grief, sorrow, care were banished as intruders.

It was a joyous feast. Brilliantly are those halls illuminated. The lofty walls and ceiling are embellished with a variety of paintings and pieces of sculpture, illustrating scenes in antediluvian history, the exploits of national heroes and the fabled achievements of the gods. From the windows of the palace, in the light of a full-orbed moon, are visible those beautiful hanging-gardens, the pride of the realm and the wonder of the world; while artificial jets, sparkling in a flood of light, lend their influence to the enchanting scene. Invisible minstrels pour forth strains of more than Æolian sweetness. The tones fall on the ear as voices from the spirit-land.

O, Babylon! daughter of heaven! empress of nations! glory of all lands! long shalt thou reign supreme, and control the destinies of the world. No power can harm thee—none dare dispute the mandates of thy will. Thy greatness and thy prosperity shall endure long as the stars, in which thy wise men read thy fate, shall glitter in the heavens. And thou, Belshazzar! greatest of princes! son of Belus! inferior only to the holy gods!—long shall thy hand hold the sceptre, and the nobles of earth stand in awe of thy majesty. Long and happy shall thy reign be, greatest of princes!

Words such as these fell from the lips of the lords of the kingdom on that festival night. The mighty monarch of Babylon listened to the adulation, pleased, delighted; and as his flatterers ceased, a smile of approbation overspread his brow.

Silence reigns in those halls—all eyes are turned to the throne; anon the proud Belshazzar speaks: "In the temple of Belus are the sacred vessels, the trophies of my grandsire's conquest in Palestina;—bring them to the feast."

They are brought—the vessels of silver and gold, once consecrated to the service of Jehovah, and employed by holy hands in the temple on Mount Zion. They are brought,—the proudest emblems of the success of the Babylonian arms, the perpetual monuments of their national greatness. They are brought—they are placed upon that board, and the king and his princes profanely drink from them in triumph. As the wine passes round, the voice of revelry increases. They praise their deities of gold, of silver, and of brass, and blaspheme the God of the Hebrews. It is a proud night for Babylon and her king. Her measure of glory is full.

But see! on the wall of the palace a hand unearthly appears—Chaldea's king beholds it—his countenance turns suddenly pale, and he trembles with terror. There it is, that spectre-hand; and over the gorgeous candlestick it writes on the wall. Slowly it is withdrawn. Oh! what has it written? Are they words of peace? That spectre hand! does it good or ill forebode?

Proud monarch, thou shalt know! MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. In these fatal words read the destiny of her who

has said, "I sit as the queen of nations, and my reign is for ever." Belshazzar! thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting. The spectre hand has written thy death-warrant. This night thou shalt be slain, and to-morrow's sun shall behold the mighty Babylon humbled at the feet of the prince of Media!

HOME.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

This is a sweet word. Who is not charmed with its music? Who hath not felt the potent magic of its spell?

By home I do not mean the house, the parlor, the fireside, the carpet, or the chairs. They are inert material things, which derive all their interest from the idea of the home which is their locality. Home is something more ethereal, less tangible, not easily described, yet strongly conceived—the source of some of the deepest emotions of the soul, grasping the heart-strings with such a sweet and tender force as subdues all within the range of its influence.

Home is the palace of the husband and the father. He is the monarch of that little empire, wearing a crown that is the gift of heaven, swaying a sceptre put into his hands by the Father of all, acknowledging no superior, fearing no rival, and dreading no usurper. In him dwells love—the ruling spirit of home. She that was the fond bride of his youthful heart is the affectionate wife of his maturer years.

The star that smiled on their bridal eve has never set. Its rays still shed a serene lustre on the horizon of home. There, too, is the additional ornament of home—the circle of children; beautifully represented by the spirit of inspiration as "olive plants round about the table." We have been such. There was our cradle. That cradle was rocked by a hand ever open to supply

our wants; watched by an eye ever awake to the approach of danger. Many a livelong night has that eye refused to be closed for thy sake, reader, when thou, a helpless child, wast indebted to a mother's love, sanctified by heaven's blessing, for a prolonged existence through a sickly infancy. Hast thou ever grieved that fond heart? No tears can be too freely—too sincerely shed for such an offence against the sweet charities of home. If there was joy in the palace at thy birth, oh, never let it be turned into sorrow by any violation of the sacred laws of home.

We that had our happy birth, like most of the human race, in the country, can recall many tender and pleasant associations of home. There is earnest poetry in this part of our life. We remember with delight the freshness of the early morn; the tuneful and sprightly walk among the dewy fields; the cool repose amid the sequestered shades of the grove, vocal with the music of nature's inimitable warblers; the "tinkling spring," where we slaked our thirst with the pellucid waters as they came from the hand of the Mighty One—the bleating of the flocks, the lowing of the herds, the humming of the bees, the cry of the whippoorwill, the melancholy, monotonous song of the night bird, relieved only by the deep bass of that single note which he uttered as he plunged from his lofty height into a lower region of atmosphere—these are among our recollections of home. And they come softened and sobered through the medium of the past, but without losing their power to touch the heart and still endear that word *home*.

There too, perhaps, we saw a father die; having attained to a patriarchal age, he bowed himself on his bed, saying, "Behold I die, but God shall be with you," and was gathered to his people. Nor can the memory ever forget that mother in her meek and quiet old age, walking through many a peaceful year on the verge of heaven, breathing its atmosphere, inhaling its fragrance, and reflecting its light and holy beauty, till at length she left the sweet home of earth for her Father's home in heaven.

"So gently dies the wave upon the shore."

Home, too, is the scene of the gay and joyous bridal. When

the lovely daughter, affianced to the youth of her heart, stands up to take the irrevocable pledge—what an interesting moment! I saw, not long since, such an one. She stood unconscious of the blended charm which innocence and beauty threw around her face and person; her soft, smooth, polished forehead was circled with a wreath of flowers; her robe was of purest white, and in her hand was held a bouquet of variegated roses. Beside her stood the happy man, for whom she was to be

> "A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
> "Doubling his pleasures and his care dividing."

As I pronounced the words *that made them one*, adding the nuptial benediction, a tear fell from the eye of the bride on the wreath in her hand! It was a tribute to "home, sweet home." Not that she loved father and mother less, but husband more. That piece of music, "The Bride's Farewell," plunges deeper into the fountain of emotion in the soul than any other combination of thought and song to which I ever listened. Was the bride ever found who was equal to its performance on the day of her espousals—or rather in the hour of her departure from her long-loved home, when the time had arrived to bid farewell to father, mother, brother and sister? Perhaps in looking at the picture of domestic life, as exhibited in such circumstances, we should not omit to notice some of the least prominent traits and coloring, for they never escape the keen and practiced eye of the true poet. Thus Rogers, in his graphic and natural poem of Human Life, in which he snatches so many graces "beyond the reach of art," does not, in describing the wedding scene, forget the younger portion of the family, even the little daughter, so often the gem and the joy of home.

> "Then are they blest indeed, and swift the hours
> "Till her young sisters wreathe her hair in flowers,
> "Kindling her beauty—while, unseen, *the least*
> "*Twitches her robes, then runs behind the rest*,
> "Known by her laugh, that will not be suppressed."

But even this picture must be shaded. If the cradle be one of the things of home, so is the coffin! The bridal robe is, alas!

too often succeeded by the funeral pall. "Six years ago," heard I the minister of God say at the funeral of a young and lovely member of a friend's family, "she who lies there stood here to take the marriage vows. She is now the bride of Death." Striking thought! How short the passage from the home of love and felicity to the grave! A few years since I sat amid a domestic circle of father, mother, three sons and a daughter. It was the home of hospitality. Where are they now? The solemn churchyard will tell. They have all sunk into the long, dreamless repose of the grave. Silent are those halls that once echoed to the cheerful sound of their voices. They have gone to their "long home." And we follow. In the fine language of Paul, "it becomes those who have wives, to be as though they had none, and those that weep, as though they wept not, and those that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not,"—let us add, and those who have a home, to be as though they had none; for "the fashion of this world passeth away!" Jour. Com.

AN INQUISITIVE BOY.

Travelling some years ago in Alabama, I stopped at nightfall (as usual with wayfarers in that and the adjoining States) at the first house I came to. Stranger as I was, and ephemeral as our acquaintance was likely to be, the rude, yet open-hearted people soon made me as much at home as possible, and before our unsophisticated supper of bacon, "corn-dodgers," wild honey and clabber was half over, I was as much in their confidence as if I had known them for years. Most familiar with me, and most in my good graces, was the *youngest son* of my host,—an intelligent little fellow, clad only in the simplest "of all possible" tunics, and numbering, it may be, some six or seven summers. His face was one of the most intellectual, as well as the most in want of soap and water, that I have ever met with among children of his age. When, in the course of my conversation with his pa-

rents, he learnt that I was from what his father called the "*Big Norrad*"—the North—the child asked me where that was; then glanced timidly at me, as if to deprecate displeasure at his forwardness. His mother rebuked him with the remark, that he was continually asking questions which people either had not the time or the power to answer. I, however, promised to reply to all his questions, provided they were no harder than that which he had just put. Pleased at this, he asked me if the people at the North were like those in the neighborhood, and if they raised as much cotton and corn. I told him, in as plain a way as I could, of the character of our population, productions, &c.; and many things which I might not else have thought of, my little friend elicited by his pertinent inquiries. From the flood-gates of his long-pent curiosity question followed question with a perfect rush; but they flowed not from any mere idle inquisitiveness, and it was evident that he treasured what he heard, and was grateful for my attention to him. After supper he followed me about like a spaniel, and when I repaired to the stable to see that my good steed was well cared for, he insisted upon being my link-boy for the nonce, and escorted me with a pine-knot torch-light. His rude flambeau contrasted but meanly with the moon and stars, which were shining so brightly, that, to use his own expression,—"*It couldn't begin.*"

"How do they shine!" he exclaimed, pointing at one of the constellations. "I would like monsus well to see 'em all in a mess together once, with the sun in the middle! What a heap of gold and silver light thar'd be then, *stranger*, wouldn't they? Why *don't* they? Why *am* they always moving on the same track, constant? Who made them? Ma says God did, and told me to *hush my mouth;* and when I asked if they were *eyes* to him, that he might see all things, she whipt me! What are they made of, and why don't we see them in the day time? Do *you* know?"

These were some of the many remarks and questions with which my little torch-bearer amused me before we re-entered the house, and which I answered cheerfully as well as I could. He was all wonder and delight, and the excess of his gratitude

told me he thought me much kinder than his parents; they would never tell him what he wanted to know, and would often punish him for asking questions. Neither his father or mother could read or write, they were entirely without intellectual food and raiment, and seemed likely to be all their lives.

I was much impressed at the time with the neglect by which the unusual intellect of their boy was oppressed and suffering, and the recollection of it has often recurred to me. The mother was a kind woman, and had *she* possessed a well-informed and cultivated mind, what a beneficent influence she would have exerted over his! If he should ever arrive at manhood, though he may be distinguished among his fellows, the diamond will be as rough as its settings are rude, the polish which only early intellectual culture can convey will be wanting, and its latent brilliancy and beauty for ever obscured by the almost impervious incrustations of ignorance and prejudice.

The inquisitiveness of children should be properly encouraged and directed, and not met with frowns and neglect. This consideration should be an incentive to woman to acquire knowledge, that she may never be in the dilemma of my hostess of the piney woods—unable to answer the simple questions of her own child.

Mer. Journal.

For the Mother's Magazine.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S TEAR.

BY WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE.

Amid the changing scenes which form the history of human life, the silent and often apparently trifling incident will often serve to give an influence whose value and importance can be estimated by no rule which comes within the reach of the mind while restrained within its earthly tabernacle, from the flights of

immeasurable loftiness and infinite expansion which the disenthralled spirit alone is capable of exercising. The eloquent power of a single glance, the association of some peculiar feeling with a trite and oft unheeded remark or reproof, will serve to kindle up in the recesses of the heart a train of influences whose results are entwined in the final destiny of a redeemed and glorified immortal, or buried in the everlasting prison-house of darkness and lamentation with a lost soul. Here, the mother's prayers may have been sneered at or disregarded by her wayward child; her tears may have shown her sincerity, but in vain; the father's counsels may have been met with the cold rebuff of an unfeeling heart; the earnest warnings of the faithful pastor may have fallen on heavy ears, and the teaching of the inspired volume have poured its heavenly light on the sightless organs of a mind that loved darkness rather than light; but for all this, there is oft a hidden power, lost apparently in the waywardness of the heart, that will in due season bear its precious harvest of immortal fruit, and prove the truth of the promise, "Ye shall reap in due time, if ye faint not!"

James Sanford was the son of pious parents, who endeavored, in a humble reliance on the promise of God that they would be faithful to his people in their generation, to bring up their children in a godly and holy life—to implant in their minds, by early instruction and faithful prayer and counsels, those gracious principles of Divine truth which have their spring at the fountain of the waters of eternal life. Time passed on, and James was transformed from the child to the careless boy; and yet he was watched over and guarded by his parents with the most tender solicitude and care, for he was their only son. At an early age he had been taught to love the Sunday-school, and was beloved by his teacher, and often became the object of special attention and particular addresses on the subject of spiritual religion and vital godliness. Yet he did not become a professed lover of Jesus Christ. His mind, though disposed to receive instruction, seemed to be powerless, so far as its agency in awakening the sympathies of his heart was to be an instrumentality in leading him to place his affections on things above; and rather delighted

in the pleasures of life, than in those sources of eternal happiness whose perennial springs are open to every one that thirsteth.

Time, in his revolving flight, found him immured in business, and for his relief he sought the gay amusements of the ball-room, or the gorgeous scenery and artificial splendor and mock attractions of the theatre; and it seemed as if the early care, the soul-burdening supplication, the earnest counsel were buried in the forgetfulness of the tomb. With his companions he passed as an accomplished and amiable fellow—he was the centre of his circle, the converging point of many attractions. But with all this he had one silent monitor, which ever and anon presented itself in its freshness and vividness before his mind, and involuntarily made his heart beat with kindling emotions and the solemnizing recollections of his youth.

When called away from home on a tour to the West, he formed new acquaintances; was admired and esteemed, for he had preserved his honor from those miserable vices which stamp a man with infamy and disgrace, but his heart was not fixed on heaven—his affections did not soar upward to those pure sources of bliss which can satisfy the wanderer—they were centred on the world; the pleasures of sin were near to his love, and he often dishonored his God, and the day of rest which God had appointed for his own; but in all this, while receiving the flattering attentions of business-men, the prosperity of providential goodness, and feeling no care but how to enjoy life, one sparkling gem he had once seen still sent its ray upon the eye of his mind, and its rebuke was not to be disregarded.

We will not follow him through his career of—shall we call it prosperity and pleasure? Call ye that pleasure where the gnawing worm is so unconcealed that its greedy tooth can be seen gnawing away the flowers of life? or where the hand is slowly and sensibly becoming palsied that is lifting the nectar to the lip? or where the reproof is ever present and loud in its appeals? One night, after his return from the busy scenes of folly and interest, he resolved to go once more and hear the voice he had often heard in his youth declare the words of life and peace. The monitor within, which had so often been checked, was ill

at ease; the ever-present vision of memory was still vividly before his mind, and he felt determined once more to listen to the warnings and promises of the Gospel. He went, and the Spirit of God met him in his evening hour, nor left him at the tolling of the midnight knell. The spirit sought release from its sinful bonds, and the thoughts of his youth came up freshly and deeply on his soul, amid the hallowed sacredness and flowing emotions of his solitary hour, and among them all, one that had followed him through every scene, and almost every sin, still asserted its power to subdue and bring to the foot of the cross.

He became a devoted Christian, and now enjoys the confidence and fraternal love of one of the churches of our State; and among the most deeply cherished objects of his youth, he frequently mentions, for its silent power and restraining influence, his Sunday-school teacher's tear which had been shed for him!

Strange as it may seem, he recollects nothing of all the instruction he received. He can recall no lesson—can hear no admonition; but the *teacher's tear* alone is associated with the remembrance of those sacred hours.

Teacher! let your prayers and tears be heard and seen by the Hearer and Answerer of prayer, and your class may probably be made to feel the gracious efficacy of their sovereign power.

For the Mother's Magazine.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LITTLE ALICE.

Around no other little one can again be gathered *for me* so many comforts and secret anticipations for the future, as were treasured up in the life of Alice. She had just numbered seven summers, an only daughter, and such are always precious jewels in the family circle. She visited New-York with her parents in September, 1841. Memory restores the little creature in her plain black dress and sweet, gentle voice. A few weeks had

passed since her baby brother had been buried on the hill near her father's house, and little Alice seemed ever to have it distinctly before her. As she was introduced to her young relatives, she told them all what a beautiful boy her brother Joseph was; how bright his eyes and curly his hair; and how dearly she had loved him, and always ended by telling that he was buried on the hill. She repeated her little piece with the most touching pathos—

"Lord, what is life—'tis like the bow
"That glistens in the sky;
"We love to see its colors glow,
"But while we look—they die!"

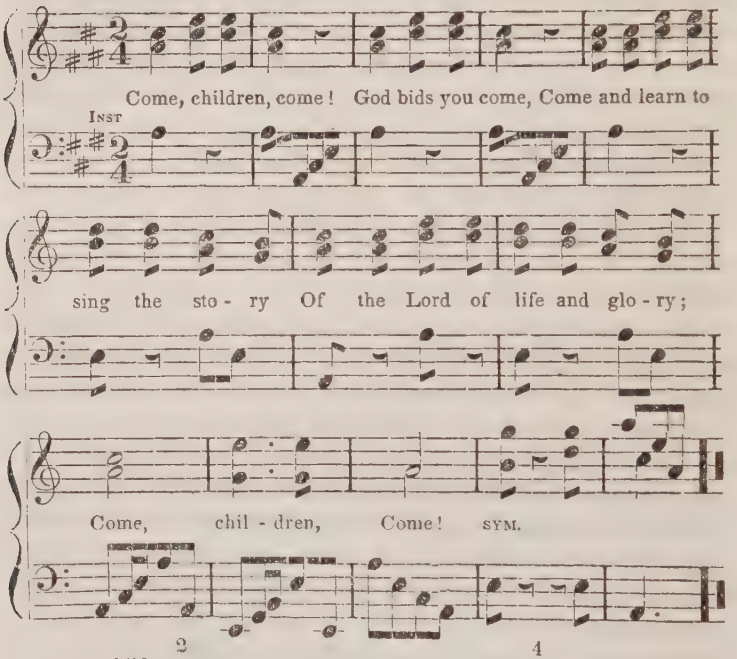
I see her figure as she stood before a very aged lady, whose tears fell on her cheek as she heard the tones of the little girl. Alice had another brother, about two years old, whom *she* called *Johnny*. Their visit passed quickly away, and the latter part of autumn saw the family on their journey home. I recall the figure of Alice as she bowed her face in her muff and followed her parents and little Johnny to the carriage, literally sobbing with grief. She was leaving her grandmother, to whom she had become much attached. She had been named after her, and had on this visit been presented by her with a gold watch which had been worn by her grandmother for many years. It was entrusted to her mother's care till she should be old enough to note the flight of time. We heard often from the dear family at the west, after their safe arrival home. Last autumn, when the leaves began to fall, they wrote us that our little Alice was so well and happy that "she felt her life in every limb." But she had not forgotten her brother, buried on the hill, and in the spring had assisted her father in adorning his grave with the eglantine. Soon after this a letter with a black seal arrived; and we read that our precious Alice, so lately full of life and animation, was buried beside her brother. The affecting story of her sickness was soon told. A severe illness of one week terminated her life. It seemed very sad that her death should occur at a time when her afflicted mother had recently given birth to a little boy, and could not be with her.

Alice, although so young, was, we believe, a child of grace, renewed in the spirit of her mind, and delighting in heavenly things. This was evinced by her deportment and conversation during her season of extreme suffering. Before her illness, to hear of God and heaven seemed peculiarly interesting to her. She loved to say her little, comprehensive prayers. She was fully aware that she was going to die, and told her father and the minister around her bed "she was quite willing." It greatly distressed her to see her father's sorrow, frequently saying, "O, dear father, I feel so sorry *for you*, dear father!" He having left the room for a short time, she said to the girl living with them, "Elizabeth, why does not my father come and talk to me about Jesus Christ?" Her patience under most severe suffering was remarkable. She often said, "Take me to lie down by my dear mother." Shortly before her death she was carried in for the last time. The parting scene I will not touch upon. The minister, in conversing with her, found her unusually intelligent and bright, perfectly willing to leave all she dearly loved and go to heaven; patient in suffering, and her heart overflowing with love to all. He then baptized her, and had no doubt, he said, of the departing soul being received to the arms of its Savior. During a short interval from pain the little creature made a disposition of what she most valued to those she loved. To her father she said, "Dear father, if you had no watch, and mother had one, it should be for you; now I leave it to my dear mother, my breast-pin to little Johnny, and a book and *my calicoes* to Mary B——," her playmate and neighbor. She looked sweetly composed in death. A smile seemed to linger around her features. The following spring her stricken father planted another eglantine around the grave of Alice.

O ye parents who delight in the little creatures sporting in your path! let the many instances of bereavement like this make you "rejoice with trembling" over your treasures; and while you seek to guard their health and lives, prepare them also, by *early religious training*, and constant prayer, for the grace of God to rest upon them, for a seat in heaven.

*The following little piece is selected, by permission, from "*Juvenile Songs,*" by Thomas Hastings, published by D. Fanshaw, at* 148 *Nassau-street and* 601 *Broadway, New-York.*

"COME, CHILDREN, COME." H.


Come, children, come! God bids you come, Come and learn to
Inst
sing the sto - ry Of the Lord of life and glo - ry;
Come, chil - dren, Come! sym.

2

Come, children, come;
Christ bids you come;
Early seek his face and favor,
Love and serve your blessed Savior:
Come, children, come.

3

Come, children, come;
The Spirit says come,
Come, with Zion's sons and daughters,
To the spring of living waters:
Come, children, come.

4

Come, children, come;
All bid you come;
Come unite your hearts and voices,
List'ning heaven then rejoices:
Come, children, come.

5

Come, children, come;
Make heav'n your home:
Then, though earthly ties may sever,
You may live with Christ for ever:
Come, children, come. *Mrs. Brown.*

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE,

AND

FAMILY LIBRARY.

VOL. XI. DECEMBER, 1843. No. 12.

THE NATURE AND INFLUENCE OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Preached in Surrey Chapel, London, by Rev. E. N. Kirk.

(Continued.)

No fruit of sin has been more fatal than the misunderstanding of female duty and female character. One of the striking characteristics of all heathen lands is the condition of woman. When the Brahmin priest was reproached by the missionary because he saw a woman dragging her entire length from the point of the commencement of her dreadful pilgrimage to the temple—(it lay entirely through a large tract covered with mud, and she was dragging her body through the filth)—"There!" said the missionary, "that is one of the fruits of your system!" "Well, what is that?" replied the Brahmin; "it is only a woman!" That tells the characteristic feature of their dark and debasing system; "it is only a woman!" And what means the Turkish harem, where woman is but the animal? What means it?—The light of christianity has not shone. What is the present moral and social condition of France—France, that made the desperate experiment of rejecting christianity? It is a fact, that even the

French language itself is destitute of the sweet word *home*, and all its sacred, tender associations. I rejoice to say that God is doing great things for France; but I speak of it now as a nation in the whole, a nation of mighty intellect, a nation of immense intellectual power and progress—but a nation, that, as a nation, has not a domestic life; and woman is not known in France (not known in France as a nation) as she is in England and in the colonies and the countries that have sprung from England. And I rejoice to say, that French writers are beginning to tell their nation the truth—'Until you estimate woman and the marriage contract, and the marriage relation and the maternal relation differently, it is in vain that you essay the changes of political government; we must have a change at the fireside, and we must begin to have a sacred home.'

But although it is evident that the nations which speak the English language are in advance of the rest of the world on this momentous subject, we have no reason for boasting; and it will but injure us to reflect upon that fact, if we do not besides reflect upon the fact that we are very, very far below the light we have, and very far from discharging our duties. I speak even of the higher classes of female mind; I speak even of our *christian* mothers; and I say it with the profound respect that I feel in my heart for the mothers in Israel—that even they have much, very much to learn—much, very much to attain.

I wish, in this stage of the subject, to direct your attention to a very remarkable prophecy—remarkable, as being the closing up of the wonderful series of prophecies in the ancient Testament. It is in the Book of Malachi, the last chapter, and the closing verses:

"Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord: and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

I understand that prophecy to involve two points. The first is, that christianity (the primary meaning of the prophecy referring of course to its introduction, and the secondary meaning to

its expansion and more complete influence on the human race)—that the first influence of the introduction, and the chief influence of the spreading of christianity in the world is to restore parental affection. You recollect that Paul has said, that one of the characteristics of the heathen is, that they are "without natural affection;" and you recollect, that when our missionaries went to the Sandwich Islands they found them rapidly undergoing depopulation by "infanticide, and mothers would dig the graves of their own infants yet living, bury them, throw the earth upon them, spread the mat over them, and (while the child was perhaps yet struggling) eat their meal in self-complacency." That is the stern picture of man without the Bible, and that, in greater or less degrees, pervades all pagan countries and every country, just in proportion as the Gospel of the Son of God fails of effect; and the first meaning of this prophecy I understand to be the restoration of parental love. And the second I take to be the proper inclination of parental love. For now the grand evil in christian countries is, not that parents do not love their children, but that their love is often the ruin of their children. Misguided parental love now characterizes nominal christendom. The great care of the greater part of parents is for the earthly welfare of their children; but when the Spirit of God shall come, as predicted in Malachi, parents will begin to feel that their children are immortal, and that they are to train them for glory and immortality, and not for honor—the bubble that bursts in the hand of him that seizes it—and not for the pampering of the flesh—and not for the attainment of a station, from which death can cast them down to perdition, but for the attainment of those seats of glory, from which he shall never be cast out that once has possession by grace. The restoration of parental affection, and the guidance of parental affection, are to characterize the advancing march of christianity through our sinful, wretched world.

In every age of christianity there have undoubtedly been individual parents that have understood (to a remarkable degree, compared with those around them) their parental duties. We mean not to say that there are not *now* in the churches a great many mothers that have a very wide, comprehensive, active

view of parental duty; we mean not to say that there are not now in the churches women who, if their character, and their maternal history, and their domestic life could be held out to the world, might be a model to the world. We speak not of these blessed exceptions, we speak of the general fact; and all the remarks which we make upon the subject must be understood in their general accuracy and general bearing. But we believe that a day is dawning, like the day prophesied by Malachi. And one of the first fruits, perhaps, of the wide awakening of the consciences of mothers and the hearts of mothers has been the formation of MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Association! The world is just beginning to understand its power in some of the highest interests of man. And I confess that it was not without surprise, coming from a country in which these associations for mothers are rapidly spreading, and coming from a church, in the bosom of which I have witnessed, from year to year, their blessed influence—it was not without surprise that I found intelligent and devoted christian mothers here, with strong and even insuperable objections to the existence of Maternal Associations. I therefore come with this embarrassment; I come as an American, acquainted with American institutions and American society, and unacquainted comparatively with English institutions and English society, and therefore I may not speak wisely; but you will understand what I say to be spoken with that degree of light that I possess, and for that alone can I be responsible. My impression is that mothers *ought to associate*; under what circumstances, and by what principles to be regulated, must be left to the wisdom of those that are in the particular locality, judging of local circumstances and of local habits; but I know not why the great and glorious principle of combined strength and combined counsel, when two are stronger than one, should not be brought to bear upon the general duty of *mothers*. I can conceive of but one general objection; and that is, that mothers may feel that their duties are discharged by being members of, or going to, the Maternal Association; whereas that would be an utter perversion, for the design is to fit mothers for the duties of home by mutual counsel and mutual encouragement.

My commission is to recommend to you, this day, the formation and the universal adoption (under whatever modifications you may find best) of Maternal Associations. And as your patience will allow me, I will dwell in confirmation of this position upon the arguments that are most prominent before my own mind.

(To be continued.)

EDUCATION.

PART I. HISTORY OF EDUCATION, ANCIENT AND MODERN. PART II. A PLAN OF CULTURE AND INSTRUCTION, BASED ON CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES, AND DESIGNED TO AID IN THE RIGHT EDUCATION OF YOUTH, PHYSICALLY, INTELLECTUALLY, AND MORALLY. BY H. L. SMITH, A. M. PROF. IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AT GETTYSBURG, PENN. NEW-YORK, HARPER & BROTHERS, 1842.

We have given the whole title-page of this book, that our readers may see at once the design of the work. We have seldom perused a work with as much interest as the one before us. Every young mother should possess the book. It would save a vast amount of unnecessary suffering on the part of the infant as well as the mother.

Part I. Contains the History of Education, commencing with the Old World, and thus coming down to the christian or modern world. This part, as a matter of history, is interesting, especially as it shows what christianty has done towards perfecting education. "What no Priest on the Ganges, the Nile, the Euphrates could accomplish with all their wisdom and their mysteries; what no teacher like Zerdush, Confucius, Pythagorus, or Socrates had been able to achieve, that was done by poor fishermen from the obscure sea of Tiberias." "Such is the nature of Christianity. It cultivates, it forms the individual to resemblance of God, and it develops the human race to the attainment of its destinies." Especially is this true when applied to woman.

But our object in noticing this book was more particularly to call the attention of our readers to the second part. This "plan

of youthful culture and instruction" is divided into three heads, physical, intellectual and moral.

Under the head of physical culture, the Author notices three principal errors in the training of infants. 1. Inadequate protection from cold. 2. Inappropriate food. 3. Improper domestic medical treatment.

1. The exposure of infants to a low temperature, whether from deficient or improper clothing, will prove injurious to them. "The researches of Doctors Fontanelle and Trevisano, of Italy, also sustain these views: from them we draw the following conclusions: 1. That out of one hundred children born during the winter months, sixty-six die in the first month of life. 2. Out of one hundred born in summer, only seventeen die during the first month. 3. Out of one hundred born in spring and autumn, only about one half die during the *first year;* and, 4. That the mortality is greater among children born in northern than those born in southern climates.

"From these physiological principles and facts, so clearly ascertained, it is evident that infants should be furnished with a greater amount of clothing than adults. Agreeably, however, to the present mode of attiring infants, especially in fashionable life, not only are they more thinly clad than the parent, but large portions of the surface are wholly uncovered. Nothing is more common than to see children with their arms, necks, and upper portions of the chest bare, thus exposing these parts to the continued sedative influence of a low temperature.

"When we reflect on the close sympathy that exists between the skin and the internal organs of the body, we have under such circumstances, no difficulty in deciding upon the probable cause of disease in the liver, lungs, stomach, bowels and brain; and hence croup, catarrh, fever, diarrhœa, cholera, and convulsions are frequent consequences, but constitute parts only of that wide outlet to infant life which deficient clothing creates. Some endeavor to justify their practice by maintaining that such exposure is calculated to inure their children to the impressions of cold, and to render them hardy. This *may* be the result with those who have stamina sufficient to survive the experi-

ments, but, before the system is thus invigorated, the child may be carried off by some inflammatory affections produced by such exposure. I have often had occasion to admire the ruddy health which characterizes the children of the plain people of the country, who, in matters of this kind, follow the indications of nature and the dictates of common sense. These cover from the commencement, the entire surface of their children in winter with warm flannel, and in summer with cotton; they rarely have any diseases among their children except such as are natural, and these, in a majority of instances, are so mild as not to require medical treatment. I do not remember, during a practice of fourteen years, to have been called to a case of croup, catarrh, or cholera in such a family; and I have frequently met with such families, who had raised from ten to fourteen children without having at any time had occasion to call in a physician. The pure air of the country, I am aware, also exerts a healthful influence; but we have *there* also seen undue exposure producing disease; while *in town* we have known many instances of ameliorated health by the adoption of more suitable clothing, in families whose children had previously suffered in consequence of improper clothing."*

2. Inappropriate food.—Under this head the author notices the abundant provision which the benevolent Author of all being has made in the mother, the proper and only food for the infant, art cannot supply nor does nature afford any adequate substitute for the milk of the mother. When therefore, in consequence of sickness or death, it becomes necessary to deviate from the regular course of nature, "the first food given should differ in its properties as little as possible from that which the infinitely wise Creator has himself supplied for the first stage of human life."

3. Improper Domestic Medical Treatment.—The following extracts will give a true picture of many families: "Were proper attention paid to infants in their diet and clothing,

* These extracts we learn were furnished by D. Gilbert, M. D. of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

medical treatment would rarely become necessary. So soon, however, as the train of symptoms already detailed begins to manifest itself, the mother, or more officious nurse, without instituting any inquiry as to the cause, and the possibility of its removal, to the immediate relief of the little sufferer, forthwith administers some portion of active medicine, to be repeated as occasion may require, until they become alarmed, and send for their medical adviser, who is gravely informed 'that the child took slightly ill, and that notwithstanding full and repeated doses of calomel, magnesia, rhubarb or laudanum were given, it continued getting worse and worse!' But, not content with giving drugs when disease is supposed to be present, many mothers are in the habit of constantly keeping and administering one or more of the many opiate nostrums and cordials, merely in order to quiet the child or procure it sleep. The basis of all these preparations consists of opium. The almost invariable effect of these is to impair the powers of the stomach, to retard the development and growth of the body, to injure the nervous system, and to induce a state of the entire system adverse to the health and life of the child. But the evil of indulging in the use of opiates does not stop in merely producing disease, for death is very frequently the result. Agreeably to a report printed by order of the House of Commons in England, it appears that of all inquests held in England and Wales in 1837 and 1838 in cases of death from poison, one-seventh of the whole number resulted from the carelessness of mothers and nurses in administering opiates, with the properties of which they were unacquainted. Mr. Brown, the coroner of Nottingham, England, also reports that great numbers of children are annually destroyed in that borough by the use of 'Godfrey's Cordial.' There are, doubtless, many such cases which never become subjects of official notice, and the cause of death is reported as unknown. The majority of cases of this kind are the result of errors as regards the particular article intended to be administered, or in the amount of the dose. Cases of this kind frequently come under the observation of the physician.

"Although we designed, in the commencement, to confine our-

selves to a few hints on these three principal errors which obtain in the physical education of infancy, we cannot under this last head refrain from adverting to the moral effect of opiates, when regularly administered to infants. The effect of this narcotic is to obtund the sensibilities of the nervous system; to becloud that sprightly vivacity which gives an irresistible charm to the speaking countenance of the infant; to induce stupor—narcotism. We may easily conceive that permanence may be given to these effects by a frequent and long-continued use of this poison just at a time when the brain and the nervous system, the organs of the soul, are being called into exercise, and manifest their earliest developments. We have met with several cases in which the children of sprightly and intelligent parents were dull, inactive and stupid at adult age, notwithstanding they had good opportunities of education; and on making inquiry, our suspicions were verified by the information that during infancy those persons had, daily and regularly, portions of quieting medicines administered to them; and that when an extraordinary engagement on the part of the mother, whether at home or abroad, had required it, a double portion had been given. But the moral malady thus induced extends still farther. In the majority of the male members of those families there seemed to exist a natural propensity to *intemperance*.

"Never can I forget the heart-rending self-reproaches of an intelligent christian mother, who is now we trust in heaven. In speaking to me of the case of her son, she exclaimed, 'Alas! my poor, wandering, forlorn, lost, firstborn son! He was intemperate from his boyhood; and O! mine is the guilt, for I made him a drunkard. He was a cross and fretful child; I gave him stimulating cordials and opiates; he continued to crave them when several years old; and ever after when he could obtain spirits of any kind he would have them. Thus I made him what he is. O! that I had withheld from him the pernicious drugs! My poor lost boy!'"

Our limits compel us to defer the notice of the INTELLECTUAL and MORAL training till another number.

For the Mother's Magazine.

PARENTAL GOVERNMENT.

No. III.

Having in a former article defined the limits of parental legislation, we now proceed more specifically to notice some of its most essential incidents. According to the usual definition of the term *law*, it is made to include every manifestation of the will of the governor, which relates to the conduct of the governed, provided only that it carries with it the obligation of obedience. This definition would include the whole business of instruction, even in relation to points concerning which the authority of the parent, from a want of ability to coerce obedience, would prove utterly useless. It has been already said, that while the parent is bound to educate the consciences and hearts of his children, these faculties cannot legitimately become the subjects of compulsion. While we are discussing the elements of parental legislation, then, let it be remembered that we speak of those rules of action only, which the parent has both the right and the ability to enforce. The duty of instruction will form a separate head. We now confine ourselves to the consideration of coercive legislation—a legislation that is designed to control the conduct of children by the mere force of authority. In the further discussion of this topic we notice the following particulars:

1. Every rule of action prescribed by a parent for the government of his children should be both clear and specific. Rules, that are either ambiguous or of doubtful significance, are worse than useless; they are calculated to mislead and to beget inattention, if not positive disrespect. Yet very many parents give out their commands in terms so hurried and general, that their children find great difficulty in applying them. Such commands can never be regarded as furnishing suitable tests of obedience; nor can the child upon whom they are imposed, in any circumstances, be justly convicted of transgression. A law that is

couched in terms of obscurity, or, that is not adequately published, is palpably unjust; it operates as a mere trap for the unwary. It often happens in parental history, that a command is given with entire clearness, and precision; and yet the child, to whom it is uttered, owing to a pre-occupation of the mind by some exciting object, remains nearly or quite ignorant of its true import. It is of the very first importance, then, that the parent, in uttering command, or prescribing a law for the government of his child, should be entirely certain that it is clearly understood; else his government will, in many cases, become absolutely tyrannical. The faculty of attention, in young children, is apt to be exceedingly wayward, and the act of giving a command that fails to arrest it is as cruel as it is unjust. This is a point to which every parent is solemnly bound to give the most diligent heed. While neglecting it he can neither acquire nor retain the confidence or respect of those who have the misfortune to be the subjects of his authority.

2. Every law or command must be carefully adapted to the capacities of those who are to be governed by it. A parent who requires of his child the performance of an act that is beyond his capacity or skill, is guilty of gross oppression. An act of this description cannot be too highly censured. It is not often that parents exact services of their children for the performance of which they are physically incompetent; but it is not by any means infrequent that they are guilty of demanding an amount of skill utterly inconsistent with their years and with their experience. All such exactions are obviously unjust, and should be studiously avoided.

3. Parental laws should be both reasonable and just. We have already seen that a parent has no right by his commands to sanction a violation of the law of God; and we now add that all his commands in relation to those subjects, even concerning which the law of God is silent, should be consistent with the dictates of sound reason. It will be remembered that the will of the parent, in such cases, is substituted in the place of *infinite intelligence;* it cannot be tolerated, therefore, that its dictates should be either unjust or irrational. It is not always necessary, or even

advisable, that the child should fully perceive the reason which dictated the command. Such a course would, in the end, lead to the substitution of the will of the child for the will of the parent, and thus defeat the main object of parental authority. If we look at the history of the Divine administration we shall find that God has acted on a very different principle. In a few instances, he has kindly furnished us with the reasons which dictated particular commands; but in others, the precepts are left in the abstract form of a positive enactment without any reference to the reasons which originated them. The instances of the former kind are sufficiently numerous to induce a confident belief that all his enactments are reasonable and just; yet the cases of the latter kind are sufficiently frequent to show most clearly that he does not intend to part with his sovereignty. No one of his commands, however, can be shown to be repugnant to our reason; and we are hence bound to infer that all his requirements have originated in the dictates of wisdom. A similar rule should be adopted by parents. They should sometimes give the reasons which influence their commands, so that their children may learn to confide in their superior intelligence. At other times they should utter their requirements in the tone of absolute and irresponsible authority, in order that their children may not forget their filial allegiance. But they should give no law which may be seen to be repugnant to sound reason. They could not, otherwise, maintain their hold upon the conscience, nor retain the respect of the governed.

4. A parent should never utter an unconditional command without a full determination to see that it is promptly obeyed; nor a prohibition, without a like determination, in case of transgression, to inflict an adequate penalty. A law which is habitually disregarded with impunity is not simply a dead letter; it is a practical dethronement of the lawgiver; and the parent who contents himself with uttering good precepts without seeking to enforce them, is guilty of a downright surrender of his parental authority. More than this; he is guilty of withholding from his children, and through them from future generations, one of the most essential elements of moral and religious development. Let it be re-

membered, then, that every command, and every prohibition, whatever may be its character, is to be followed out, if disobeyed, by a thorough and careful process of coersion. To this rule there is but one exception, involving the right of pardon; but as we shall have more to say on this point under a subsequent head, it is sufficient here to remark, that the right itself is not an arbitrary one.

5. We have already intimated that a law that is merely preceptive cannot be regarded in any other light than as a simple act of advice; and that advice, although important and in itself reasonable, is very far from constituting the chief instrument in the science of government. The term itself necessarily involves the idea of control; and in as much as a law that is practically disregarded, by those who are under obligations to obey it, is utterly useless, it follows that every such law should be connected with appropriate sanctions. Nothing short of this can secure its efficacy. All laws are either mandatory or prohibitory; and as parental government was instituted for the specific purpose of forming and developing the character of its subjects, and not for the infliction of ultimate retribution; it is evident that all penalties to which the parent has recourse, should be wisely adapted to the same result. In carrying out this idea, we shall find that there is a wide distinction between the two classes of laws, rendering it necessary that their penalties should be directed to specifically different objects. In reference to mandatory laws, or laws requiring the performance of some particular duty, it is obvious that punishment, when needful, should be administered with the view of compelling a literal compliance with the command. In such a case the punishment is not simply retributive, it is to be regarded chiefly as a direct mean of specific and future action. When a prohibitory law, or a law forbidding the performance of a particular act, is violated, the punishment must be administered with the view of inflicting pain for a past transgression, and is in its nature retributive. Let us illustrate this thought. A parent directs a child to shut the door, and the child refuses to obey. Here is a transgression of a mandatory law, which the parent resolves to punish. Now if his ob-

ject was retributive only, he might himself shut the door, and then inflict the needful amount of chastisement, and yet leave his child in a state of actual rebellion. But if the punishment had been resorted to as a means of compelling the performance of the thing commanded, the child would not have triumphed in his sin. Suppose, on the other hand, that the parent had prohibited the use of profane language, and the child had been detected in uttering an oath. In the case of such a transgression the parent has but one recourse. He can punish retributively, but he cannot recall the act of transgression.

6. Having shown the necessity of penal sanctions, it now remains only to remark, that they should be both reasonable and adequate. It is not necessary that the penalty should always be expressed in the command; it is sufficient if the child understands either from the express declarations of the parent or from the uniformity of his practice, that it is intended. In the case of mandatory laws, the penalty should be such as to secure a prompt obedience; but in the case of laws that are prohibitory, it should be graduated by the enormity of the crime. No parent has a right, however, to maim or otherwise permanently to injure his children, either in body or in mind. THETA.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

A GEM.

"Give us such boys as have been blessed with the instructions of a pious mother. This is a qualification for which no substitute can be found on earth. Never would we despair of the child who has been used in his infancy to hear the precepts of heavenly truth inculcated in the accents of maternal love. Truths thus distilled live for ever in the memory. They are interwoven with all the sensibilities of the soul. They are the fortress of conscience, not impregnable, it is true, but indestructible. They furnish the mind with chords which in after life seldom fail to vibrate to the touch of faithful expostulation. They are as inextinguish-

able sparks, which being seemingly smothered under a heap of friendly and spiritual counsel, rise into the pure and genial flame of piety."

For the Mother's Magazine.

A LETTER FROM REV. MR. GOODELL, ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER.

CONSTANTINOPLE, August 18, 1843.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

The intelligence contained in your letter of the 5th ult. was not unexpected. Our father had attained to a great age, lacking only five days of being eighty-six years old. He was full of days, but still more full of faith and the Holy Ghost. How long he had "borne the image of the earthly" before he was renewed in the spirit of his mind I know not; but I know he had long borne "the image of the heavenly." Nor have I any idea when or by what means it was that his religion assumed so decidedly a patriarchal character; but as long ago as I can remember he always appeared to maintain much of that same constant intercourse with heaven, which in his later years we can hardly suppose was ever interrupted in his waking hours for fifteen minutes at a time. Though I can look back some forty-five years or more, yet I cannot look back to the year when he was not living a life of faith, and prayer, and self-denial, of deadness to the world and of close walk with God. This was the more remarkable, as in the church, of which in those days he was a member, there was never, to the best of my remembrance, more than one individual, and not always even one, who could fully sympathise with him in his religious views and feelings. In christian experience he certainly seemed "higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upward;" and those great evangelical doctrines of the Gospel, which his own minister never preached, and his own church never adopted into her creed, were his meat and

drink. "*The raven, though an unclean bird, brought food to Elijah,*" was a common expression of his on returning from church, where he had been able to pick out of much chaff a few crumbs of the bread of life. His privileges were few; prayer-meetings were unknown; the sum total, or about the sum total of his library was the Family Bible, one copy of Watts' Psalms and Hymns, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Pike's Cases of Conscience, the second volume of Fox's Book of Martyrs, and last, but not least, the Assembly's Catechism. But, though his means of grace were thus limited, yet, meditating day and night on God's law, his roots struck deep; and he was like a tree planted by the rivers of water, whose leaf is always green, and whose fruit is always abundant. Whoever saw him riding on horseback would, if he kept himself concealed, be almost sure to see him engaged in prayer. Whoever should work with him in seed-time or harvest, would find his thoughts as actively employed above as his hands were below. His employments were all holy, and the implements of husbandry he used were all consecrated to Christ. Whoever of the Lord's people met with him by day or by night, at home or abroad, alone or in company, would always find him ready to sit right down with them in heavenly places, in order to comprehend "what is the length, and breadth, and depth and height" of the love of Christ. What the woman of Samaria could not understand he would have understood at once, and would have seized hold of the very first hint thrown out by our Savior for spiritual conversation, however distant and obscurely given that hint might have been; for "he, that is spiritual judgeth all things."

Being the youngest of the family, you can have but an indistinct recollection of the small house on the side of the hill, containing two small rooms and a garret, floored with loose and rough boards, where twelve of us were born; and of the small clump of apple-trees before the door, where your elder brothers and sisters played in the days of their thoughtless childhood. There, with no lock to any door, and no key to any trunk, or drawer, or cupboard; there, where, as I am told, nothing now remains but an old cellar hole, which may even itself, long before

this, have been filled up; there our godly father prayed for us with all prayer and supplication in the spirit; there, on every Sabbath eve, he asked us those solemn, important and all comprehensive questions, from that blessed Catechism of the Assembly of divines; and there, with eyes and heart raised to heaven, he used to sing to the tune of Old Rochester,

"God, my supporter and my hope,
"My help for ever near;
"Thine arm of mercy held me up,
"When sinking in despair."

And there, too, our mother of precious memory, though, as she died when you were but six months old, you remember her not—there she lived a life of poverty, patience, meekness and faith. There she used to sit and card her wool by the light of the pine knot, and sing to us those sweet words,

"Hov'ring among the leaves, there stands
"The sweet celestial Dove;
"And Jesus on the branches hangs
"The banner of his love."—WATTS.

And there, too, almost thirty-four years ago, we assembled early one morning in her little bed-room to see her die. Her peace was like a river; she was full of triumph; and she was able to address to us words of heavenly consolation till she had actually crossed over into shallow water within one minute of the opposite banks of the Jordan—*heaven and all its glories full in view.* Precious woman! though no man knoweth the place of thy sepulchre, and thy children have not been able to find the spot, in order to erect a humble inscription to thy memory; yet thy Savior, who loved thee with an everlasting love, and in whom even in the darkest hours thou didst have such sweet confidence, will watch over thy dust, and thou shalt be recognized at the resurrection of the just. "*Were my children but pious,*" thou didst often say in thy last long sickness, "*how cheerfully could I leave them and go away.*" But, what thine eyes were not permitted to behold, have not the angels long since told thee. viz. that the

eight children thou didst leave behind, with all, or all but one of their partners, were partakers of that blessed Gospel 'which was all thy salvation and all thy desire,' and that three of thy sons were engaged in proclaiming it to others? Yes, God hath heard thy prayers, and "*hath remembered his holy covenant*," as we all are witnesses this day.

But before I close, I must say something more of the early habits and character of our venerable father. The little farm he once possessed, if it were not all *ploughed* over, was I am confident almost every foot of it *prayed* over. And some dried apples from it, which a subsequent owner sent me a few years since, were to me "as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed." In all his intercourse with his neighbors in the way of barter and trade, he always seemed to be more careful lest *their* interests should suffer, than lest his *own* should,—looking on *their* side with his good eye, (if one was better than the other,) and on his *own* side with his evil one. And the same conscientiousness he observed in his dealings with a stranger. And, judging from my early impressions, I should think that he never spoke to a stranger, or seldom saw one, without lifting up his heart in prayer for him. He was full of the Millenium and of the Missionary spirit, long before the existence of the Missionary Herald, or of the American Board, or of the Panoplist even—and even before the Connecticut Missionary Society sent their Missionaries away off to the distant regions of Ohio—praying daily for both Jews and Gentiles—saying with the Psalmist, "Let the people praise thee, O God; let the people praise thee, all of them"—and being like his uncle Solomon Goodell, ready and desirous to contribute something for the spread of the glorious Gospel long before he had an opportunity for so doing. It must now be twenty-five or twenty-six years since I left my studies at Andover for a few weeks, and rode through the country to obtain evidence that he was a soldier of the revolution; since which time he has lived on his pension of ninety-six dollars a-year. And who knows but He, "who keepeth covenant and mercy," had special reference to him when he stirred up Congress to pass that pension law! He served three years in

the revolutionary war; and I was struck with the fact you communicated of its being early on the morning of the memorable 4th of July, amidst the roaring of cannon, that he slept in peace. And though to his children he left none inheritance, no not so much as one cent, yet in his godly example and prayers he has left them the very richest legacy which any father ever bequeathed his children. And I have often thought, that should Jehovah address us as he did his people of old, instead of calling himself the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and Jacob, he would call himself the *God of our own father*. O how little do good neighbors, who showed such kindness to the living and to the dead of our family, know what a rich father we had!

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth
"From loins enthron'd and rulers of the earth;
"But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
"The son of parents passed into the skies."

Yes, it is a rare privilege we have all enjoyed in being descended from such parents. They were the children of the Great King. They belonged to the royal family. Their names were on the catalogue of princes, and of those that live for ever. They daily walked abroad with the conscious dignity of being heirs to a great estate, even an incorruptible inheritance. And they have now gone to sit down with Christ on his throne. "And they shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more." O how I love to look back and see how, with no ambitious aspirings after worldly gain, or pleasure, or honor, they humbly walked with God! how from day to day they deliberately sought both for themselves and for their children, first of all "the kingdom of God and his righteousness!" and how in this scoffing world they were so united to Christ as apparently to have no separate interest or existence—it not being so much "they that lived, as Christ living in them!" It was doubtless a mercy to them that they never at any time possessed much of this world's goods, and that through much illness in the family, they were at times reduced to great straits; and a mercy to us that we had to bear the yoke in our youth, and often to make our meal of salt and potatoes; and I have often found it in my heart

to bless God for all his dealings with them and with us. And O may neither we, nor our children, ever be left unchastised and uncorrected by him! Let us choose rather to receive for our profit those chastenings, however severe, whereof all the sons of God are partakers. And why, my brother, should any of us be anxious to leave our children any other inheritance than was left to us? If we leave them this, and they avail themselves of it, then, though *we* be dead, they shall still have a Father who will provide for them, and take care of them, and bless them, and make them happy for ever.

And is our father gone, who prayed for us so much? Let us be thankful that the Great Intercessor "*ever* liveth to make intercession for us;" and more than ever let us avail ourselves of his mediation and atonement, of his grace and strength, and of his righteousness and spirit; and more than ever let us now pray for ourselves and for all our brothers and sisters. And is our father dead? Let us arise and give thanks to God that good men *may* die. Let us give *special* thanks that our father and mother are no longer

"*In this world of sin and sorrow.*"

And let us be more careful than ever to "be followers of those who through faith and patience are now inheriting the promises," being sinners saved by grace alone.

Thus prays your ever affectionate brother,

W. Goodell.

THE GRAVE.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

I have spoken of Home—the home of the living. Next let me speak of the Grave—the home of the dead. It is pleasant to contemplate this portion of our existence; I say not *life*, for there is no life in the grave, but the body *exists* there. Different forms indeed does it assume, but it is *imperishable*. No evidence

has ever been produced of the annihilation of matter. That dust, too, is very precious to survivors. The communing spirit has fled, but the mortal body is left with us. Those features are not at once obliterated, but remain sufficiently long to impress on the memory of the heart an exact and indelible image. So we have our dead with us. Go to the grave. Beneath that grassy mound reposes the venerable form of your father. It is a sacred spot. Speak not while there, but let meditation ascend the intellectual throne. Let the soul silently question itself. Did I ever inflict a pang on that bosom which is now silent in the grave? Oh my Father in heaven, who dost never die, forgive the guilty waywardness of childhood. Or does my mother lie here? How lightly do the evening dews fall on the grave of this saint! Her peaceful heart throbs no more for the young and the thoughtless. My mother! "Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried." The grave is voiceless, yet from this peaceful retreat I seem to hear a mother's voice, saying, "Meet me in the better land." David the king would have lavished his royal favors on Barzillai, whom he urged to come to the city and the palace; but the good old octogenarian loved his home and the graves of his fathers. "May I die in mine own city," said he, "by the grave of my father and my mother." Yes, you spoke the language of nature. So would filial affection have it. I can have but one mother. But pass we along. Here lies my sister. She was a gentle creature. Often have the winning tones of that soft voice, like those of some angel-spirit, warned me from the brink of moral danger. She was a mildly-beaming star in that little sphere of home. Sister, I loved thee in life. I loved thee in death. Can I ever forget that last farewell—the final kindling of that dark blue eye, on which, ere it closed, a ray from heaven seemed to fall. I love this dust. Rest in peace. And here, too, is my child; the last, the least of mine, oh grave, which thou hast taken to thy cold embrace, but not the only one thou shalt have. We come apace to join our loved ones, not fearing either the sting of death or the victory of the grave; for the one is extracted, and the other is anticipated by Him who died that we all might live. Grave! thou hast many hostages. Thou shalt have all, but

only for the appointed time. Plant flowers here. Let the earliest buds of spring unfold their beauty near our dead. Let the last rose of summer linger in its sweetness here. And if the cold winds of autumn, sweeping over, shall lay them in the dust, they shall bloom again in the spring. So in the bright morning of the world's redemption, shall the mortal forms that repose beneath them spring to life and immortal beauty in the skies!

Youth's Cabinet.

HOW TO MAKE A HAPPY HOME.

It is not the imposing majesty of a sumptuous mansion, nor the hollow glare of gaudy furniture, nor the obsequious attentions of servants; nor even of children, that makes a home of home and keeps alive the sacred blessedness of a married life. No, but it is the steady exercise of those holy charities, that soothe the sorrows, and smooth the asperities of our nature. Those little evidences of sincere esteem, those spontaneous expressions of affection and tenderness, those unpremeditated smiles and tears at each other's joy or sorrow, that affectionate officiousness which volunteers more readily as service becomes more difficult,—these are the things that give to home its purest and most powerful attractions; where these abound, the mind reposes in all the confidence of conscious safety, and in all the satisfaction of ample enjoyment.

Mutual respect and attention between man and wife are essential to render them respectable in the eyes of their domestics and children; and also to maintain that healthy flow of soul, that cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit so necessary in bearing the ills and performing the duties of life. As kindness and respectful treatment are due to all persons, so they are specially due to ourselves as wife and husband; for we cannot love those whom we do not treat respectfully, nor can they love us in return. Let it then be a principle of established authority, like the laws

of the Medes and Persians, that changeth not, to extend to each other that affectionate attention which is mutually due between equals. Let every thing be studiously avoided that goes to lessen either party in their own estimation or in that of other persons; and let it never be forgotten, that even a smile or frown may gild with brightness, or overcast with clouds, that most sacred spot on earth which you call home. Domestic Circle.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

BY C. HUNTINGTON.

It was the sunset hour—and thousands came
From the lone villages and distant hills
Of far-off Galilee, to meet the Lord—
Bearing, with gentle step and anxious eye,
The sufferers of their race to Jesus' feet,
That he might lay his sin-subduing hand
In blessing on their wan and wasted frames,
And heal them with a sanctifying touch.

* * * * * *

Amid the crowds that, with adoring looks,
Hung on the footsteps of the Son of God,
A Galilean mother brought her child,
In its young loveliness—its laughing eyes
Dancing in dewy light—and, kneeling, pray'd
A benediction from those sinless lips
Upon the cherub-beauty of the babe—
But the disciples, with officious zeal,
Silenced the suppliant with this stern rebuke—
"Why troublest thou the Master?"

Jesus heard
And in displeasure turn'd his radiant eye
With a reproving glance on him that spake;
Then, in a voice of calm authority,
With gentle accents, briefly thus replied—
"Suffer these little ones to come to me,
Nor let them be forbidden—for of such
My Father's kingdom is."

Then Jesus took the infant in his arms,
And gently, with his blessed hand, put back
The silken curls that clustered on its brow;
And, bending o'er it, press'd his holy lips
Upon the stainless forehead of the babe—
Making the brow of childhood, from that hour,
A thing of holiness—the only shrine
Which the Redeemer hallowed with a kiss.

"Suffer these little ones to come to me,"
Was the command of Him who, on the cross,
Bow'd his anointed head, and with his blood
Purchased redemption for our fallen race—
And blessed they! who to that holy task
Devote the energies of their young years;
Teaching, with pious care, the dawning light
Of infant intellect to know the Lord.
Thrice blessed they! who guide, with gentle hand,
The timid steps of childhood in that path
Which (rightly trodden) leads the wanderers home,
Where they shall meet (the teachers and the taught)
On that blest Sabbath which shall have no end.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1844.

Original.

THE CRADLE.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

The Cradle is one of the appendages of Home. Think not lightly of it, oh man, for thou hast lain in it. When thou pridest thyself on thy manly form and thy mature mind, think how little thou once wast, when the cradle held thee. The cradle is suggestive. There we begin our existence. How much of that early existence is slept away in it! Is this for naught? Did Isaac, the child of promise and of prayer, occupy it to no purpose? The treasure in that cradle, which was rocked by the maternal hand of Sarah, was reserved to bless the world. "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." Was it in vain that the infant Moses was cradled amid the waters of the Nile, and watched by the sleepless eye of his fond mother? The emancipation of a nation furnishes the reply. And why so many prayers offered, so many tears shed for little Samuel? Ah, Hannah, thou didst call thyself "a woman of a sorrowful spirit," and didst "pour out thy soul before the Lord." Heaven heard thy prayer and gave thee such a son! How was that sorrow turned into joy, as thy hand rocked the cradle of thy first born: "For this child I prayed, and the Lord hath given

me my petition, which I asked of Him. Therefore also have I lent him to the Lord. As long as he liveth he shall be lent unto the Lord." Happy mother of a holy child! As was his birth, so was his life and his death. A nation went into mourning when Samuel died. Such is the power of faith—the potency of prayer.

Look at that sickly little boy in the cradle. The breath of life can hardly be kept in him. But a mother's love, which never wearies, is the guardian angel of these precarious hours. Who his father is I know not. Where he is, I cannot tell. He may be far off on the sea. He may moulder in the dust, and that mother may be a widow. A widow indeed she is, and her name is EUNICE. She is watching over the future minister of Christ, the companion of an apostle, a holy man and a candidate for heaven.

See another little boy asleep in his berth. His name is Isaac. If he had strength enough to creep out of his cradle, he would not have sense enough to keep out of the fire or to keep himself from falling down stairs. But while maternal affection plies its incessant task over helpless infancy, maternal anticipation may tremble for the future. Let patience, however, have its perfect work. Along with the development of the functions of the body is expansion of the powers of the mind. Isaac soon reciprocates the smile of his mother. There is intelligence. Time elapses. He understands the language of signs. That volume of voiceless eloquence—a mother's face—her eye, her smile, her frown, he reads before he can articulate a word. It is the first revelation of love to his soul. Time in its progress continues to unfold his intellect. It discloses masculine features. The child is becoming the father of the man. Whether he is endowed with the splendid attributes of an original genius is scarcely worth an inquiry. A more important qualification distinguishes him—that of intellectual industry. He thinks, studies, reasons, writes. He astonishes the world by the power of his intellect in the pursuit of the abstract sciences, in demonstrating the laws of nature, and leading the mind through nature up to Nature's God. He explores the sublime secrets of God in the works of creation. He seems to walk

among the stars, and having descended from "the flaming bounds of time and space," with the true humility of a profound mind, he considers himself but a child who as yet has played only with a few pebbles on the shore of a boundless ocean. Such was Sir Isaac Newton. I would give more to see the veritable cradle in which Sir Isaac was rocked, than all the idle relics of the old mother of abominations, from the gorgeous feather of the angel Gabriel down to the sacred mouse that has nibbled at the Host.

Contemplate another instance. Little Philip is laid aside to die, almost as soon as born, but the sheltering wing of Providence is spread over him, and he gains the cradle, that refuge of the weak, who cannot take care of themselves. He is nourished and cherished, trained and guided by his faithful mother, who associates the pleasures of the fireside with the acquisition of divine knowledge, and makes sure that her son never shall forget the "old Dutch tiles." This woman bestows in Doddridge a gift on the Church of God, inestimable and inconceivable. Could she have known what there was in embryo in that household cradle—how much pulpit eloquence—what strength of sacred emotion—what power of setting forth the excellence of Scripture—what sanctified poetry—what ability to delineate the rise and progress of religion in the soul, how would her maternal heart have leaped for joy! The fable of Hercules in his cradle strangling the serpent, like many other fables, points to a great truth. It is one of those truths of which no particular age can claim the honor of discovery, for it belongs to all.

It was said of Pindar that, as he lay in the cradle, "the bees swarmed about his mouth," that is, he was to be a sweet poet. Pope says of himself that he "lisped in numbers," and that he could not remember the time when he began to make verses Such is the power of infancy on maturity.

Come with me into this dwelling. Here is the parlor. There is the cradle. The mother who is watching that infant son is impenitent. He has never been consecrated to God, but the fire of genius is in his eye, the sweetness of eloquence is on his lips. As he lives and grows, he is all enthusiasm, all life and animation. Grace seeks him—Grace saves him. He preaches the

grace he once scorned, and there is still the impenitent Mother, proud of her high-minded and high-gifted son, whose presence and preaching in the pulpit throws a sort of enchantment over the multitudes that hang on his lips. The little chrysostom has become a mighty one. In the midst of all he is unhappy for his Mother. He weeps for her impenitence. The repose of midnight is disturbed with the image of his lost Mother. They meet to pray. He that was her cradled child bears the message to her heart. The convicted Mother rushes into the arms of her son, and embracing him, exclaims: "*My son, my son, must your Mother come to you? My boy, pray, pray for me.*" It was a scene beyond the touch of a mortal pencil. That night witnessed the birth of this mother into the kingdom of Christ, and great was the joy of that house. The son of her love was her spiritual father. Why need we resort to fiction? Facts are more impressive. And that is fact which I have just related. Mother, remember that no prayer offered in faith over that cradle is in vain. Thou wilt think so, if thou shalt ere long be called to dress thy child for the coffin and the grave.

THE NATURE AND INFLUENCE OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.—(Continued.)

BY REV. E. N. KIRK.

1. The first consideration that I urge is, the tendency of Maternal Associations to promote maternal education.

There may be an appearance of the want of sufficient respect, there may be an appearance of invidious comparison, when I say that mothers need to be educated. But I think that there is not this want of respect; for I think that I should say it even to my own mother,—"Are there not many things, that might have been rectified in my education, if you had had the light that a kind God is beginning to pour upon the great subject of maternal

duty ?"—and I should expect from that good sense and that piety which, I know, characterize her, to hear her say, "Yes, my son! every day that I live I am discovering my faults, my own neglects, my own want of a sense of maternal responsibility, my own want of a deep and solemn consideration of the importance of education; willingly would I go back, with the light I now have, and rear my family again."

There are unquestionably two classes of mothers in society; and therefore there is great propriety in the establishment of two kinds, or at least two branches, of Maternal Associations. There are those, who are competent to be to each other mutual instructors; and there are those, who, from the want of advantages of instruction, had better be subjected to the guidance of those to whom God has given more light. I say, then, "let there be the Mutual Instruction Maternal Association, and the Maternal Association in which one is instructed and the other a learner." And oh! if there be an angel-visit of mercy on this earth, it is for the enlightened Christian mother to go to the habitation of her poor and uninstructed sister, and teach her how to bear her burden, how to train her family. If God has given her light and given her love, let her go, as she has "freely received," and "*freely give*" it to the needy. It is worth more than the money and the clothing and the bread, though the money and the clothing and the bread should come with it.

I need not convince this assembly of the importance of the moral influence of a mother; I may dwell upon it for a moment, only to produce a deeper sense of that which we already know. It is unquestionable, that the hopes of human society and the hopes of the Church of God are to be found in the character, in the views and in the conduct of mothers. Though it is taking up the very lowest department of this subject, yet I will state one single fact on the civil bearings of Maternal Associations. I suppose that if you could trace the history of every criminal that stands at the bar of your courts of justice in this great metropolis (where there is so much good and so much evil), you would find that nearly every poor criminal there went through as regular an education as any physician or lawyer in your land; and I suppose

that you would find, that they had been trained, when children, as regularly by their mothers for the prison and the gibbet, as in our schools children are trained for the important duties of life. When I pass through your streets, and see the places where the polluting and fiery poison is sold, and see the mothers with the little infants at their breasts going into those nurseries of crime, those hot-beds of poverty and pollution, those gateways of death and hell, my heart bleeds within me. A mother, instead of the milk from her breast to nourish, and the "milk" of heavenly truth for the immortal mind of her child, pouring into its little system the fiery poison of hell! Bear with me; and, if I thought that there were a vender of the dreadful poison here, I could not but turn aside from the theme committed to me, to plead one moment with him;—so *cruel* does it seem to me for men to sell that which they know is to ruin body and soul, and to hand out the fiery glass to a mother to give it to her little child. Oh! is there no way of inducing these wicked men to quit their dreadful employ? It is all in vain that we establish prisons, that we carry out the penitentiary system; we shall only have to do it, so long as the mothers are training their children as they are We must have some improvement in the domestic education of the poor, if we want an improvement in our seats of crime and of poverty. And there is moral power enough in the Church to accomplish it. I know that sometimes there are difficulties; but I have seen these difficulties conquered. I have seen the persevering visits of one Christian lady conquer the obdurate heart of a most hardened drunkard, and at last make her sit down a willing learner at the feet of her benefactor; and I have seen the change in the order of the little cottage, the cleanliness of the children, the improved dress, the orderly habits, the regular attendance at the sanctuary, the improved disposition and conduct of the little children, all coming from the fact that one Christian mother, who knew the duty of a mother, and the importance of a mother, had gone to this poor woman, and waited on her "in the bowels of compassion" that belong to Christ and to his people, until she had persuaded her to do her duty as a mother.

I dwell on this one branch of the subject—the civil influence alone, that I may on that rest your conviction of all the higher results, that are to come from the right guiding of a mother's mind, and the right guiding of human character between the ages of two years and twelve or fifteen, which is the peculiar sphere of the mother's influence. I wish to "magnify the office" of the mother; and I think the whole tendency of these Maternal Associations is to bring it out, and hold it out to the view of mothers and of the world, in all its magnitude and importance. Napoleon Buonaparte was a man of shrewd observation, and he once said to Madam Campan—"The old systems of education are worth nothing; what is wanted for the proper training of young persons in France?" With keen discernment and great truth she replied in one word—"*Mothers.*" This word struck the Emperor; and the thought grew upon him. "Behold, then," said he, "an entire system of education! you must make mothers, that know how to train their children."

The influence of Rousseau, with all his infidelity, has been in some respects good on France. His object unquestionably in one of his works was to give citizens to the nation; and he commenced with mothers. "The mother's milk," said he, "should be the milk of liberty." He resorted to the mothers, because he wanted to bring back mankind to truth, simplicity and noble sentiments based on benevolence; and all that was good,—for there was some good, and it is growing still,—all that was good in the terrible French revolution, it appears to me, can be traced to the influence of his writings, almost the only pure stream that did flow in those times. But he failed, in trusting too little to the importance of the character of the mother, and having no sense of the necessity of training children for heaven.

Man was born for the atmosphere of love; and when we tear the little child from its mother, and send it to a stranger, and to the stern teaching of a stranger, no one can tell how he feels his loss, and how his little heart sighs for his home, and for the smile of his mother, which was the sun of his home. Virtue is not so much taught to children as infused into them; and infused into them at their first stage. Pestalozzi, the great Swiss instructor,

has traced what may be (it appears to me that it probably is, but, whether it is or not, it suggests an important principle) the first discovery of the principles of moral government in the intercourse of the child and his mother. (By the first idea of moral government I mean this—I have a will of my own, but there is a will exterior to mine and above mine, and that will has a right to limit mine.) He supposed a little child to begin to move his arm, and, as is natural, to find pleasure in the freedom of the movement, to find his delight in that motion to a certain length; but he supposes him to meet, in trying one day to make this movement, the obstruction of a table—and perhaps it is the first idea he gets of external existence; then he supposes that the mother comes in, checks the child, and forbids him to do something that he wishes to do; the child begins to discover the difference between the involuntary table, the mere mass of matter that physically obstructed his movement, and the interposition of a will that interrupted him, and he supposes the first idea that there is a will out of us and above us to come thus; and then conscience wakes up with the feeling, 'I ought to submit to that will.' And the great secret of family training is, to teach the child that he is to bow his will to the will that governs in the family; and then the great secret of religious training is, to teach him to bow his will to the will of God, and to say, "Thy will be done:" and, if he were brought to this on earth, he would come to stand in heaven among those shining ranks, whose entire feeling is, "Thy will be done." And how peculiarly is the mother fitted to exert this kind of influence on the mind of her child, because she can temper the sternness of that rigid will, that does not bend to the child's desire, with all the sweetness of love, and appeal to all the child's sense of dependence and of obligation to make it acceptable! The eloquence of a mother's lips must first persuade the child to virtue.

The first impressions that should be made upon man's angelic mind, unquestionably are such as we trust will flourish in heaven; and God has committed to mothers the work of teaching their children to prefer honor to fortune, to succor distress, to love

their fellows, to raise their hearts to God. I have been much struck with a remark made by a French writer. Of sixty-nine monarchs, who have worn the French crown, he says, only three have loved the people, and all those three were reared by their mothers without the intervention of pedagogues. A. Bossuet educated the tyrant Louis XIV.; his mother did not train him. St. Louis was trained by Blanche; Louis XII. was trained by Maria of Cleves; and Henry IV. was trained by Jane of Albret; and these were really the fathers of their people. "Good professors can make *good scholars*," says this author; "but good mothers alone can make *good men*."

The incidental effect of our Maternal Associations is to elicit attention and talent to the great subject of maternal duty, and to draw forth those great lessons of wisdom, that mothers need to learn in order to fit them to fulfil it.

2. I will present a second consideration; the tendency of mothers associating together, as mothers, to confer on their duties and their difficulties, is to quicken the sense of their responsibility

As "iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." There is something in the social principle, when consecrated to the great work of personal holiness, on which the blessing of God seems peculiarly to rest. Hence there is so much said in the Bible of the value of social prayer; hence it is said, "Exhort one another daily." And I think it an advantage to have system in this. It is an advantage for mothers to meet periodically, and to have regular seasons for exhorting each other in each other's duties, and for increasing in each other's minds the sense of those duties. A periodical revival of this impression must, with the blessing of God, be very useful.

(Continued.)

Original.

AMBITIOUS PARENTS.

BY E. W. CHESTER, ESQ.

The poison of ambition is often so instilled by parents and others into the young heart, as to embitter the future days of their offspring. "He is a smart boy, and will make a judge some day." "Learn your book well and you may become a Governor." "You shall be a lawyer, if you study hard." The child is thus made to look for something in a different sphere of life, and to be discontented with that of his parents.

How many days of anxiety and disappointment must have had their origin in an ambition thus awakened, no arithmetic can estimate. Instead of preparing for sober usefulness in fields which must always be occupied by the mass of men, a struggle commences in the young breast for something higher and more honorable, according to the notions he has received. Parents degrade themselves and their condition by making their children feel that it is ignoble and unworthy. They present this condition to the imagination of their children in contrast with something more bright and fascinating. They teach them in effect, that there is neither honor nor pleasure, save in office or a learned profession. And if neither can be reached, a life of discontent lies before them.

Few who thus speak to children are aware of the suffering through life which a majority of professional men endure. They are thrown into relations in life demanding large expenditures, and if dependent entirely on their success in business, they are fortunate if they find themselves, after years of struggling, enjoying an income sufficient to render them barely easy. They must necessarily come in competition with men, their equals or superiors in talents, backed by all the advantages of years, experience and public confidence. None, who have not tried it, can estimate the amount of anxiety and suffering often endured in professional life. The farmer and artizan may economize and adapt their expenses to their income, but the expenses of a

professional man must go on, whatever his income. An unfortunate ambition has already crowded the learned professions to more than repletion. The aggregate income is inadequate, if properly distributed, to the comfortable support of those engaged in them, while some, enjoying, from their reputation and skill, an amount much above their wants, leave a greatly larger number without the means of decent support.

The life of a farmer or artizan ought not to be regarded as beneath an honorable ambition. He, who by prudence and skill is successful in these, occupies a higher social position than the unsuccessful professional man. And even want of success does not subject him to that severe mortification and to the deprivations which are felt in the more ambitious walks of life. With health and strength he can, at least, command the necessaries of life, and lie down at night with no anxious cares.

But though the desire for professional life is too prevalent and brings evil to many, in its mischievous action on the heart, it is not to be compared to the evils of the love of office and of looking forward to official preferment. That parent or friend who has waked up such an ambition in the child has done him a greater evil than to have robbed him of an estate. The number of offices compared with those having capacity to fill them must always be small. And in general the attainment of them is no evidence of intellectual or moral worth. On the contrary the aspirant must generally abandon all independence of opinion and action, and become the tool of a party, or the demagogue of a faction. He must pander to every appetite and flatter every prejudice, and submit to every caprice of those whose support he seeks, be they few or many.

Of all who now enjoy office, from the President of the United States to the lowest that our laws have established, ninety-nine, probably, in a hundred would have passed a vastly happier and more virtuous life had they been content with a private station. They have sold their happiness, and too frequently their very souls for office.

Fathers—mothers—set your faces like a flint against this ambition in your children—rebuke every attempt to enkindle it—

teach those to whom you have given life that independence, virtue, self-respect, are better than all the titles and offices that men can give—that the race of ambition for popular or official favors must be with naked limbs through thorns and brambles, and amidst snares and gins and pit-falls—a race in which there is nothing to gain but much to lose. Teach them that better ambition, to look down with pity on all the scramblers for office, and to seek a surer happiness here, and a ten-fold better prospect of happiness hereafter, in the quiet walks of private life amidst domestic virtues and all the kindly influences of home.

Original.

LETTER OF LATE REV. JOHN SUMMERFIELD,

TO MR. ——, OF BALTIMORE. *

NEW YORK, April 26th, 1822.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER:—

Your very agreeable present, and the *manner* in which it was received, will never be forgotten; it is the first "*jeu d'esprit*" of the kind I have ever met with. I regret that it was not in my power to acknowledge your kindness *personally* before I left your city;—but what shall I *now* render to you for this benefit? I have, I confess, scarcely anything within my gift. If I could transmit to you the *garment of salvation*, I should indeed be able to recompense you fully; though not half so fully, as if you received it from the *Author* of Salvation; this is a gift which is enhanced by the dignity of the Giver, and He has therefore reserved it to himself to bestow it. This gift, however, will not

* This letter was addressed to a highly esteemed friend in Baltimore. Mr. S. was in the habit of wearing a coat of the ordinary cut and fashion, and his friend, though not a professor of religion, yet one who greatly respected it, and loved and entertained its ministers, believing that the dress of the Methodist Preachers should, as far as practicable, be uniform, presented him with a *single-breasted* coat, such as *was* generally worn by them in the days of Wesley.

be yours in the same way that your gift became mine, for He requires that you shall *ask* in order to receive it, and has only promised *His Holy Spirit* to them that *ask* Him. My coat indeed becomes me well, it fits me better than any coat I ever had, and its texture is super-excellent:—but, my dear friend, the *garment* I would recommend to you would become you still better, and would fit you and adorn you more than any garment you ever wore; as to its texture, it is emphatically said to be "*fine*" not comparatively so, but positively "*fine*," and that alone is "fine, clean and white!" I could have dispensed with your present, inasmuch as my former dress would have fully answered all the purposes for which it was intended; but my dear friend cannot dispense with the *garment* I am recommending *him*, for the man who has it not will be turned out from the marriage supper, and *cast into outer darkness!* My friend went to great expense to procure me this substance, and after all it is perishable, as he will perceive if I should live to see him again.—But the *garment* of *salvation* is as new after fifty years wear, as on the first day; it is of imperishable materials; and it will, notwithstanding, be given *without money and without price!* Indeed, if God were to fix a price upon it, that very price, no matter how great, would lessen its value! It is said of one of the ancient painters, that although he bestowed immense labor on every one of his productions in the fine art, he always gave away his performances, and being asked the reason of it, he replied, "they are above all price!" This is indeed the case with the gift of God. He *gives* away, lest his blessings should deteriorate in the eyes of the purchasers, by the value annexed thereto; but although he *gives*, he gives *freely*, and is much more willing to give than we are to receive. He bestowed immense labor to perfect for us this finished work. The agony and bloody sweat, the cross and passion, the death and burial, the glorious resurrection and ascension, and the coming of the Holy Ghost! The former of these the price, the latter the purchase—and now he gives the Holy Spirit to them that *ask* Him!

"Oh, Lamb of God! was ever *pain*,
Was ever *love* like thine!"

But, my dear friend, why do I thus carry on the figure? Suffer me to speak freely, sincerely, lovingly, on this subject.—What is the cause— why, amid all that kindness that you ever show, and *delight* to show to the meanest of the servants of my Lord,—why, oh why is it, that *you* have not so fallen in love with the "*Altogether Lovely*," as to give Him full possession of your heart? You give him your money,—you give your tongue to speak upon his goodness;—your feet are employed in tracking the way to his sanctuary; and you delight to be seated among the flock of Christ. But then, *your heart!* "Oh! my son, my son," says God, "give me thine heart!" Seek the kingdom of God *first*, *rather*, and bring every other consideration into a state of inferiority. Let me ask you, my dear brother—(for such I call you in anticipation, and from my very soul)—is He not worthy of your heart? The language of angels is, "Thou alone art worthy."—He has purchased you at the price of blood, and he claims you as his own. Will you continue to resist the claim? Has he not long been striving with you to yield yourself a willing sacrifice? Though he could *force* yet he prefers *submission;*—he would honor you by proposing himself to your choice. He is an honorable lover! He *woos;* he *entreats;* he *supplicates;* he *stoops* to ask your love! Can you keep Him out any longer? Oh! no! your heart says no! Then answer him this moment—

"Come in, come in, thou heavenly guest,
And never hence remove!
But sup with me, and let the feast
Be everlasting love!"

Oh! yes, when you have once tasted *His love*, you will want it to be everlasting. May the Lord God encourage and incline you in this pleasing surrender, and may He hear my prayers on your behalf!

Do let me hear from you at a leisure moment, and believe me to be, my dear friend, Yours sincerely,

JOHN SUMMERFIELD.

Original.

FILIAL IMPIETY.

We not unfrequently hear it remarked by foreigners, in contrasting American and English Society, that in our country the crime of Filial Impiety prevails to an excessive degree. They tell us that disobedience and rebellion in the domestic circle are as frequent as theft and robbery in the community at large; and that if we would inquire into the extent of this species of crime with the statistical accuracy with which we investigate the extent of others, we should find filial impiety to be one of the vices of our age. It is impossible that such a charge should fall gently upon our ears. If it is false, we must be prompt to deny it; and if true, blush at the disgrace it attaches to us. That is but a morbid patriotism which would frown at the exposure of a foible peculiar to our country. To confess our defection, whether individual or national, is the part of wisdom, as well as generosity —and should be done both in honor of truth, and in the hope of melioration. However unwelcome it may be, we cannot wholly deny the charge brought against us. Parental authority is not so effective in this country as in England. The full extent of filial disobedience and waywardness may be exaggerated or underestimated; but cases occur often enough to suggest the inquiry whether there may not be something in the spirit of our institutions, which tends to filial impiety. It cannot be admitted that the tendency of liberal institutions in a virtuous community is to corrupt men, or render them unthankful; but we can easily conceive how genuine liberty, in a corrupt society, may degenerate into licentiousness, or a false idea of liberty become itself a demoralizing agent. As the republicanism in which our fathers founded this government is too rapidly tending to democracy and agrarianism; so the republican influences of social and domestic government are giving way before the power of this contagion.

There is a spirit of illaudable independence pervading the minds of the rising generation, which threatens serious injury to our social system. At a very early age, the youth of our times

adopt the most exaggerated notions of liberty. Looking forward to a life in which they have to seek their own fortunes, and not relying upon their fathers to establish them in business—as the youth of other countries are prone to do—they set out too eagerly, and reject the restraints of the domestic circle, before they can well do without them. Like a ship which casts off its moorings, before it is ready to unfurl its sails, they are tossed upon a tempestuous ocean without principles to guide and steady their course. Rejoicing in the bewitching prospects for aggrandizement which a free government always unfolds, they gird themselves to run the race without strength to accomplish it. Fixing their eyes upon the prize before they can commence the pursuit, they become impatient of the necessary restraints of youth. Fired with an unhallowed ambition, the youthful mind despises the invaluable lessons of parental discipline—often breaks loose from all the influences both mental and moral with which God has blessed it, and hazards its all upon some ill-judged and premature enterprise.

If there be any cause for such unhappy results other than the depraved tendencies of the human heart, it is the fact that in our country, THE DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF LIFE ARE ASSUMED AT TOO EARLY AN AGE, and an independence of parental authority thus attained, which is fatal in its effects. Dependence is the most effectual of all restraints. A sense of mutual dependence holds mankind together in every civil association; and as soon as a man becomes independent of his fellow-men, he learns to value their interests as little as their authority. In tracing the course of a headlong youth in the career thus begun we soon find him at variance with his father and a source of incessant sorrow to his mother. He stoutly resists every attempt of his parents to restrain or advise him—he adds abuse to insult, if they persevere in their endeavors to restrain him; until, at length, through discouragement, or desire of peace, or the influence of prevailing customs, he conquers, and is allowed to run his mad career unmolested. Now he swells in self-esteem, and rises above the influences of the family circle, until, although dependent upon his father and maintained at his table, he becomes a beardless

man whose own parents dare not address him except as an equal. Thus the tendency of excessive liberty is exhibited; and now its baneful influence is witnessed in the parents. They fail to enforce the authority which God, and nature, and reason have assigned them, and, neglecting to rule their own household, suffer an example of rebellion which endangers the character of every child. We need not trace this history farther—all have seen the issue. We have known the broken-hearted sire to yield a child-like obedience to the tyrant son he had cherished—we have seen the kind but unavailing entreaties of the still hoping mother. We have seen wo, poverty, and ruin all following in funeral procession after that fatal laxity of discipline, which planted the germ—and when the bell has tolled the "old man's" knell, we have felt most bitterly "*How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child.*"

No one can be surprised at the picture here presented, who is acquainted with the condition of society in the city of New York, or who has considered the strength of the causes which produce such melancholy results. This cause is deeper and broader than we are all aware of, and its contagious poison is so fatal, that we cannot estimate its mischief. What greater evil can befall a family than to contain one thankless son! And most of all, if some reverse of condition render a parent dependent upon a child who does not respect him, what language can express that curse? Who that has not *felt* it, can conceive how withering to the heart of a fond father is the angry chiding of a wayward son! Nor does this deadly Bohon Upas spend all its mischief on the domestic circle. It poisons the atmosphere far beyond, and reaches to the walks of public life. To filial impiety we may trace many of the vices which afflict our land. Who is more likely, than a thankless son, to be a thankless citizen? Who more likely to betray his trust? Who so sure to be an unkind husband, as he who betrayed the bright trust he received from *above*—of guarding the happiness of his parents? Why is it said of us, that we lack reverence for our rulers and clergy? Why have hoary hairs so little power to claim attention and respect?

If it be doubted by any one, whether disobedience to parents

tends to produce all these vices, let the experiment be tried---let parents maintain an equitable administration in their families, and suppress the first risings of revolt—then see what a change will come over the character of our people. Or let such an one even now trace the history of our forgers, our mutineers, and our murderers, and see the seed of their ruin sown in rebellion against parental authority.

Of all curses denounced in Holy Writ may I escape that which shall be visited upon abusive children! I cannot respect the man who dishonors a parent, be he ever so gifted with wealth or wit: he thus poisons his whole being and renders himself execrable; and all who know him, both the honest and those as base as himself, must despise his inhumanity! He even degrades himself below the brute creation—for they are obedient to the laws of their own nature, but man becoming thus unfilial, shows himself so corrupt and base, that nature, even with the instincts which unite in harmony the stupid brutes, is unable to hold him in decency. If he had no mind, or powers above a beast, he could not thus violate the laws of nature; but being thus gifted, and being made in the image of God, he is able and willing to pervert all the glory of his superior nature that he may sink in this respect below the beasts of the field! I have seen this curse developed, and have been compelled to watch its working in detail, and know its blighting mildew—and if there is any prayer I ever sent to heaven with honest heart it is, *God save me from a thankless child!*

If any child reads this communication, let that one beware, and be tender of a parent's love. Guard as the apple of your eye the happiness of those who gave you being. Remember that a parent dead is a loss which all the world cannot restore. Grieve not a mother—revere her for *her sake*—for *your own sake*—for HEAVEN'S SAKE!

> ————"Grieve not thy sire!
> How oft that palsied hand hath led
> Thy infant footsteps weak with fear;
> How gently bowed that reverend head,
> Thy childhood's broken tale to hear;

And when those wayward feet have strayed
Mid youthful follies rashly free,
Those lips invoked at midnight's shade
The pardon of thy God for thee!
—If from his speech *should dotage flow*,
Or eye, or ear, be dull and dead,
Thou to his second childhood show
The love that smoothed thy cradled-bed.
Grieve not thy sire! for if his love
Unblest or unrequited be,
He whom thou call'st thy Sire above,
Will bend a Judge's frown on thee!

F. G. C.

MATERNAL ASSOCIATION—ROCHESTER.

FIRST REPORT OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION OF THE BRICK CHURCH, ROCHESTER, APRIL 11, 1843.

Deeply impressed with the solemn and responsible duties of our situation, and urged on by a desire to blend our sympathies and prayers together, mutually to instruct each other in the fearfully responsible duties of a Christian Mother; and with earnest prayer that our feeble efforts might be crowned with success, we assembled one year since for the formation of this Society. At first we numbered 27 mothers, and 86 children; 17 mothers and 64 children have since been added,—making at the present time 44 mothers, and 150 children. Of these mothers three have rejoiced in the conversion of their husbands, and have witnessed their public espousal of the cause of Christ. Here also, with grateful hearts, would we record the fact that of the 150 children but two have been removed by death, while a large number have given hopeful evidence of a saving change, and 13 have united with the Church. Does not this convince us that our prayers have been heard, and our public efforts greatly blessed?

Since our organization, perhaps some of us have at times felt that the monthly meetings of this Association were of but little consequence, and with a faithless despondency have been ready to think the time allotted to them was almost wasted. But in

tracing the short history of the Society have we not much to cheer and encourage us, and cause us to feel that it would be most criminal and ungrateful to yield one moment's ascendency to such a feeling?

We have brought our offerings to the common altar, and has not the solicitude we have felt for the eternal happiness of our beloved offspring endeared to us the place where the altar of prayer has been erected, and where, in concert with other mothers, those fervent supplications have ascended which in return may bring down upon the beloved objects of our unceasing solicitude those spiritual blessings which are so rich and so enduring? May we not confidently expect that around this very altar of prayer, we may, like one of old, have power with God, and be enabled to prevail in behalf of those endeared objects of our love, and secure for them the "Great Salvation," which will make them useful here, and holy and happy throughout eternity?

"Where two or three are met together in My name, there will I be in the midst of them, and that to bless," is the cheering declaration of One, who is alone able fully to sympathise with all of a Mother's anxieties and trials. And are we prepared to say that in all our meetings, during the past year, we have never been in a situation to claim the fulfilment of this precious promise? I feel assured that all who have attended our meetings can bear testimony that our labor has not been in vain. Many thanks are due to our Pastor for his efficient aid at our quarterly meetings, and for his advice and counsel always cheerfully rendered.

And now, dear Sisters, while we make an humble and heartfelt acknowledgement of our past unfaithfulness; let us begin another year of effort, relying upon Him, who is able and willing to impart every needed assistance, and move onward in the work he has given us to do. Then may we indulge in the pleasing anticipation of witnessing more signal displays of the mercy and grace of God, in the fulfilment of that gracious promise, "I will establish my covenant between me and thee, and thy seed after thee, in their generations, for an everlasting covenant; to be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee."

Mrs. W. J. Wood, *Cor. Sec.*

Original.

"THY SON LIVETH."

BY E. W. CHESTER, ESQ.

The aged man stretches himself on the bed of sickness, and disease finds in the worn-out frame little to combat its powers. Friends gather around him with sympathy indeed, but they yet feel that he has lived the appointed time of probation, and according to the laws of nature, must at furthest soon bid adieu to earth. He has had his youth and manhood—his active life has passed away, and in the quiet of age both himself and his friends have been conscious that little is left him to do before his final departure. His children no longer look to him for care—his wife, perhaps, has already been summoned away,—no prospects of new enjoyments bind him to earth—he has familiarized his mind to a descent into the tomb of his fathers, and though friends in their affection would still gladly enjoy his converse a few days longer, yet approaching death brings to them no sudden disappointment, and blasts no cherished hopes.

Not so when the youth is suddenly prostrated. It seems not according to the course of nature that his manly strength should suddenly give place to infant weakness. Hopes ardent and confident have connected him with many future years—hopes interwoven in the thoughts both of himself and his friends. To parents, brothers, and sisters scenes viewed in visions of the future are connected with his living activity and joyous anticipation. Plans of future life and happiness are linked with him, and his place and part is in everything to which expectation looks. If he should be taken from the family circle, the future, so bright before, is shrouded in gloom.

Thus lay prostrated by disease a youth in Capernaum. A father had watched the progress of his malady with an anxious heart. Perhaps a mother's wakeful tenderness, and sisters' and brothers' affectionate solicitude had remarked every change of symptoms, and their hearts, by turns, had felt the influence of hope to be quickly succeeded by greater apprehension. He was

the son of an individual high in rank; a noble of the land. What money could command or skill could effect had been tried; but the disease, relentless in its onward course, had mocked at rank and wealth and the medical art. And they to whom he was most dear, gathered around his bed, to watch the languid or the fevered pulse, to moisten the parched lips, to weep with tender sympathy, but powerless to help.

They who have stood at the bed-side of a son and a brother in the hour of dissolution coming upon him, in the gay morning of his youth;—they who have found such a group, each busied in calling up the remembrance of affection and of joys now to return no more, can feel what eighteen hundred years ago was felt in this family circle.

But there was then in that land, once hallowed, now long polluted, a person strong in his moral grandeur and personal simplicity, abashing by his presence the haughty, rebuking by his purity the ungodly, and arraigning, with some mysterious power, the hypocritical pretensions of those who sat in the seat of Moses, and withal commanding, at will, disease and death to cease their work. His word was law to the elements and to the pestilence. And yet his home was amidst the poor and the suffering, not with the great and prosperous. He was the poor man's friend and associate, his moral guide and his unbaffled physician. His coming into their neighborhood is now announced to this family in the midst of their distress, and when all other hope has fled. It may be His heart may be touched. * * * * In this hour of greatest need no substituted messenger can be entrusted with a commission on the results of which hangs the life or death of a son. It is no easy matter to tear himself away from the sick bed, which, ere he returns, may hold only a lifeless form; but yet the father hastens forth to find ONE whose sympathy a father's entreaty may reach. Flurried, anxious, trembling, he comes into a presence where the humble were accustomed to find assurance, and the proud to feel of how little worth their fancied greatness. And in this presence distress may have given boldness where else the pride of his nobility had stood abashed—he felt not that he was a nobleman but a father, and well may

we conceive that his suit was urged as a parent alone could persist, when his last hope rested on its success.

As the father departed on such an errand, see the mother and sisters and brothers seat themselves around the sick bed, and idly bidding their beating hearts to rest in quietness. They assume an attitude of quiet, conscious they can do no more, and as if they could still the restlessness of anxiety—they almost hold their breath, as if they would thus add speed to the father's feet, or hold back the disease till his return. But vain their efforts—anxiety tumultuously rebels against their efforts, and again they essay what attention and activity can do for the sufferer.

A strange change comes over the young man. The eyes almost glassy suddenly assume their accustomed lustre—the watchful attendants are startled by the color returning to the pallid cheek; nature is again in the movements of the but just now uneasy and convulsive limb—a smile is on the countenance as in the day of health—it may be that this change brings alarm to his friends—is it a delusion? is it but a momentary return of the powers of life, before taking their final departure? No; the word that brings life and health has been spoken, and it is not less powerful that it is too distant to reach their ears. The cheerful voice of the youth is not of death but of life, and to many a solicitous inquiry his answers give assurance of restored health, and the pulse gives evidence that disease no longer preys on his system.

With what buoyant and changed and delighted feelings is the messenger despatched with tidings so glad to the father! And little perhaps does that family circle conceive by what entreaty and at whose bidding health has succeeded to disease. But the word and the restoration are simultaneous—gladness, and it must be, deep-felt gratitude filled the hearts of that family when they again met together, the father to recount the circumstances and events of his suit to Jesus of Nazareth, and the others the strange and sudden return to health.

Our curiosity in vain inquires what was the future life of the youth, and what the return of himself and friends for this miraculous rebuking of a disease just ready to quench the spark of life. We would gladly know how such a family felt when ONE who had

been such a friend cruelly suffered the death of a malefactor—what emotions were awakened in their breasts, and what their fate, when the Roman Legions swept over the country. But history is here blank—the sacred biographer has not turned aside from his simple narration to gratify our curiosity, and we must wait till the resurrection morn bring us face to face with the nobleman of Capernaum and his family, and when we of this generation shall meet with all among whom Christ lived while working out for them and for us a redemption from the effects of sin and the power of the grave.

Original.

PARENTAL GOVERNMENT.—No. IV.

The department of parental duty to which the attention of the reader is now invited, is that which we have termed the Judicial. In civil governments, the judicial functions are generally separated from both the Legislative and Executive departments; but in the family constitution, the whole system is committed to the joint administration of the parents. It is doubtless owing to this combination of functions in the hands of the same individuals that the science of family government has been so little understood among those who are most deeply interested in its success. There is no real necessity, however, for this want of knowledge. Like all other systems of science, it is a system of common sense; and when properly dissected, it may be rendered intelligible to individuals of the most moderate acquirements.

When the parent has promulgated a law, he is bound to see that his children obey it; and yet he may not in any case inflict a penalty until he is satisfied that it has been violated. Nor ought he, even after a child has been convicted of transgression, to proceed to the execution of the penalty, unless it was specially announced prior to the act of transgression, until, by a careful examination of all the circumstances, he is satisfied that it is

reasonable, and wisely adapted to promote the best interests of the delinquent. In determining the question of guilt, and in designating the punishment which is due to the transgressor, in all cases where the amount of punishment is discretionary, the parent acts simply as a judge. Questions of this nature addressed to the judicial prerogatives of the parent occur so frequently that they are very liable to be overlooked, and, sometimes, to be disposed of too hastily, or without the requisite examination. The judicial functions of the parent are not less important than are the legislative; nor will their mal-administration be productive of less disastrous consequences. Children generally regard the judicial decisions of their parents as practical illustrations of the force of their principles; and hence erroneous judgments, if often repeated, will inevitably destroy the respect and confidence of the whole household. In attempting to delineate this class of parental duties, we must descend to particulars.

1. The parents of every family constitute a court, in which each sustains the office of a judge, for the trial and punishment of evil-doers. In civil courts, composed of associate judges, a divided judgment is always regarded as a positive evil; it carries on its face presumptive evidence of error. It is their practice, in order to secure entire unanimity, to examine every question that comes before them with the most untiring assiduity and patience. The same principle should be adopted by parents. They may either of them act alone, but when they act together, no pains should be spared to secure absolute unanimity in the result. Suppose that a child is suspected of crime, and that both parents unite in examining the question of his guilt. Let the child see that while one of them deems him guilty, the other as confidently proclaims his innocence, and what is the result? The child must either escape punishment altogether, or else, being punished by the one that condemned him, he will very naturally look to the other for sympathy and protection. It cannot be necessary to say that all such punishments would be worse than useless. Let all parents, then, remember that if they differ in judgment in a given case, it will be necessary either to conceal that difference, or else, to dispense with the punishment. For either to act in opposition

to the will of the other is an evil of sufficient magnitude; but the act of punishing a child who knows that he is deemed guiltless by one of his parents is unqualified madness.

2. In civil tribunals, we expect to see the mind of the judges free from prejudice; and where this is not the case, we do not look for an impartial administration of justice. The same is true in reference to parents. Notwithstanding the affection which a parent feels for his children, the admonition to beware of prejudice can never be out of place. For even the most affectionate parents very frequently acquire habits of suspicion and feeling in reference to particular children or particular faults, that absolutely disqualify them for acting impartially. A parent who has for a long time labored unsuccessfully to correct the faults of a heedless and indolent child, is in great danger of becoming discouraged, and of settling down upon the belief that the case is beyond the reach of remedy. If he yields to such a state of feeling, he will soon become the victim of prejudices that will certainly paralyze his influence; and he will ever afterwards look at the conduct of such a child through a false, or discolored medium, calculated to mislead his judgment in every case of supposed delinquency. Another parent may err on the opposite extreme. Blinded by an unregulated affection for his children, he is always ready to pronounce them innocent without taking the trouble to look at the facts. If one of his children should be accused of a crime—no matter what may be its nature—or what the evidence going to establish its guilt—the mere accusation would be sufficient in his estimation to stamp its accuser with infamy. His children are altogether too good to commit such an offence. Both these states of feeling are utterly inconsistent with parental fidelity. The child that is always suspected of evil, will soon become a hardened transgressor; and the child that is *never* deemed capable of sin, will soon learn to take advantage of his parent's credulity, and to "sin as it were with a cart rope." A municipal judge who was known to be thus influenced, would be branded in the public estimation, as worthy of instant impeachment. He would forfeit the respect of the whole community. Equally disastrous would be the consequences of parental prejudice.

It must ultimately subvert the very foundations of parental authority.

3. When a parent has reason to believe that his child has broken his command, it is his first duty to inquire into all the circumstances, and to ascertain its guilt or innocence, and if guilty, the exact amount of its criminality. The process of forming a just conclusion in relation to such matters, is often a thing of very great difficulty; yet to neglect it on this account, would be to encourage the child to adopt a course of still more open rebellion. Every transgression ought to be followed by a conviction of the offender, even in those cases where on the whole it is deemed best to pardon him; for without a conviction, a pardon would be as useless as it would be unwise. It would not be appreciated. In deciding on the guilt or innocence of his child, the parent acts as a judge, and he is bound to frame his judgment according to evidence. In other words, every child that is accused of transgression, has an indubitable right, previous to his condemnation, to a fair and impartial trial—a trial that involves an examination of all the evidence, both for and against him. The child knows full well that his parent is not omniscient, and it is exceedingly hazardous to pretend to a degree of knowledge unsupported by the evidence; for every error of this kind amounts in the end to a conviction of ignorance and rashness. But in our further remarks under this head, which will be resumed in the next number, it will, perhaps, be well to be a little more specific. THETA.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Original.

PECULIAR ADVANTAGES OF EARLY PIETY.

BY REV. N. E. JOHNSON.

EVERY intelligent mother must be aware of the infinite importance attached to the early conversion of her children in view of their constant exposure to death, and of the divine claim to the early as well as later years of their existence.

In addition to the direct and obvious considerations which enforce this conviction, several important reasons may be suggested.

A child who is converted young is prevented from doing much mischief in the world which he would otherwise do. Every child has an influence for good or evil on his associates, and if he remains impenitent until he becomes a man he will produce many bad impressions on the minds of others which he may never afterwards do away. Many a man has sighed over the untimely death of his early associates, and has carried through all his subsequent life the painful impression that had his own example been different, their doom might have been different also. Should not the mother be anxious to prevent the sting of such a memory, as well as the evil of such an influence?

A child who is converted in early life will accomplish much good which otherwise he would never accomplish. Every real Christian does some good. A child whose heart is spiritual is a most efficient Christian. Among his playmates he exerts a blessed influence by his correct deportment, his cheerful temper, and his prudent advice. I have now a lad in view who is the ornament of the circle in which he moves, and whose light is poured upon many an elder eye, compelling men of many years to see and acknowledge the loveliness of early piety. From childhood to youth, and thus to manhood, such a child will prove a blessing to his family, his neighborhood, and thus of course to his country and his race.

A child converted in the morning of life will avoid contracting many bad habits, which he would otherwise contract.

We all know the force of habit. To say nothing about the tendency of evil habits to prevent a child's conversion in after years, it is a painful fact that evil habits contracted in childhood and youth often exert a mournful influence on Christian character after conversion. They cling with a tenacious grasp to their old possessions, and love their old haunts. Hence the severity of the conflict is increased, and the evil influence of these wrong habits follows them even to the grave. Shall not the Christian mother desire to shield her child from this abiding curse?

A child early convèrted to God will form many good habits, which otherwise he would never have formed. Think of the difference between two young persons, one of whom has been in the constant habit of reading the scripture and of secret prayer from three years old to twenty-one, and the other in the habit of regarding all such practices with aversion. How vast a difference in knowledge, in moral discipline, in stability of character and in salutary influence, would be seen, other things being equal, even to the dying hour. "*Because—that from a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures.*" Extend this remark to every other subject, and a similar difference will be seen. The reading, the company, the employment, the style of conversation, the habit of thought and feeling, the general tone of benevolent affection, all these will be influenced by real piety, and will adorn the life where piety dwells.

A child early converted to God will be trained for the great moral enterprises in which the church of Christ is engaged. It was a great advantage to Hannibal that he was trained to hostility against Rome under the discipline of his father Hamilcar even from his earliest childhood. The church needs faithful and disciplined soldiers. She needs men who have long been familiar with her benevolent operations, who have long labored for the conversion of the world, and have become well accustomed to all the gospel armor. Such men can only be found among those who were the servants of Christ in the days of childhood and youth.

A child converted early will have a truly venerable age. Old age never appears so beautiful as when it is attended with the memory of a well-spent life. When from early childhood piety has habitually shone in the conduct and conversation, and all the while there has been a growing communion with God in the closet, it crowns old age with a splendor surpassing the gems which deck the brow of royalty. There are some of us who will never experience such an old age even though we live a hundred years. How anxious should every mother be to secure such a crown for the child whom she rocks in the cradle!

Selected.

THE INFLUENCE OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

What a public blessing, what an instrument of exalted good, is a Christian mother! It would require a pen superior to mine, to trace the merits of such a character. How many, perhaps who now hear me, feel that they owe to it all the virtue and piety that adorns them; or may recollect, at this moment, some saint in heaven that brought them into light, to labor for their happiness, temporal and eternal. No one can be ignorant of the irresistible influence which such a mother possesses in forming the hearts of her children, at a season when nature takes in lesson and example at every pore.

Confined by duty and inclination within the walls of her own house, every hour of her life becomes an hour of instructions, every feature of her conduct a transplanted virtue. Methinks I behold her encircled by her beloved charge, like a being more than human, on whom every mind is bent, and every eye directed —the eager simplicity of infancy inhaling from her lips the sacred truths of religion in adapted phrase and familiar story, the whole rule of the oral and religious duties simplified for easier infusion, the countenance of this fond and anxious parent all beaming with delight and love, and her eye raised occasionally to heaven in fervent supplication for a blessing on her work. Oh, what a glorious part does such a woman act on the great theatre of humanity, and how much is the mortal to be pitied who is not struck with the image of such excellence. When I look to its consequences, near and remote, I see the plant she has raised and cultivated, spreading through the community with richest increase of fruit. I see her diffusing happiness and virtue through a great portion of the human race. I can fancy generations yet unborn rising to prove and hail her worth, and I adore that God who can destine a single human being to be the stem of such extended and incalculable benefits to the world.

Dean Kirman.

Original.

THE HAPPY HOME.

BY REV. N. E. JOHNSON.

Husband dear! how calm thy slumber,
Mid the slowly dawning light;
While thy wife awakes to number
Years with love and kindness bright;
On thy noble brow once shaded,
By thy dark locks rich and fair,
Now the glossy jet is faded
And the pensive grey is there.

Hark! I hear the happy voices
Sounding through their native halls,
Loud our eldest child rejoices,
Full of glee, the youngest calls;
Husband, wake, they come to wish us
Many a NEW AND HAPPY YEAR;
Oh, don't speak!' tis more delicious
THEIR glad greeting first to hear.

JANUARY 1, 1844.

Original.

IMPERISHABILITY OF MORAL IMPRESSIONS.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

In December, 1842, the house of Rev. J. Todd was destroyed by fire, and among the losses consequent on the calamity, one of his little girls lost her library. While deploring her loss next day, she suddenly sprang up, and wiping away her tears, exclaimed, "MOTHER! I'LL NOT CRY ANY MORE! I'M GLAD I LEARN'D SO MANY HYMNS!"

I saw a happy, blooming child,
Whose heart was pure and hopes were bright,
Who pleasure gave whene'er she smiled
And fondly spoke to all delight;
Her eye bespoke the soul within,
And shed its mildest lustre round,
And seemed to say, No lurking sin
In these fair precincts can be found.

Her voice was heard in joy and glee,
In softest sounds of childhood's tone,
And sweet and mellowing minstrelsy
Flowed from that single voice alone:
I saw her eye more brightly shine,
With universal joy, that she had seen
The gleamings of the light divine,
Though Time's dark film was placed between.

Yet e'en in childhood's roseate hours
When joy is sparkling in the view,
And life is like enchanted bowers,
Where constant change makes pleasure new,
The child of earth is often bowed
Beneath some sore afflicting rod,
And sorrow calls to him aloud
To rest alone upon his God.

So was she early made to share
Her weary load of care and pain,
And for a moment made to wear
The grief that forms the spirit's chain;
Her treasured source of wisdom's lore,
More highly valued than its cost—
Her favored all—her precious store—
By fire was all consumed and lost.

While seated at her mother's knee,
When deep distress oppress'd her heart,
Her sorrow seems at once to flee
And healed is all her spirit's smart—
She smiles and leaps—her grief is o'er—
No more the tear her eye bedims—
She says—"I'LL NOT CRY ANY MORE!
I'M GLAD I LEARN'D SO MANY HYMNS!"

What though her books, consumed by fire,
Are dust and ashes scattered round,
Their powers oft her thoughts inspire
And teach her lips what praise to sound;
Though they are gone there yet remains
A treasure still she oft may find,
To linger while the soul retains
Its deathless union with the mind.

PARENT and TEACHER! early write
On these fair pages GOD hath given,
In fadeless lines of life and light,
The truths that lead the soul to heaven!
There ineffaceable they stay,
Untouched by Time's corroding power,
And will thy anxious care repay
In heaven's eternal blissful hour!

Enduring past the bounds of time
They shall a witness surely tell,
And mount aloft on wings sublime
Or sink in anguish down to hell:
Then let this thought awake thy love,
And press thee forward to thy goal,
And thou shalt win from GOD above—
Thy crown of joy—A RANSOM'D SOUL!

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1844.

Original.

SYMPATHY.

BY REV. H. NEWCOMB.

Man is a sympathetic being. In all circumstances, his feelings and conduct are, in a greater or less degree, influenced by the feelings and conduct of those around him. No one can go into a solemn assembly, where all are deeply affected under the impressions of religious truth, without partaking of the feelings which pervade the assembly. No one can go to the house of mourning, and witness the deep sorrow or flowing tears of the bereaved, without, in some measure, entering into their feelings. So it is, also, with the contrary emotions. It is exceedingly difficult to witness the exhibition of anger, petulance or ill-humor, without feeling similar emotions rising up in our own bosoms. And, we are generally affected with these sympathetic emotions, in proportion to our excitability and want of self-control. It has been known, in repeated instances, to throw great numbers, in public assemblies, into convulsions. In one case, in the poor-house at Harlaem, in Holland, a young girl, from the effect of terror, was thrown into convulsions. Her friends, in attempting to restrain her, were seized in a similar manner; and one after another fell under the influence, till nearly all the boys and girls in the establishment were affected with paroxysms, returning at regular intervals. As soon as one was seized, all in sight were taken in the same manner. The celebrated Boerhave was called; who perceived that the disease depended on the imagination and sympathetic imitation. He therefore filled the various apartments with furnaces, containing burning coal, and red hot irons. He

then informed the children that the only cure for the disease was, to take the first one who was seized with it, and burn his arm, with a red hot iron, to the bone. This broke the spell, and there were no more convulsions.

A multitude of similar facts might be mentioned, to illustrate the same principle. And this principle is one of great importance in the management of a family. Children are less capable of self-control and more excitable than adults, and of course more easily affected with sympathy. Hence, if one is peevish, and fretful, and cross, the same temper will be speedily propagated among them all. But more especially, if the parents exhibit such a temper, they can expect nothing else, but that their children will be like them. I remember witnessing this effect upon children at school. If the teacher came to his school in the morning in a pleasant mood, things went on pleasantly through the day. But, if he was cross and ill-natured, a turbulent, uncomfortable spirit was infused into the whole group, and a stormy day would succeed.

So, if a mother gives way to a peevish temper, indulges anger, and permits herself to scold and fret, the same spirit is propagated through the house. The children catch it instinctively. They put on a surly countenance. They are irritated with everything around them. They are peevish, cross, and quarrelsome. The same is true, also, of the father, in proportion to the time which he spends with his children. Ill-humor is contagious. It cannot be indulged by the head of a family, without propagating itself among the members.

The same is true, likewise, of a mild benignant temper. Smiles propagate themselves, as well as frowns. Let the father or mother meet the child in the morning with a pleasant smile, and it may give a direction to his feeling for the whole day; and not to his only, but to the whole circle. Children are not only *sympathetic*, but *imitative*. They will imitate the tone of the parent's voice, and the expression of his countenance. If these are harsh, peremptory and severe, so will his be, among his fellows. If they are tender, kind, and pleasant, such will be his temper and feelings. This, of course, is to be taken as a general

principle. I do not mean to assert that it will be always so, as other causes may operate on the child.

The same is true, to a certain extent, with respect to the *religious feelings* manifested by the parent. If the parent is serious and devout, the child will feel the influence of the hallowed atmosphere which surrounds him. But, if he is worldly, cold, and indifferent to spiritual things, he certainly can expect nothing better in his children.

If these views are correct, how important it is that parents should maintain habitual self-control. Nothing short of this can secure a safe and healthy example, for the imitation of children. Every parent, therefore, should endeavor, in the beginning of the day, to secure by communion with God, a tender, heavenly, subdued temper of mind. This, with constant watchfulness, will enable the mother to maintain habitual cheerfulness and serenity of mind; and by this, she will find more than half her difficulties conquered. Her very countenance and tones of voice, will soothe the feelings of her children, and promote a quiet, cheerful spirit in the family.

But, let a parent exhibit habitually a hard spirit; let the voice grate harshly upon the ears of the children, while a frown sits upon the brow; and soon their hearts will be so hardened that reproofs, being expected as a matter of course, will lose their effect. Such a parent will have an ill-tempered, ill-governed, unhappy family: and no place will be more disagreeable to the children than home. Yet, home, above all others, is the place which should be rendered pleasant and attractive. Perhaps no practice is more calculated to discourage and dishearten a child, than that of incessant chiding; and nothing makes home more undesirable, especially to sons, than the expectation of always meeting a frown, or a harsh word, on entering the house. And no doubt, the want of a pleasant attractive home, has been the ruin of many a youth.

THE NATURE AND INFLUENCE OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.—(Concluded.)

BY REV. E. N. KIRK

3. I come now to a third consideration—the tendency of such associations to increase family and maternal religion.

On this subject I speak chiefly from the testimony of mothers. I have seen extracts from many letters written by mothers, and I have the testimony of mothers in my own church, that they have found that every meeting of the Maternal Association sent them home to their closets, humbled under a sense of their deficiencies, and casting themselves more fully on covenant grace to aid them in the discharge of maternal duty.

One influence is found in the fact, that they have led to the collection of the best writings calculated to impress a mother's heart, and the bringing them together to hear them read; and it is unquestionable, as a general principle, that a thing read in a large company is altogether more impressive than that read alone. When the best writings of the best heads and the best hearts are brought before a collected assembly of mothers, I think that the influence must be happy, in elevating the standard of maternal piety, and having the mothers go back to the domestic circle to elevate the standard of maternal religion. I know the fact, that, when an individual mother has received a special blessing from God in answer to prayer, when an individual mother has found her endeavors owned and blessed of God, and when she has gone to the meeting to tell it—each mother has said, "Then I must get nearer to God myself, and wait more faithfully upon him, and he will give *me*, too, the blessing which he has given to my sister."

4. I urge a fourth consideration in recommendation of Maternal Associations; they tend to facilitate the discharge of maternal duties.

In the first place, they increase the information of mothers. And I will just run over a little catalogue of their duties, on which they need information. The mother's art is the most

difficult perhaps in the world. She has to train the body through the most delicate and exposed period of its existence; she has to carry it through the period when particular diseases invade it; she has to attend to the physical development of the entire man, in beauty, in strength and healthfulness. And then, at the same time, she has to rear the intellect and the heart—to judge of a thousand difficult questions of conscience, that are rising up almost every day in her sphere. It is a difficult art, I say; and, like every other art, we must have mothers more and more educated in it, to carry on human nature to its highest possible degree of attainment and perfection. If an apprentice must be sent, for a certain term of years, to learn the simple trade of making a watch, or a shoe, or a hat, what shall we say of her, that undertakes to mould the mind of immortal man, to prepare it to be steadfast amid the trials of life, and then to pass to the spheres of endless glory? Well might angels wish to take the place of a mother, when they see how much is to be done in forming the future character of the man, in those years when he lies a helpless infant on his mother's lap. I speak from the testimony of missionary mothers; and I delight to recommend it to those that feel for their missionary sisters in this land. It is now becoming extensively introduced in missionary stations. I was present at a meeting of the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, in America, when this question was agitated for many hours; and it was exceedingly difficult to know what to do; a missionary carries his children with him, or they are born in the country where he has gone, and they are cut off entirely from Christian privileges; if they go outside the boundaries of their home, they are exposed to the most destructive influences; what was the missionary to do? The question came back to us with the most heart-rending anxieties of Christian mothers and Christian fathers, and it seemed as if we must call them back—as if it were too much to ask them, not only to sacrifice their earthly comforts, but to lay their children's souls (as it were) upon the altar; for it seemed as though they could not guard them. But the manner in which some of the missionary ladies have written upon the subject, is beginning to cheer our hearts. We begin to think,

that what they want is, to make a more complete society of Christian mothers, and to train their children under its influence; and, if it is difficult, God will hear their prayers and give them peculiar help. Missionary mothers are rejoicing now in the formation of these Associations, which bring as it were the entire power of the mothers of the station to bear upon the duty of each individual mother in the church.

But I was speaking of the points on which mothers need instruction, and on which these Maternal Associations furnish it. They need to understand the subject of health, of course; they need to understand the whole subject of the physical development of man. For man's body is a wonderful organ. Just see what his hand alone can be taught to accomplish—what he can do as a painter, what he can do as a musician, what he can do as a writer;—the thousand uses to which the human hand can be brought, how much power there lies hid in this machine, and how much skill is demanded properly to begin, and by and by to intrust to other hands, the full developing of the physical power of man. Then she needs for his intellectual education another class of information; and then another for his religious education; and still another for the formation of his moral habits, and rightly to interest him in his own proper department of education. No more difficult subject can be found than man in his infancy. Maternal Associations tend to facilitate the discharge of maternal duties by throwing increased light upon this difficult subject.

And they do it by fortifying the determination of mothers. The great struggle in a mother's heart is between her tenderness, that cannot bear to behold the sufferings of her child, much less to inflict them, and at the same time the duty faithfully to restrain and reprove her child; and, perhaps, there is not a mother, who will not find her determination more fortified, when meeting her sisters, they have compared their own cases, and seen the limits to which duty carried others when refusing to inflict pain, and the limits to which duty carried them when inflicting i .

They tend likewise to facilitate the discharge of maternal duties by encouraging mothers. And here I wish to meet an objection, which seems to imply, that, if a lady joins a Maternal

Association, she has peculiar need of being instructed. I look at the subject in the other light; I would say, if the kind providence of God has given to any mother peculiar light on this subject, peculiar strength and peculiar faith, she is the very person to go to her sisters and give them the benefit of the light God has given her, and give them the benefit of the faith and confidence which inspire her own soul. Here is the very sphere for her benevolence and her talent.

5. And I close my arguments in favor of Maternal Associations, by presenting the fact, that they lead to concerted prayer for children.

I well remember to have heard it remarked, long before Maternal Associations were instituted, that, in a particular church in the State of New York, a number of fathers set apart an evening in the week to meet and pray for their children; and the remark was made to me fifteen years ago, that every child of those families was converted to God; there was not one left out. Oh! it must be good for mothers to meet together and talk of the value of the souls of their children. It must be good for mothers to meet together, and talk of the guilt and danger of their children, and together talk over the precious promises that encourage them, and together bow them before the mercy-seat, and plead (those "two or three gathered together") that God would convert their children's souls. I need not dwell upon such an argument. It is certainly good for you to pray alone for your children; and it is certainly good for you to get your sister to pray also for your children. It is good to have regular periodical prayer for your children, as well as to have constant family prayer.

Let me close with a word more particularly addressed to mothers.

Mothers! give your children every advantage—every advantage that truth can give,—every advantage that a holy example can give,—every advantage that much pleading the promises of God can give. You feel for the diseases of the body of your child; you are speedy in sending for the physician, when the body is diseased; oh! feel for that immortal disease of sin, and send for

the great Physician. And, if he comes not at the first knock, knock again; for he says "it shall be opened;" ask again, for he says that "it shall be given you;" seek again, for he says that "ye shall find." Oh! seek salvation for your children. Seek that they may be converted early; for if you want testimonies, there are enough of us that can give a painful testimony, that it is too late to be converted at twenty and twenty-one; not that we may not—not that we are not—for some of us reached even that period; but what we mean is this—it is too late for many important purposes. It is so late that it gives, to the end of life, fearful struggles with the habits of the heart. It is too late, because there is so much left unlearned, that we should have learned if we had been pious in our early youth; we should have gone so much deeper into the counsels of God, if we had come early to Christ, and, like Timothy, learned the Scriptures on our mother's lap, and followed the finger of a mother's love as it pointed to the Savior. Oh! pray that your sons may not grow up in sin; pray that they may be converted in their earliest years; labor that they may be converted in their earlier years. Pray that your daughters, from the first development of their moral faculties, their moral being, may learn to love their God and Savior, and be trained for usefulness here and glory hereafter. Your responsibility is great; for the evils of society are to be rectified in the young. Mothers! with you who can harm them, who can train them, rests this responsibility; and may God's blessed spirit impress it on your hearts, and lead you to seek light and grace at the fountain from which they come.

Mothers! bring up your little ones to Jesus. Bring them by faith; and if Satan seems to stand and rebuke, if a wicked and unbelieving world, by its example and its influence and its maxims, seems to rebuke, still bring your little ones to Christ; still press even to his feet, and never bear your mother's burdens alone, but roll them upon a breast that beats in sympathy with yours; roll them upon the heart, and roll them upon the arms of the blessed Redeemer. Bring them to Jesus as their Savior. Bring them to Jesus as their Sovereign, and teach their wills to bow to his will. Bring them to Jesus as their pattern. It is said

of a Grecian mother, that, when Alexander the Great was passing in the crowd, with his tall helmet and waving plumes, she raised up her child above her head, and said to him, "Look there! that is Alexander the Great, and *you* must be another." We only point to the heathen mother, to teach you to take a high example; take the example of Jesus, and teach your child his blessed history, and say, "There, my child! be like Jesus; tread in the footsteps of Jesus."

Original.

THE HAPPY WIDOW.

Rochester, January 1, 1844.

In the outskirts of our little village, there lived an aged Christian who had numbered nearly ninety years; whose history, I doubt not, would interest a large class of your readers. And for the sake of the widow and orphan, permit me to give you a brief sketch, though thankful should I be to possess the talent and materials to raise an imperishable monument to such a Bible-reader and trusting widow. It was a lovely day in June last, that I entered her cottage; and although bent with years, yet her benignant face was illuminated with an eye of uncommon brilliance. I had seen her at the house of God, and occasionally met her at the social circle, and was well acquainted with her high reputation for piety, yet was not altogether prepared for the reply which she made to my first salutation, which was nearly this: "Mrs. L., you are near the end of your pilgrimage. How does the prospect appear to you?" "I have nothing," said she, "to speak of, but goodness and mercy in reviewing the past, and only gratitude and praise for the present. *I have not now a wish in the world and I do not want to wish.*"

"*Not a wish! and do not want to wish!*"

I looked round upon the neat cottage. Here were no elegancies—not even luxuries—not a carpet or sofa. All was

plain, neat, comfortable. "Your life has been one of great trial and sorrow, Mrs. L., how is it that you have arrived at this truly singular and enviable condition?" "It has indeed been one of severe discipline," she replied, "but oh, how merciful!

"When I was left a widow and the news arrived that my husband was no more, and our little property at once swept away on a foreign shore, my heart rebelled. It was more than I could bear to look at my six orphans, some of them mere infants, and think that their father was gone, and I wished then,—*that I was dead!* I knew not Him who has since proved himself the God of the widow, but in that dark night He drew near and called me first to Himself and then bade me drink of the living waters which flow from His blessed word, and I should thirst no more." But this was not enough. He opened a way for me to feed and clothe my children and keep them all with me. Year after year He sustained me, and I have seen my children grow up and fill useful stations in society—some of them are still better provided for. 'They hunger no more and thirst no more, but are with the Lamb before the throne.'

"And now why should I wish? I dare not, lest I desire something which might not please my Heavenly Father. I can think of no place in 'the wide universe' where I would not be happy, if *His* hand led me there. I desire Him to do just as He pleases with me. I would go now cheerfully, and often think as I turn into my little room, *I should love to die all alone with God* if it is his will—but if he pleases I can live on many years longer."

Well, thought I, such strains sound like heavenly music. She cannot be long separated from kindred spirits. And so the event proved. A few weeks more passed away, when an injury received from a severe fall laid her upon her bed to rise no more. During the few days of suffering allotted to her, she met every one who called, with a radiant smile, telling them, that "the Master had sent the joyful summons and she was hastening away!" "Ready to depart," she caught up the "louder, sweeter song" to "Him who loved her" as she passed through death's portals, and if heaven rejoiced to receive her, earth might well have wept to lose so much effectual prayer.

After her decease, I called to learn more of the particulars of this interesting Christian. Her daughter informed me, that "previous to the last fifteen years her mother's life had been one of great labor and care. It was only by untiring industry that she was enabled to provide for her family, and educate her children." Many testify to her unwearied exertions at the spinning-wheel, the loom, and the successive processes of cutting and making garments of her cloth; and then upon horseback take her bundle to a neighboring market to dispose of her hard-earned collection.

It was upon her first expedition of this kind, while the tear of sorrow and desolation bedewed her eye, that she entered the town, and by mistake found her way to the office of a philanthropist whose name is familiar to the sons and daughters of affliction, who are found in this land of the Pilgrims. Finding herself in the midst of gentlemen seated around a writing table, she apologised for the intrusion and was retiring, when the benevolent R——, reading at a glance the lines of distress upon her countenance, accosted her with a friendly smile, inquired into the nature of her errand, purchased her garments, and bade her bring more! At once a powerful patron was, by the guiding eye of the Widow's God, provided to cheer her way and kindle hope in her desolate heart. But it was not the spinning-wheel, nor the loom, nor the patron, which lighted up the dwelling of that bereaved one. The Bible directed her to the light of the world. It poured out the living streams to refresh her fainting spirit and its toils.

From my window I see the lowly cottage which witnessed the labors and consolations of this mother in her early strife. I venerate its walls; for there the God of the widow met her, and wells of salvation sprung up in the desert! There, she learned the richness of her resources. Oh, ye desolate widows! Fear not. In your poverty there is wealth, if ye have but the spinning-wheel, the loom and the Bible! Lift up your drooping heads, ye little orphans, if your mother has found for your necessities, the Father of the fatherless! Even *now*, "you shall hunger no more and *thirst* no more!"

But the best is not yet told. The last fifteen years this care-

worn mother was permitted to rest. She at once gave up all care into the hands of her daughter, and with her knitting-work, her Bible and her God, she learned a new lesson—an original and striking lesson in our world. *She learned "not to wish for anything."* There she discovered the grand secret, that there is not a place in God's universe where the soul can be unhappy, if He be there with his smile of love. There, too, she commenced the song of the Redeemed.

She was a complete concordance. Her daughter assured me that no passage might be named that she could not immediately find, chapter and verse—and she daily enriched her family with the things she had handled of the word of life. Could that young widow have cast her eye forward to the glorious visions of her later pilgrimage, when tears were all wiped away and her rapt spirit seemed bathed in an ocean of love, how would she have blessed the rod. Widowed mothers with your orphans at your side, think of this widow, and let the remembrance lead you to become rich and mighty in the unfailing promises of the Bible!

C. B.

Original.

MORAL POISONS.

Under this head, some months since, I took occasion to animadvert upon those works of taste, which, without distinctly avowing such an intention, inculcate dangerous views of religion, and tend to sap the foundations of virtue and purity. This class of poisons, I am firmly persuaded, is the most pernicious of all which Satan prepares in the shape of literature, for the immortal soul. But there is a second class, standing next in rank, perhaps, in regard to their influence upon morals, which claims attention scarcely less than that already noticed. I allude to the more respectable portion of those works, the object of which is

avowedly to strike the axe at the root of the religion of the Gospel.

I say the more *respectable* portion of these works—I mean those by the reading of which the moral and virtuous community would not consider themselves absolutely disgraced. It is never safe for the young, whose characters are unformed, whose judgments are immature, and who easily imbibe false impressions, to read them indiscriminately. It is not always enough that the antidote is administered, after such poison has been received. It is not enough that the child or youth is under the salutary influence of parental discipline, and is well instructed and indoctrinated in the Sabbath school and the sanctuary. The malignant infection once received, it may baffle the most industrious and zealous efforts of those who are interested in their spiritual welfare, to drive it from the system. Reasoning may not do it. The eloquence of a father or a mother is often ineffectual. The tender and affectionate words of a brother or sister, charming never so wisely, may fall powerless from the lips. The seeds of scepticism, or some one of the various forms of religious error, have been sown, and have already taken deep root in the soul, perhaps too deep to be eradicated; and thus the fondest hopes of a godly parent may be dashed to atoms. Oh, what a curse must rest upon the head of that man, who mixed the fatal draught, which has ruined the soul of this youth!

I know a young man—it was but a few weeks since I received a letter from him full of bitter lamentations respecting his spiritual state—whose early education had been under the happiest influence, who was blessed with the counsels of a godly mother, and the advantages of an efficient Sabbath school instruction, but who, in an evil hour, received the germ of scepticism into his mind through the pages of Voltaire and Tom Paine. He has long since repented that he ever came in contact with these contagious principles, but his repentance came too late. "Oh," he says, "Oh, that I might break loose from their influence! But alas! I cannot, I cannot!" He has enjoyed several seasons of religious revival; but the Spirit passed him by unblest. So strong

and abiding is the contrary agency of scepticism—so virulent is the action of the infection—that a vitiated tone has been imparted to his moral sentiments, which the reason and judgment cannot correct or control.

In the same manner other radical religious errors are inwrought into the very texture of the moral constitution early in life, so that the engine of truth, though it pour a flood upon the mind, may not quench the fires of that error. He is mistaken, who supposes that it is easy to convince a man—a reasonable man—after he is confirmed in religious error, that he is wrong. It might be easy, were it not for the depravity of the heart; but that depravity so warps the mind, that the judgment often sees the truth indistinctly, or not at all. The will, biassed by sin, is often drawing one way, while the conscience, unbiassed, is drawing the other way. How strange, we often think, that a man, in the exercise of his reasoning faculties, with the Bible in his hand, can be persuaded of any of those monstrous absurdities that disgrace the nominally Christian world. No, it is not strange. With a knowledge of the human heart, it is no matter of astonishment. The natural tendency of the affections and the will is downward, toward the pit. The heart loves darkness. It is predisposed to error. Would you protect the mind from dangerous infection, that shall work the death of the soul, guard that mind in the green and tender period of childhood. Guard it well. Let it not come in contact with the wicked and insidious sentiments of scepticism. There is an *elective affinity* between these dangerous sentiments and the human heart. Then, Christian parents, if you would preserve the minds of your children from the blight and the mildew of scepticism, let them not form an acquaintance with those authors who propagate such errors, but pour upon them the light of sacred truth.

F. C. W.

THE SERPENT AND CHILD.

BY JOHN HOLLAND,

Author of the Life of Summerfield.

A MOTHER's eye its watches kept,
O'er where her infant lay and slept,
Upon a warm and fragrant bank,
Where wild-flowers mingled green and rank.

Disporting gay in summer's noon
The honeysuckle's rich festoon,
O'ercanopied the infant's bed,
And round its luscious perfumes shed.

The infant's calm cherubic face,
Of grief or pain bore not a trace;
Nor thoughts, save such as fancy deems
Haunt sinless minds, and angel dreams.

When, lo! her anxious eye beholds
A snake uncoil its glittering folds,
Forth from a boss of tangled roots,
Between her and the child it shoots.

Unheeding of a mother's fears,
Its crested neck the reptile rears;
Advances,—and at each advance,
Darts round its fascinating glance.

But, vigorous with maternal strength,
She sprang upon its tortuous length;
Crush'd with her heel the hissing head,
And laid the writhing reptile dead.

"Thank heaven! thus safe, my dearest boy!
Thy father's hope, thy mother's joy;
Unbitten babe—uninjured charms!"
She cried;—and clasp'd him in her arms.

Ah! mother, nay! though out of sight,
He has received a mortal bite;
A deadlier tooth hath pierced his *heart!*
The spirit's vulnerable part.

There, coil'd within its closest cell,
Gnaws the old viper-fiend of hell;
And all life's bitter pains and pangs,
Spring from the venom of his fangs.

No mother's heel can crush; no knife
Destroy—or cut his hold on life;
No drugs, no remedy can calm
Those rankling pains—but Gilead's balm.

The soul's immedicable wound
To heal—but one Physician's found;
JESUS alone must bruise, within,
That hydra-headed serpent—SIN.

Original.

THE ELECT LADY.—Chapter I.

BY REV. N. E. JOHNSON.

The sun was just sinking behind the western mountain which rose loftily over the beautiful valley, where the mansion of the Elect Lady stood, the very picture of an honorable and happy home. Eager expectation characterized every member of the household, because the lady had just received a letter from the apostle John, the only survivor of the twelve, that he was about to make her a visit. The times were dangerous for Christians, and the apostle was grey with years, and therefore all felt that it might be the last visit he would ever make them. The most deep and ardent attachment to the holy veteran reigned in every child and servant of the Elect Lady, for they had often received from his lips the words of eternal life. Around the gate which looked toward the mountain was the youthful group watching a form which, leaning on a staff, was seen emerging from a grove which skirted the base of the nearest hill. They could not be mistaken—it was he, the venerable apostle, and eager with joy they ran to meet him. Warm was the greeting, and it was a beautiful sight which the lady enjoyed, as, descending from her chamber to the gate, she beheld the holy man advancing, with the joyous group of her children escorting him to their home.

When the evening meal was ended, on which the apostle had implored the blessing of his Divine Master, all the members of the household collected around the guest, listening to the gracious words which he uttered.

After casting over the smiling circle that tender placid look which was usual to him, when the deep and heavenly affections of his soul were sweetly moved, he turned to the honored matron and said—

"Beloved Sister, surely my God is rich in his mercy, because he has once more permitted me to behold thy face, amid thy favored household, and now my joy is full. It is not often that I can find so quiet a scene, in these days of hard toil and great peril,

and therefore it is with sensations of peculiar pleasure that I find myself among those whose love and truth I know, and who enter so fully into fellowship with my ministry for our common Lord. Thou rememberest that I spoke to thee in my letter of thy Elect Sister. She still remains under my care, having arrived as you know to a very great age, and sends you her tender love as she stands waiting to depart for a better world. When our Lord consigned her to me, saying, 'Son, behold thy mother,' an ardent desire was created to do all that I could for her comfort while she lived. Great has been my consolation in her valuable society. Her long intimacy with Jesus when he was a child seemed to imbue her mind with the very spirit of that wonderful One, whose human nature, when at home in the daily society of his parents, shone with the divine glory of his incarnate deity. Never, never shall I forget the domestic scenes which we enjoyed when we were young together. Joseph would come in from his carpenter-shop, and collect his children around him. He would read the glowing pages of the ancient prophets, and hang over those passages where David gives utterance to his prophetic emotions, and Isaiah tells of the approaching kingdom of God. At such time I have watched the features of Jesus glowing with intensest feeling, as his eyes moistened, and his heart heaved with unutterable thoughts. Never shall I forget the filial deference and respect with which he would sometimes correct the interpretation given to obscure passages, nor any of those remarkable words by which the holy page seemed to live and shine with a diviner beauty while he spoke. Nor shall I forget with what maternal tenderness Mary treasured these things in her heart, and now, in her great age, it is her joy to recall those conversations which sometimes filled us with fear and often with joy and wonder. But let me ask, dear Sister, how is it with thee and these thy children? Does the candle of the Lord now illuminate thy dwelling as in years that are past?"

The Elect Lady was the relict of a distinguished Roman who died suddenly and left her in charge of a large and interesting family of children, the eldest of whom was a beautiful and accomplished daughter then about twenty years of age. The

noble husband and father having heard in some Christian assembly the apostle proclaim the simple truth as it is in Jesus, was convinced of the gospel, and invited the inspired preacher to his house, thus laying the foundation of a friendship in which all his family were blessed. The Lady replied:

"Ever since the severe affliction by which my honored husband was called to another world, God has mercifully visited me with great consolations. The chief of these is that my children walk in the truth. This was what I most feared when the sad bereavement came, that the loss of his parental influence would expose our children to temptation. Therefore have I watched and prayed and labored that I might behold them ready for the employments of heaven when they too shall die, and I shall meet them in another state of existence. As yet my hopes have been bright, may they never prove to have been fallacious. While thy visit lasts aid me by instilling into their minds those important instructions which are able to make them wise unto salvation."

Great was the holy tenderness with which the apostle said, "Lady, elect of God! I honor thine anxious care and continual vigilance. These children are treasures of more worth than worlds. Possessing immortal souls for which the Savior bled, they may be thy companions for ever in those blissful mansions which he has gone to prepare for thine everlasting home. Stand fast in thy fidelity. Remember and repeat often in their hearing the great things which thou hast been told, and study the writings of my fellow-laborers, Matthew, and Mark, and Luke, who have recorded the actions of Christ; and Peter and Paul, who have explained his precious gospel in epistles inspired by the Holy Ghost. I too shall leave the writings by which thy family shall be instructed. But thou, Oh mother of immortals! must cherish all thy children with an undying love, watching for their progress in holiness daily, and teaching them to hallow the memory of our blessed Lord."

Original.

PARENTAL GOVERNMENT.

(Concluded.)

4. Many parents pronounce upon the guilt or innocence of their children when accused of particular transgressions, upon the sole evidence of their former habits. A child having been frequently detected in purloining cake or sweetmeats, is arraigned for a similar offence; and the parent, not knowing to whom else to impute the crime, infers his guilt from his previous and well known propensity. In very many cases this would prove to be a righteous judgment; yet it is a very unsafe inference, and should never be acted upon, unless corroborated by other testimony. The child may have reformed, and the parent thus judging is liable to condemn the innocent, and, in this way, to exhibit himself as a practical tyrant. Such a procedure would do violence to the common notions of justice, and furnish to the child a strong temptation to anger, if not to retaliation. Besides: In families where there are other children, or domestics, let it be known that a parent would be ready to impute such a transgression to a particular individual, and he would furnish a ready victim to suffer for the sins of the whole household.

5. It is not always safe to rely upon testimony that is apparently positive. Children very frequently accuse each other falsely, even when they do not intend it. They form their own opinions of the guilt of the suspected one, rashly; and then mistake these convictions for personal knowledge. Mistakes of this nature are not by any means peculiar to children; they are of daily occurrence among well educated and conscientious adults. Intelligent and virtuous men frequently come into our courts of justice, and under the sanction of an oath, testify to that of which they have no knowledge. They do not designedly "bear false witness;" but they mistake their mental conclusion for the evidence of their senses, and are perfectly honest, even while testifying to a lie. This is the chief reason why lawyers lay so

much stress upon the right of cross-examination; it is by this means that they expect to separate the chaff from the wheat. It often happens, also, that children and servants are so anxious to divert from themselves the eye of suspicion, that they do not stop to think of the moral consequences of falsely directing it towards the innocent. It is the duty of the parent, then, in all cases, carefully to examine his witnesses, and calmly to deliberate upon the credit due to their testimony. He may not judge hastily. He should always ask himself, Does the witness really know that whereof he affirms? Can he be mistaken? Has he any interest in making that appear to be true, which is not so? Is his testimony consistent with itself, and with other circumstances? Does it stand alone, or is it confirmed by other testimony? But this is not all. No matter how strong the testimony may be, the accused has an inalienable right to explain and rebut it. The parent is bound to give him a fair opportunity to exculpate himself. Many parents act on a very different principle. When the evidence of a child's guilt appears to be clear, they are afraid to allow him the privilege of explaining himself, lest he should be tempted to prevaricate. This course is not simply unjust; but it is also impolitic. For the strongest evidences of guilt may sometimes be overcome by a single word; and the parent who, in such circumstances, excludes explanation, will find, in the end, that his children have often been made the innocent victims of his intemperate rashness.

6. It is not sufficient that the parent should be really impartial. He must also carefully preserve the appearance of impartiality. A parent of an ardent temperament sometimes arrives at a conclusion by a much shorter process, than any with which the child is acquainted. So there are certain temperaments that always act upon sudden impulses; and the first blush of an idea is so powerful as to exclude every possible doubt of its truth. Such temperaments are in great danger of destroying the confidence of their children, unless they cultivate the habit of acting with peculiar circumspection. Let them take pains, therefore, to show their children that their opinions are based upon reason, and not upon feeling. In this way, their children will learn to confide

in their discretion, and even their mistakes will be imputed to the fallibility of testimony, rather than to hastiness of temper. But the writer has known children to suffer, for years, under most cruel imputations, in consequence of the rashness of their parents in forming their decisions upon insufficient testimony; and there is too much reason to fear that many such children have, in this way, been utterly ruined, both for time and eternity.

THETA.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Original.

LETTER TO MESSRS. WHITTELSEY AND HUNT,

MISSIONARIES TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—The relation which it is my privilege to sustain to the Maternal Association of which your dear mothers are members, affords me an occasion, which I gladly improve, to address you jointly on their behalf. And though I have not been officially authorized to do this, yet I hesitate not to say that what I may write will meet their sanction, though I can express but very imperfectly the degree of affection and sympathy which they cherish towards you. One of you has been, from childhood, the object of our daily prayers; and in the case of both, we rejoiced in your admission to the visible fold of Christ. And since we have known of your intention to leave us, to bear the "glad tidings of great joy" to the far distant heathen, our hearts have yearned over you with an affection scarcely less tender than that which is laid up in the hidden fountain of a mother's love. How often we have wept for you; how fervently and how confidently we have asked for you a preparation for the work, and wisdom and strength, and comfort and success in its performance;—how deeply we have sympathized with your dear parents in their sorrows,—our closets alone can tell. But it is not in the language of sympathy only that we have made mention of your

names before the mercy-seat. Ill would it have become us to leave "forgotten in unthankfulness" the honor put upon this Association by the God of missions. For if you have been prepared for the blessed work to which you are elevated, it has been in answer to prayer. And what have we ever asked for you more or other than this, that you might be fitted for, and used in the service of the Lord Jesus Christ? And while we gratefully acknowledge the answer of our petitions, think not that we shall cease to bear you on our hearts till yours or ours shall be stilled in death. When you kneel in your little cabin—far at sea; or on the distant rock-bound shore, in the twilight hour, when memory loves most to keep her vigils; let it comfort your hearts to know that the company of mothers, with whom you used sometimes to meet, remember you, day by day, before that "blood-bought mercy-seat" where thoughts are most effectual. On that privileged spot, dear absent ones, we may yet daily meet. Though "lost to sight," our sympathies and prayers may yet mingle, and ascend together as acceptable incense. Do not forget us or our children; especially remember us on the afternoon succeeding each Monthly Concert.

We shall wait for the glad tidings of your safe arrival at your destined port. And shall we not hear of the souls of your shipmates, redeemed through your instrumentality? When "the abundance of the sea shall be converted to God," then shall the angel fly swiftly "in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people."

When we gave you the parting hand our lips refused to utter that which our hearts dictated. May God bless each of you, and make you a blessing! Let his precious Word be to you, what the manna was in the wilderness—*daily food.* Live upon its promises. Plead them with filial confidence before the throne. They are like sun-beams scattered upon the sacred page; or like precious pearls, which, if you gather and bind them to your bosom, will serve both for wealth and ornament. Shall I weave a chain for you, as a parting gift?

"My presence shall go with thee and I will give thee rest."

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

"No good thing will be withheld from them that walk uprightly."

"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burnt; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

"I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you."

"All things work together for food to them that love God."

And, *for a central gem*, on which to fix your dying eye:

"I WILL COME AGAIN, AND RECEIVE YOU UNTO MYSELF."

"What more *could* he say than to you he hath said?"

Must we repeat the sad, sad farewell! There *is* a clime where its echo is not heard.

May we but meet you on that blissful shore, and the tossing of life's ocean will be heard no more for ever!

On behalf of the First Maternal Association, Newark.

F. S. SMITH, Secretary.

Newark, Nov. 25, 1843.

EDUCATION.

PART I. HISTORY OF EDUCATION, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

PART II. A PLAN OF CULTURE AND INSTRUCTION, BASED ON CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES, AND DESIGNED TO AID IN THE RIGHT EDUCATION OF YOUTH, PHYSICALLY, INTELLECTUALLY, AND MORALLY. By H. L. SMITH, A.M., Professor in the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, Penn. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1842.

(Continued.)

II. INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.—The object of intellectual culture is to bring forward the senses or faculties of the mind in the order of nature, till each one is trained to perform its proper part; or in other words—to train each sense to perceive acutely and correctly.

On this subject the author of the treatise remarks very justly,

that, "Much injury is done by urging the youthful mind to premature efforts; by seeking prematurely to develope its active but still slumbering powers." If all the energies of the child are directed to the cultivation of any one faculty, the child becomes a prodigy in that one faculty, but a dwarf in others. Hence the reason why some children who are so forward in early life, are forgotten when they grow up into active life, when the exercise of *all the faculties* is called forth. Our space will not allow us to enter extensively into this branch of education.

The last division which we notice is MORAL EDUCATION.—The author here begins at a period when the discipline devolves almost entirely on the mother, i. e. in the cradle.

"As yet, the child has no other means of making resistance except the use of its voice; but this unruly disposition will subsequently manifest itself by striking, stamping, and the like. Such screaming may be distinguished by those who are about the child, not only by its angry tone, but also by its increasing in violence until the desired gratification has been obtained; and with this successful attempt, an association is formed between unruly conduct and the attainment of purposes, which will last through life. The child very soon discovers that by this means it can obtain its object; it knows that at first, as the animal does: for example, the dog, which asks its master for what it wants by barking; but it gradually learns, by experience, to effect by screaming whatever it desires, and to rule by importunity, over those around it.

"The principal remedy for this evil is to repel the very first attempts of the child; not to give up to it, but to let it scream; but to make it a point to satisfy its natural wants before it has occasion to demand gratification by screaming and importunity. In other respects it should be treated in as kindly a manner as possible.

"'But,' it is objected, 'the child will cry too much, and perhaps injure itself.' You may safely run the risk; or, is the injury less if it becomes daily more headstrong? When shall the temper be subdued or the will broken? Will you leave it to time and circumstances? This would be cruel; for the stern

Nemesis never omits to come, and she is a stranger to sparing gentleness. If the child sustain a bodily injury, this may be cured; or it may become happy even with it; but an ill-temperd child will certainly become an unhappy man. Nor is there great danger of injury arising from screaming. When its exertions are destructive to itself, nature soon becomes sensible of it, and the child will scream no longer than it can bear it, at least not in early infancy: it will grow weary, and rest the more sweetly; and perhaps this exercise of the voice will even serve as a wholesome excitement to its animal organism; but when the unruly child has been, for once, allowed to scream to its heart's content without effecting its object, all is gained; that evil association is broken up; it will not carry its second attempt so far, and nature is freed from its bonds; for, according to nature, the child feels itself dependant on the will of others, and finds itself well at ease in this sense of dependance; much better than in its position of unnatural domination. I know an excellent mother, whose acute observation detected the beginning of this unruly tendency in her infant daughter when only six weeks of age. The child screamed in order to be taken from its bed; she let it lie and it screamed more violently; it continued to scream for about fifteen minutes, until it could scarcely be endured; but the mother had firmness to persevere. The child screamed until it was weary, then feel asleep, and awoke in the best humor imaginable, and never made a similar attempt, but became a most obedient and amiable girl.

"As the breaking from any habit always produces a disagreeable excitement, and that the more sensibly the more the evil habit has become confirmed, and the more it feels the restraint imposed upon its violent manifestations, so every means employed to correct the evil here particularly treated of cannot but leave a disagreeable impression on the child's mind which can never be effaced; an aversion to the person who subjects it to restraint, which can only be prejudicial to affection and cheerfulness. The longer, therefore, the subduing the will is put off, the more violently will the child be exasperated against those who ultimately attempt to curb it. Hence arises the universally

prevailing propensity of children to disobedience, and even aversion to education; for a child, that has not been more or less neglected in this respect, is one of the greatest rarities. All have, in some degree, to suffer for this early neglect, and never is the penalty completely cancelled; for, in suffering for it, it is always again renewed, though it be but to a small degree. And, therefore, the disobedience of children is to the parents who complain of it, the penalty of sin; and the same is true of all the bitterness and ill-will of the younger generation towards the elder, which suffers from these feelings and tempers.

"In extreme cases it will be necessary to resort to chastisement, and then the rod is a remedy, as an emetic is for divers diseases. In its bodily pain, the child feels the displeasure of its parents; and this feeling resolves itself into the association that such attempts must in future be abstained from, in order that such pain may be avoided. But the child's heart is, at the same time, excited to humility by its own sense of the justness of its suffering, and the displeasure of the parents now becomes the displeasure of the child with regard to itself. This mode of treatment, though severe, strengthens the child's capacity for self-government. It is true that, if the course thus adopted be not persevered in, the case becomes worse than it was before; for then the child has been exasperated, and becomes malicious; and, what is more, feels its own superiority to the will of its parents. But if the child is really brought to feel the superiority of its parents (and how can it otherwise, except they themselves be weak?), in that moment nature resumes its prerogative; the child's heart has been softened, and its will become pliant; and as soon as the hand of affection is again held out to it, it will cling the more fondly to its parents. It is inherent in human nature that he who is weaker, and needs the support and guidance of others, should cheerfully content himself when he is made to perceive the strength of his guide, and perhaps even to become sensible of it by means of suffering in his own person.

"When the chastisement is administered, let it be brief, and severe in exact proportion to the necessity of the case, lest it degenerate into worrying; and let all scolding be abstained from,

for this only exasperates. One single severe word, *e. g.*, "silence!" uttered with a commanding voice, is better than many. But let all be done without passion, for an angry face can only produce a frightful impression on the child. And now, when the child is content and yields, let him at once again see a serene brow and an unclouded face, and talk with him about other things; this will operate like the warm sunshine after the first thunder-storm in spring."

The nature and end of punishment will be considered in our next number.

Original.

SICK CHILDREN.

It is probable that children do not generally receive the sympathy to which they are entitled, when they appear irritable and peevish. The adult often finds the need of much resolution and self-control, with divine grace superadded, to enable him to govern his temper, when under the influence of diseases which produce nervous irritation. The following observations, from the "Mother's Friend," deserve especial attention: "Their slight and delicate frames are subject to many disorders which they have not the power to describe, and there is reason to fear many a poor little sufferer has been harshly treated, when teething, or some other secret pain, or perhaps the want of cleanliness, or clothes which have not properly fitted, have been the only cause of its fretfulness. If you can find out or remove the cause of irritation in your child, try to soothe him, by maintaining, yourself, an undisturbed calmness of temper; for even infants are wonderfully affected by the looks of those around them, and a cheerful composed manner is the best means of quieting a fractious child; whilst harsh tones of voice, and an angry countenance, will be sure to frighten him, and add to his distress." The diseases of children are especially of an irritating nature. Not only teething, to

which all are subject; but, in some cases, children have been observed to be exceedingly fretful, without any apparent reason, for many months; when they have been suddenly attacked with inflammation in the head, resulting in suffusion of the brain, and death. A child, in such a case, would be very liable to suffer harsh treatment undeservedly. There can be no danger, then, of treating an irritable child with too much tenderness. Sympathy should be felt for him, and every proper measure taken to soothe his feelings.

But, still, there is great danger of extending too much *indulgence* to sickly children. They should never be left to infer, from our tenderness and sympathy, that their being sick is a sufficient reason why they should have their way in everything, and be indulged in all their whims. I once called to see a woman with a sick child; and I was hardly seated before he called for my cane, which I was expected, of course, to surrender. The cane was given to him, and he placed it by his side. Presently his little sister came along, and desired to look at it; but no, she could not come near it, without encountering an outcry. Presently, while he was sitting in his little chair, his mother took his sister in her arms, to attend to some of her wants; but the little fellow would not suffer such an encroachment upon his rights. He was the sick boy, and the place occupied by his sister belonged to him. So she was compelled to yield. In short, the sick boy was the tyrant of the whole family, mother and all. Such indulgence as this is no kindness to sick children. It only fosters ill-temper and peevishness, and thus aggravates disease. It is important for their own comfort, and for the successful treatment of the disease, that they should be taught self-control. It is exceedingly important, also, in respect to the formation of character, that they should not be indulged in everything they desire, on account of being sick. The temper of many a child has been ruined by such indulgence. It is even more important that a sick child should be *governed*, than one that is well. He has less self-control; and unrestrained indulgence will be more injurious. In the treatment of a sick child, firmness and decision should be mingled with tenderness. But, it is even better to

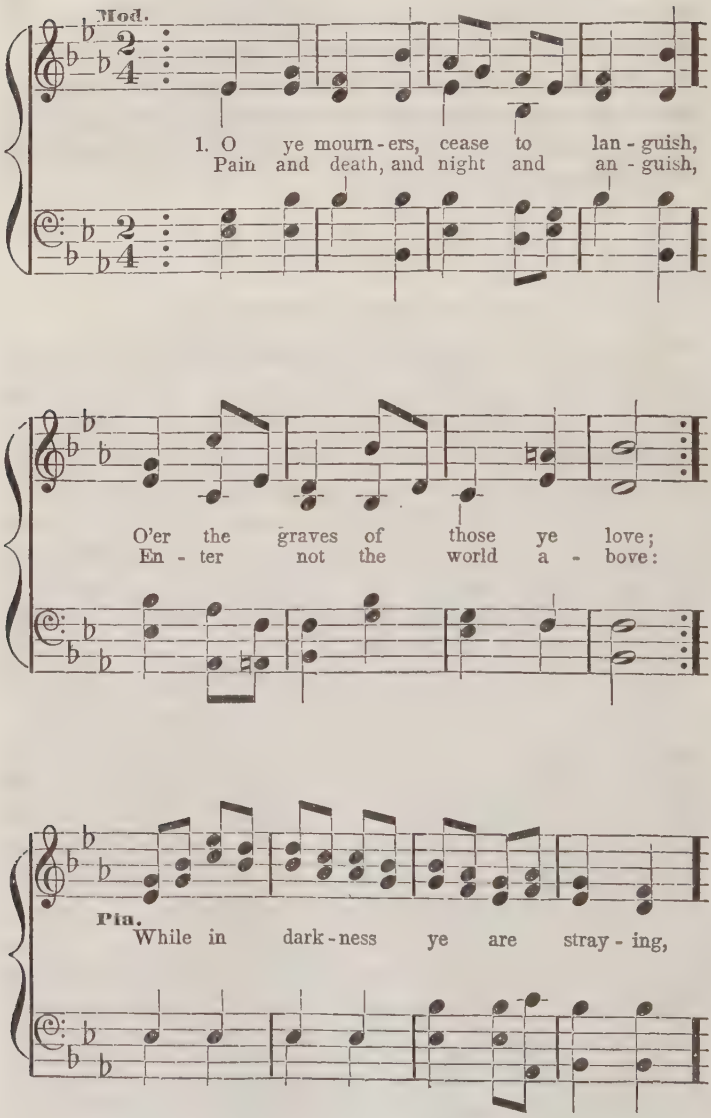
subdue the fretfulness of a sick child by correction, than to permit him to give a loose rein to an ungovernable temper. The correction will injure him less than the indulgence. Yet it would be cruel, in such a case, to administer correction in a harsh and angry manner. It should be done from a sense of duty, under the full influence of sympathy for the sufferings of the child. He will then see that you feel for him, and will be impressed with the necessity of governing himself.

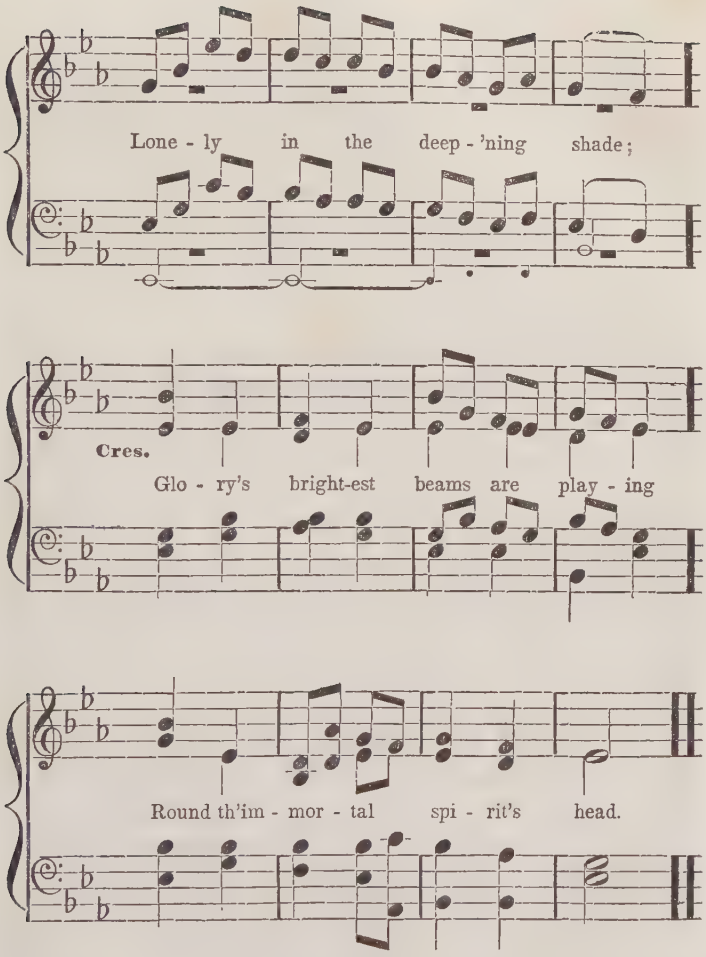
BLESSINGS OF HOME.

"HERE misfortune cannot extinguish the ardor of affection, nor chill the tender sympathies of domestic life. The world may frown and assume its most menacing attitudes, and the long list of ephemeral friends who bask in the beams of another's prosperity, true to their own nature, may drop off and disappear with the decline of business, and the decay of fortune. But still the tender sympathies, the sacred associations, and soul-ennobling inspirations of home, remain refreshing as a spring of living waters, and unvarying as the evergreen, that retains its beauty through all the shifting seasons of the year.

"Here a friend is found 'that sticketh closer than a brother;' here the toils and calamities of life are forgotten, at least for a season. The sympathetic smiles of an affectionate companion, and the mirthful prattle of innocent children, dispel even the gloom of misfortune, and arouse the man of sorrow from the stupor of grief. He sees that while the great world without neither rewards his industry nor pities his disappointments, he has a world of his own in the tender combinations of domestic life. Here a stranger does not intermeddle with his joy. Here, while he is soothed by the kindness of his companion, encouraged by her counsel, and strengthened by her co-operation, he stands against the rushing flood of the world's care and turmoil, and maintains himself amidst its depressive casualties, with all the magnanimity of a man, who knows and feels that he has a wife and children."

DOUDNEY, 8s & 7s.

Music from HANDEL, *arranged for the Mother's Magazine.*

Mod.
1. O ye mourn - ers, cease to lan - guish,
Pain and death, and night and an - guish,
O'er the graves of those ye love;
En - ter not the world a - bove:
Pia.
While in dark - ness ye are stray - ing,



2. O ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the graves of those ye love,
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above:
vi Light and peace, at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

A WORD TO PARENTS.

A MOTHER with a group of children clinging to her arms, and looking up to her for sympathy, for tender instruction and advice, and twining themselves round her heart with all the endearments of filial affection—a mother—to tear herself away from such a scene of thrilling interest and duty, or not to devote to it her most precious hours, and holiest feelings, and most efficient energies! The very idea is revolting to our common nature.

Where ought she to find sweeter pleasures—where ought she to feel that she is more faithfully discharging her duty to her God and Savior, than in the domestic circle, uniting with the partner of her bosom in sustaining a well-ordered family state, and in thus making it what Providence designed it to be, the preparatory school in which the good citizen is to be trained up for the service of his country, and the devoted Christian to the service of his Master.

Let conscience weigh well these solemn claims, both in the case of the father and mother, whenever the calls of business or of pleasure, the making of a little or more money, or the participation of social enjoyments, would interfere with them;—nay, when the calls of the public, or the voice of religion itself, would seem to urge to the performance of higher and more important duties. At least, let conscience weigh well these duties of domestic life, of God's own appointment, and on the faithful discharge of which the most important interests both of the public and of religion depend; and let an enlightened judgment, looking to the word of God for instruction, and to the throne of his Grace for guidance, give its careful decision; before the sacrifice is made of a good which is certain, but may seem to be less, to another good, sometimes disappointing expectation, which may seem to be greater.

If both can be fully and conscientiously performed, both, beyond doubt, should be. If one or the other must be neglected, pause, pray, deliberate, lest the sacred trust of a father, of a mother, should be violated, or in any degree impaired.

GALLAUDET.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1844.

Original.

ANTEDILUVIAN MOTHERS.

There are probably few persons familiar with sacred history, who have not felt the desire for some fuller history of our earth before the Flood. The brief account in Genesis is all the information that has come down to us. What was the population of the earth—what were the governments existing—what the improvements in arts and sciences—what conflicts of nations—what civil commotions;—in all these history is a blank. Yet we may well infer that in the sixteen hundred years before the Flood swept the earth of its inhabitants, the world had become fully peopled. There was much more than ample time, at no greater rate of increase than in the United States, independent of immigration, for all parts of the earth to become more densely peopled than the most thickly settled countries ever have been since—ample time to make the population of the earth more than fifty times as great as at the present day. It may, too, be confidently supposed that in that original state of the earth, its capacity for supporting a dense population was much greater than since. What causes may have operated to retard the increase of inhabitants—what wars, or pestilences, or vices—are all left to unguided conjecture.

We have no account of the age or death of the Mother of our race or of any woman in this period of our world. Yet we naturally infer that then, as now, the average life of females was equal to that of males. Adam lived nine hundred and thirty

years. If Eve lived nine hundred years, estimating that the inhabitants doubled in numbers once in thirty-three and one-third years—certainly a moderate estimate, the longevity of men considered—she would at her death have left, of living descendants, more than two hundred and sixty-eight millions—nearly one-third as many as now compose the various nations of the earth!

Here, then, was probably the living mother of hundreds of millions, while in our day it is matter of remark, if one can gather around her, of children, grand and great-grand-children, some sixty or seventy.

What changes must our first parents have witnessed! Alone of the race on earth—and before their death surrounded by hundreds of millions! The sweets of innocence, and the bitterness of sin; embowered amidst the delights of Paradise, and outcasts seeking their bread by the sweat of the brow. They erected the first rude tent, and lived, perhaps, to see cities as proud and populous as now exist; navies ploughing the ocean, commerce with its active energies; arts, and skill, and learning, and fashion, and pride, and wickedness!

We fancy that the present age surpasses all that have gone before us—that steam in its applications—that ships in their modern stateliness and beauty—that mind in its cultivation—that science in its deep researches—are of modern date;—that in the days of Noah before he entered the ark, ignorance, and darkness, and barbarity only were on the earth. And yet the Flood may have blotted out more of splendor and wealth—more of physical improvement and intellectual acquirements—more of skill and art, than have since been known on earth. That nothing of these remain is no argument that they did not exist; if they did, they would naturally become extinct in the family of Noah for want of numbers and motives sufficient to continue them.

But the Mothers of that period—those mothers dwellers on the earth for almost a thousand years—what were they? In their habits, lives and characters, our eye cannot reach them. Yet there were mothers, and those mothers had children and children's children, over whose heads centuries had rolled their

years—mothers dandling on their knees an offspring of the twentieth—probably of the thirtieth generation.

What a power for good must length of days have given those mothers! And yet wickedness reigned triumphant—Noah alone, with his family, of all the inhabitants, numbered perhaps by billions, worthy to be reserved for the re-peopling of the earth! Faithless indeed must have been those antediluvian mothers.

The experience of the first sixteen hundred years of our race has proved that the expectation of so long a life, putting the day of death far out of sight while women were acting the part of mothers, is not calculated to produce thoughtfulness and fidelity in the discharge of duties either to God or man. The mother felt that there was time enough—no need of haste—centuries of life lay before her, and this, it may be, tempted the deferring of instruction, reproof and restraint, till the evil passions of the heart, gaining giant strength, mocked at parental influence. While the mother waited—thoughtless of the distant day which should sever her from her children, and left for a future period their education in right principles, in the fear of God and obedience to his law, the child became a man in years and wickedness, and went forth from a mother's home untamed as a beast of prey. How much the expectation of a life which, compared with its present brief measure, seemed almost endless, had to do with that utter corruption of the inhabitants of the earth, which rendered their destruction necessary, we cannot tell. Yet could it be now announced from Heaven that a thousand or five hundred years should be the allotted days of man on earth, whatever physical and intellectual advantages might result from it, we should have great reason to fear—nay, we should have an assured certainty, unless other means of grace and restraint were exerted by the Almighty, that a prevailing wickedness would in a few centuries demand another sweeping away of the race.

With the seventy years of allotted life, uncertain even during this period, the mother may well feel that what she does, she must do quickly. There is no time to sit down in listless inactivity. The Almighty has unquestionably selected, in mercy to us, the best period of probationary being—that in which moral

influences will act with most power—that which, while it leaves sufficient time for intellectual attainments—for the multiplication of our species, for the improvement of the earth and the advancement of all useful arts, is calculated to make us feel most deeply the necessity of activity and energy in everything connected with our interests as moral beings, looking to a future account and just reward.

This brevity of life is well adapted—is probably essential—in its general influence on the thoughts and feelings, to awaken the anxious care of the mother in the proper training of her child during those very few years of childhood in which alone she can mould its heart and principles. The power of which she is the instrument is resistless, if intelligently and faithfully used at the right period. Where there are no counteracting influences at home, the Christian mother may *always* so train her child (her health and opportunities being sufficient), as to be certain of his general correctness in after life. And instead of complaining of the shortness of life or wishing its former length restored, she may well rejoice that a kind and wise Providence has so measured her expected days, as most effectually to arouse all her energies to the performance of those duties on which depend her own and children's respectability in this life, and their happiness in that world where duties will not tire, and where years shall be measured by eternity.

SACREDNESS OF MARRIAGE.

"LIFE is never a sunny day throughout. It is subject to clouds, and even to storms; to many and painful vicissitudes, but still they are one, sacredly and inseparably one. And O how tender is that identity of character, interest, and sympathy of flesh and soul, which sets at defiance the rude blasts of misfortune, and remains unchanged amidst the shifting scenes of this inconstant world! Thus understood, this certainly is one of the most beneficent appointments of an indulgent Providence. Here the human heart has its proper point of attraction, and the full tide of human sympathy is taught to ebb and flow, under regulations appointed and approved by heaven."

EDUCATION.

The Nature and End of Punishment.

Part I. History of Education, Ancient and Modern.

Part II. A plan of Culture and Instruction, based on Christian Principles, and designed to aid in the right Education of Youth, physically, intellectually, and morally. By H. L. Smith, A. M., Professor in the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, Penn. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1842.

(Concluded.)

"Punishments, in the pedagogic sense, are means of discipline; and they differ essentially from the punishment of crime by the civil magistrate in this, that they aim only at the reformation of the person punished. They consist in the endurance of deserved suffering, which the educator inflicts in order to bring his pupil to self-knowledge, and to effect his reformation. They ought to resemble Divine chastisements, in that the person who punishes manifests indignation, virtuous wrath, which, to the heart of the person punished, should be an evidence of love. Through the rigor of severity, the kind intention ought to be discernible; but if, on the other hand, the smallest degree of vindictiveness, of hatred, of injustice on the part of the educator is displayed in the infliction of punishment, its wholesome operation is not only lost, but it becomes a poison. Even if it be unaccompanied by due seriousness, it will operate unfavorably, inasmuch as it will cause the child, or young person punished, to hold in contempt the punishment and him who administers it. It must, therefore, be adapted to the age of the child: smaller children feel only the rod; older ones are more sensible to wounds inflicted on their sense of honor than to bodily pain.

"The end of punishment is best attained if the child can find in it the restoration of its inward peace; a sort of expiation to which it will gladly submit. Children of good dispositions will sometimes, of their own accord, offer themselves for punishment; and, after the pain is over, such are usually more cheerful and more affectionate towards their rigorous guide. This effect should be aimed at; but never should the sufferer be induced to kiss the

hand which has inflicted chastisement, for this makes hypocrites: nor should unnatural punishments be contrived, as Rousseau recommends; for in him who inflicts punishment the child should recognize a sacred authority of will, but not be tempted to act a part.

"Addictedness to lying, which branches out into deceitfulness, dissimulation, exaggeration, hypocrisy, knavery, &c., has already been referred to, in connexion with other depraved manifestations, out of which it is apt to grow. There must be a great deal of mismanagement before a child will lie: for 'God hath made man upright;' and if a child be guilty of this sin, it has certainly been taught to lie; for, at the period of life in which it does not yet distinguish between truth and fiction, it does not as yet consider whether it can accomplish anything by lying; and it does not really design to utter a falsehood, even when it says what is not true. Now, if anything of this kind is magnified into importance; if a purpose is imputed to a child which, as yet, it cannot have; if the child's attention is thus directed to the circumstance, or, if care be not taken to prevent its accomplishing anything by an untrue statement, the child is actually taught to do what otherwise it would not have learned—nay, what its natural instinct would have led it to abhor, *i. e.*, to speak untruth designedly; it is taught to violate its own self-respect by lying. And now, if children do things for which they are censured; if they be subject to several abnormal developments of character; and if the parents do not command their entire confidence, or if they be even subjected to harsh treatment, they will contract a vicious habit of lying, under the auspices of example and of desired success, and stimulated by manifold opportunity.

"There is here no other remedy than that of closing up the sources of the evil in the other corrupt tendencies, and of obtaining the implicit confidence of children. Children should, in no instance, be allowed to get out of a difficulty by a falsehood; never permit yourself to be deceived by them, but give them due credit for a frank confession, and never punish them for a fault

which they spontaneously avow. If they have once been brought to repose full confidence in their educators, all is gained; and in this course it is necessary to persevere. This first real, intentional, deliberate lie should, without a moment's forbearance, be punished with sorrowful severity of manner, and likewise every subsequent falsehood, according to the necessary gradation of punishments. When once lying has become a confirmed habit, the young person will not be easily reformed, perhaps not till after the lapse of years; nevertheless, the necessary course of treatment must be consistently persevered in. It will, at the same time, and especially in the case of hardened liars, have a good effect if they be made to feel, on all suitable occasions, the baseness and odiousness of this vice. The least inconvenience to which they can be subjected is, that they are *never* believed; that they receive no credit, under any circumstances, until they give evidence of amendment.

"The manner in which commands and prohibitions are given is of the utmost importance. The following principles should be carefully observed: Let there be as few commands and laws as possible; but what has once been prescribed ought to be irrevocable. If altered circumstances should require the abrogation of any rule that has been given, it should be as formally abrogated as it was enjoined. No rule should be permitted to become an obsolete statute, for which nobody has any farther respect. Hence it will be necessary to reflect maturely before any rule of conduct is prescribed; and no order should be given, to enforce which the will or the ability is wanting. By neglecting these several principles, great and extensive mischief is done by many who undertake the business of education.

"Rules for the conduct of children should be given in as few words and with as much distinctness as possible; and no flattery, or any other mixed motives which would derogate from the rules, should be employed."

Original.

THE PRAYERLESS MOTHER.

Is it then true that thou, the mother of these children, dost not implore for them the grace of God? Canst thou reflect on the hours of their birth, on their liability to sudden death, on their native depravity, on the rapid formation and development of their character, and on their need of regeneration, and yet live without prayer? Is it so that thou knowest not how to pray? Listen to their voices, and they will teach thee? Go to thy God as they come to thee. Mark how they respect thine authority, rejoice in thy love, feel their dependence, and fear thy displeasure. So do thou approach thy Saviour and theirs, for thyself and them. Oh, let not another morning look in upon thee and call thee prayerless!

A prayerless mother! Did I say mother? "Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she will not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget!" The prayerless mother not only forgets her compassion, but oh, she is cruel! Should these dear children meet thee hereafter and tell thee that thy prayerlessness slew them, and cling around thee in wrath and agony, in the dark place of wo, what emotions will harrow thy soul, what remorse dwell for ever in thy bewailing breast! I would *not* be a prayerless mother!

MARIA.

"Never forget that whatever may be the grade of mind allotted your children, they are placed by the appointment of God, under your protection, and that he has made it your duty to watch over, uphold and educate them according to your ability, and that for this he holds you responsible to his bar."

Original.

MATERNAL AUTHORITY.

Children, like adults, become attached to those who manifest an interest in themselves. They readily discover who strives to render them happy; and the only liability to mistake their friends arises from their ignorance of the fact that their best good is not always secured by present gratification. They very naturally suppose the refusal of a desired object to arise from the want of a disposition to please them. With their feeble capacities and inexperience, they contemplate only present wants, and are wholly improvident of the future. And as indulgence would, in many cases, come in direct conflict with their good, it becomes the duty and privilege of the mother to whom they are intrusted, and who loves them as no one else can, to cross their wishes often, in order to secure their lasting benefit. She must not only withhold some desired favors, but must require and enforce the performance of various acts, the reasonableness of which they are not able to comprehend; for children, left to follow their own ways, endanger their health and lives by their indiscretion, and become unhappy members of the family and of society. It becomes, then, a serious question, how the government shall be maintained, thwarting, as it often must, the strongest wishes, and yet the confidence and affection of children for their mother be unimpaired. By far the greater portion of her *peculiar* influence over them is intimately connected with their confidence and love. If the mother is their oracle in all matters of right and wrong; if she is their umpire in all their differences; if she is their comforter in all their trials, and their chosen confidant, into whose ear they may whisper all their secret griefs, she possesses every desirable advantage for doing them good. She may almost entirely counteract the influence of every other person, and thus secure her children from the debasing influence of immorality with which they must necessarily come in contact. That she should thus be the centre of love and confidence to the forming minds under her care, is manifest to all who rightly prize the

benefits of fixing early in the minds of children a correct moral sentiment. If she be a Christian mother, she will explain to them, with a simplicity and clearness not to be surpassed, the way for a child to be saved. She watches the seed sown, and joyfully hails the first budding of spiritual life. This she waters and cherishes with a fidelity which maternal love renders both constant and delightful. What human teacher ever occupied a more favorable position? Who else can hope to teach under equally favorable circumstances?

But it has already been suggested that even the mother, in the exercise of needful discipline, is liable to lose her influence by a sort of indiscretion. Authority when most wisely administered, as it breaks in upon that feeling of independence so natural to the human mind, is exceedingly unwelcome to the child unaccustomed to be thwarted in its wishes. When, therefore, she commences the process of wholesome restraint, she encounters a repugnance which well-nigh deems her an enemy. She certainly causes grief, and seems to do it by design. This contrasts so strangely with her many efforts to please, her almost uniformly kind and conciliating manner, that confidence and love are put to a severe test, and for a time at least are in check. And we know of no way in which this difficulty can be avoided, since children always need restraint before they are capable of understanding the reason why. Still, there are modifying circumstances which will readily suggest themselves to the mind of the discreet mother, and which she will not fail to improve. As the exercise of authority is her strange work, and in itself not less disagreeable to her than to her children, she will resort to it as seldom as duty will permit, and at all times when called to the task will show by her smiles and caresses that a mother's warm, affectionate heart is not wanting. This will surprisingly counteract the tide of distrust, and give new impulse to the suspended affection.

As years advance and reason developes, the mother should embrace the opportunity thus afforded, of showing her children the reasonableness of all her coercive measures. She can teach them the nature and consequences of sin. And in doing this she

must exercise due caution to feed them with milk and not with strong meat, to say nothing which to them may seem incredible, but to explain to them the simplest principles of right, illustrating by examples, and enforcing with affectionate simplicity and earnestness.

Incalculable benefits may accrue to the rising generation from a systematic and well-timed restraint, accompanied with all those precautions which tend to the security of affection and trust. The mother will be the *chosen* associate of her children, and her doctrine may distil like the dew. The subject is too serious to admit of a compliment to mothers for their ability thus to affect the destinies of the race; but we would derive from this momentous truth a most convincing argument for their zealous, untiring diligence in the fulfilment of their sacred trust.

H. W. B.

Ballston Spa, January 2, 1844.

Original.

"THE CHURCH IN THY HOUSE."

BY REV. N. E. JOHNSON.

Whether this expression in the salutation of Paul to Philemon, is to be understood as meaning the church composed of members under thy roof—or that portion of the church of Christ who dwell under thy roof—or the church which meets at thy house, it is an expression which suggests some pleasant thoughts respecting the connection of churches and families. In the patriarchal ages the church of God existed in the family as its natural home. On the head of the family devolved the duty of instruction and government, of the maintenance of divine worship and of offering sacrifices, and, after circumcision was introduced, of circumcising his household. To his family he was king and priest, he was magistrate and minister. As the family constitu-

tion was founded before the fall, and the Sabbath was appointed also at the same time, the duty of preserving the regular worship of God belonged originally to the family as such, and constitute part of the original and essential idea of a well-ordered household. The particular Christian churches as they were founded by the apostles, were composed of associated families having for their object the mutual and public worship of God, and mutual aid in the Christian life. Hence the gospel ministry, the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, together with the solemn church covenant, are designed to combine the influence of *pious* families for the extension of the gospel to *all* families, until the promise made to Abraham is fulfilled.

It may gratify a proper love of investigation to consider the natural affinities which exist between the Christian Church and a Christian family. It will serve to illustrate how easily and how efficiently their influence may be combined for the welfare of society.

1. It is essential to the true idea both of a Church and family that the sacred Scriptures should be regarded as the supreme and only infallible rule of faith and practice. It is impossible for either to accomplish the main design of their organization where this principle is not adopted with all the heart. The parent needs no stronger support to his authority—the child no better protection, than what is secured in the Bible. Creeds, catechisms, confessions, and all other formularies, are of no binding force except as they agree with and are founded upon the word of God.

2. It is essential that the Church and family should both be considered as consecrated communities of immortal beings. The consecration of households commenced in the earliest ages, and from the days of Abraham to the present it has been signified by a solemn religious rite. It implies a recognition of God's claim as Creator, of our need of a Savior and a Sanctifier. It implies a pledge on the part of the parents to train the family for God, and when the seal is affixed according to divine direction, a promise, on the part of God, of all needed blessings. The church is a community where these consecrated families associate for

public worship, and is itself a community publicly consecrated to the triune God.

3. It is essential that the Church and Family should remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. The Sabbath was appointed before the church was established and at the constitution of the first human family. It is necessary to the family, for physical rest, for instruction, for worship, and more necessary since the fall than before it. It is necessary to the church for public worship, and for her general influence on mankind. Its delightful associations belong alike to the household and to the church, and it will retain its indispensable importance as long as either shall endure on earth.

4. It is essential to a Church and family, to secure a system of regular instruction. In the church provision is made for this in the stated ministry and especially by the sacred pastoral relation. In the family provision is made in the parental relation, where wisdom, experience and authority, filled with deep affection, are combined to instruct minds dependent from their circumstances on parental leading for their first and most important lessons in divine knowledge.

5. It is essential to a Church and a family to maintain a just and impartial system of government and discipline. In the family the authority for this is invested in the parents, who have a right to punish disobedience, and are commanded to do so. On the preservation of a proper authority in the family, interests of every nature depend. The Church and the State are alike interested in the maintenance of family government, where the first idea of rightful authority is implanted.

6. It is essential to the Church and the family that a regular system of divine worship should be maintained. On the Church depends the public worship of the Sabbath. On the head of the family devolves the responsibility of maintaining daily worship in his household. This obligation grows out of the dependent condition of his family and of his relation to them as a father. In the morning he is bound to render thanks with them for protection, and to plead for guardian grace for the day. In the evening he is bound to commit himself and them to the same

protecting care. It is impossible to suppose a family accomplishing its main purpose where family worship is not regularly maintained.

From these natural affinities of Churches and families it is plain that where they both fulfil their true idea, their influence must powerfully combine for good. From the families associating arises the Church. On the families associated the influence of the Church descends.

The head of the family is invested with sacred associations as he comes before them, their head, instructor, governor, and minister in holy things. The public institutions of religion encourage and aid pious families, and win other families to their duty. From such families government derives its existence and its stability. Thus society is combined and moulded by the influences of the Christian family and the Christian church; and that minister who can have the assurance that the heads of families in his congregation go home to make their families resemble Churches in all the above respects, may believe that the work of salvation is going on.

Original.

CHARACTER OF CHILDREN INTRUSTED TO MOTHERS.

That mothers exert a vast and lasting influence over their children, and bear a great and responsible part in moulding their future characters, there can be no doubt. They direct and bend, as it were, the twig, while it is young, and tender, and pliable; and "*just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.*" There is comparatively but a short period during which mothers, if they have the will, can have the privilege of thus shaping and directing the intellectual and moral growth of their offspring. If it is neglected "in the days of their youth, while the evil days come

not," they will find to their ineffable sorrow and regret, that the twig, which but just now was flexible and yielding in their hands, has become the strong and sturdy *oak*, unmanageable and incapable of being turned from its course. Thus we see the importance of rightly training youthful minds, while, like wax, they are capable of receiving any impression, either of evil or good.

Many examples might be cited of men who have risen high in the scale of worldly fame, and who have contributed much to the religious and social improvement of mankind, in whom the true secret of their greatness might be seen in their maternal government and education. The early life and discipline of Doddridge we are all familiar with. Let us hear the words of the venerable John Quincy Adams, addressed to some young ladies during his late Western tour. Speaking of his mother, he says, "From that mother I derived whatever instruction—religious especially and moral—which has pervaded a long life; I will not say, perfectly and as it ought to be; but I will say, because it is justice only to the memory of her whom I revere, that if, in the course of my life, there has been any imperfection, or deviation from what she has taught me, the fault is mine and not hers." We need but to read a volume of Mrs. Adams' Letters, published a few years since, to discover the true cause of the son's greatness.

But I wish more particularly to speak of the influence a mother may have over the growing character of her children, by bestowing a little attention to the choice of their play-things; for I am convinced that tastes are often acquired, and habits formed, which exist through life, that may be distinctly traced to the apparently trivial toys of childhood. This fact cannot be too indelibly impressed upon the minds of all who sustain the responsibility of educating children. The first play-thing ever given to Napoleon Bonaparte was the model of a *brass cannon*. And who can tell the influence that that warlike toy exerted on the whole life of that celebrated chieftain? Who will say that the little brass cannon was not the indirect cause of the butchery of millions of our fellow-creatures; of the groans

and tears of widows and orphans that filled the land, and more than all, of the eternal loss of myriads of immortal souls? But for that toy, and instead of a Hero wading through the blood of his countrymen to the attainment of his ambitious purposes, we might have seen, for aught we know, a powerful minister of Christ, a second Paul; one who, by the superiority of his mind, in the hands of God, might have created a new era in the civil and religious history of the world. Truly, we may here see "great effects resulting from little causes."

It will not be denied that a great portion of the toys displayed for show and attraction, in the windows, at intervals of a few rods, along our streets, consists of guns, swords, banners, and many others unnecessary to mention, of a warlike nature. And who can estimate the influence that these exert towards infusing into youthful minds a martial spirit, and a familiarity with all the barbarous, murderous implements of war, which follows them through manhood, and trains them for the service of strife and death. The penetrating mind of Bonaparte saw this. "Give me," said he, "the direction of the playthings of your children and I will form the character of the nation." He knew that, according to their nature, a love of war or a love of peace could be produced. But I trust sufficient has been said on this subject to show to mothers the necessity of exercising discretion and judgment. From the youth around us are to be taken the pillars that are to uphold the temple of our religious and free institutions. Upon the mothers of the present generation it depends to decide what shall be the future character of our country. If such their charge, then how weighty their responsibility?

J. M. P.

THERE is probably no scene in the present world, which presents a more interesting prospect to the eye, or which is usually described in terms of more ardor and animation, than a well regulated family.

PRESIDENT DWIGHT.

PARENTAL UNFAITHFULNESS.

BY DR. CHALMERS.

How strange it is that the same parent who is so intent on the preferment of his children in the world, should be so utterly listless of their prospects, nor put forth one endeavor to obtain for them preferment in heaven—that he who would mourn over it as the sorest of his family trials, should one of them be bereft of any of the corporeal senses, yet should take it so easily, although none of them have a right sense of God or a right principle of godliness—that he, who would be so sorely astounded did any of his little ones perish in a conflagration or a storm, should be so unmoved by all the fearful things that are reported of the region on the other side of death, where the fury of an incensed Lawgiver is poured upon all who have fled not to Christ as their refuge from the tempest, and they are made to lie down in the devouring fire and to dwell with everlasting burnings—that to avert from the objects of our tenderness the calamities, or to obtain for them the good things of this present life, there shall be so much of care and of busy expedient, while not one practical measure is taken either to avert from them that calamity which is the most dreadful, or to secure for them that felicity which is the most glorious. Why there is indeed such obvious demonstration in all this of time being regarded as our all, and eternity being counted by us as nothing—so light an esteem in it of that God, an inheritance in whom we treat as of far less value for those who are dear to us than that they should be made richly to inherit the gifts of his providence—such a preference for ourselves, and for the fleeting generations that come after us, of the short-lived creature to the Creator who endureth for ever—as most strikingly to mark, even by the very loves and amiable sensibilities of our hearts, how profoundly immersed we are in the grossest carnality—that after all it is but an earthly horizon that bounds us, and an earthly platform we grovel on—that Nature, even in her best and most graceful exhibitions, gives manifest token of her fall, proving herself an exile from Paradise even in the kindest and honestest

of the sympathies which belong to her—that, retaining though she does many soft and tender affinities for those of her own kind, she has been cast down and degraded beneath the high aims and desires of immortality—accursed even in her moods of greatest generosity, and evil in the very act of giving good gifts unto her children.

The man whose heart is set on the conversion of his children—the man whose house is their school of discipline for eternity—he it is, and we fear he only of all other parents, who lives by faith. If you love your children and at the same time are listless about their eternity, what other explanation can be given than that you believe not what the Bible tells of eternity? You believe not of the wrath and the anguish and the tribulation that are there. Those piercing cries that here from any one of your children would go to your very heart, and drive you frantic with the horror of its sufferings, you do not believe that there is pain there to call them forth. You do not think of the meeting-place that you are to have with them before the judgment-seat of Christ, and of the looks of anguish and the words of reproach that they will cast upon you, for having neglected and so undone their eternity.

The awful sentence of condemnation—the signal of everlasting departure to all who know not God and obey not the gospel—the ceaseless moanings that ever and anon shall ascend from the lake of living agony—the grim and dreary imprisonment whose barriers are closed insuperably and for ever on the hopeless outcasts of vengeance; these, ye men who wear the form of godliness but show not the power of it in your training of your families—these are not the articles of your faith.—To you they are as the imaginations of a legendary fable. Else why this apathy? Why so alert to the rescue of your young from even the most trifling of calamities, and this dead indifference about their exposure to the most tremendous of all? O, the secret will be out. The cause bewrayeth itself. You have not faith; and, compassed about though you be with Sabbath forms and seemly observations and the semblance of a goodly and well-looking profession, yet, if you labor not specifically and in practical

earnest for the souls of your children, your doings short of this are, we fear, but the diseased and lame offerings of hypocrisy—your Christianity, we fear, is a delusion.

Original.

CULTIVATION OF A CORRECT TASTE.

Mothers, by reason of their early and intimate intercourse with their children, have peculiar advantages for guiding their primary intellectual habits, regulating their associations, and laying the foundation of correct taste. The modes of thought and of speech then formed are likely to be permanent, and to receive their first moulding from the maternal example. Great therefore is the privilege of those children who, from the lips of those they first loved, received not only right thoughts, but right words, elegance of expression, chaste and beautiful imagery, and melodious sounds. That maternal influence which will be found thus elevated will always be remembered and will be generally rewarded in the graceful manners of her children when they come to years of maturity.

In many ways the mother can contribute to the formation of a correct taste. The first hymns she teaches to the lisper and even the earliest notes which she sings for its lullaby should be chosen with care. The pictures with which the walls of the nursery are adorned should be selected with a studious and cultivated regard for real beauty. Likenesses of excellent men and women, whose names you would choose to have your children love—and whose virtues you would rejoice to see them imitate, are a very desirable ornament. A few elegant historical pictures which might be used as introductions to general history or which are calculated to inspire noble sentiments, would be found of great utility in every family able to have them. A few well finished landscape pieces would also tend to foster a love of nature in its cheerful and its sublime aspects. There is a refining and effectual influence arising from a daily familiarity with the scenery of

nature whether it glow before us in its original loveliness, or in the representations of the genuine artist.

At proper times, as the mind becomes able to receive them, clear and definite instructions should be given, as to the reason of their selection, the nature of their influence, and the general rules which should govern the exercise of the imagination. As the child educated by such a process enters upon scenes and studies away from home, these early instructions, examples, and associations will operate to elevate, restrain and purify the mind, influencing his course of reading, his companionships and his present character.

It is a most happy circumstance that the English Translation of the Sacred Scriptures is so excellent a model of style as well as an infallible standard of faith and practice, so far as it is true to the original. In its history in the Psalms and the Prophets, and in the pure diction of Christ as recorded by the Evangelists, we have the very reading in all respects best fitted for the earliest education. This, moreover, is the book with which the truly Christian mother will be most familiar, and in connection with which her remarks will fall with most impressiveness on the minds of her children.

N.

HOME.

"O how sacred is that home where every word is kindness, and every look affection! Where the ills and sorrows of life are borne by mutual effort, and its pleasures are equally divided; and where each esteems the other the more worthy. Where a holy emulation abounds to excel in offices of kindness, and affectionate regard. Where the live-long day, the week, the month, the year, is a scene of cheerful and unwearied effort to swell the tide of domestic comfort, and overflow the heart with home-born enjoyments. That home may be the humblest hovel on earth; there heart meets heart, in all the fondness of a full affection. And wherever that spot is found, there is an exemplification of all that is lovely and of good report among men. It is heaven begun below."

Original

THOUGHTS FOR MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

"THERE is," says an eloquent writer* of our own times, "a period in which a good book goes down into the soul as a precious seed into a moist furrow of earth in the spring, and germinates. A new growth springs from it. It is different from knowledge. It becomes the *mind's own*, and is reproduced in a form of originality. Its principles become seeds in a man's being, and by and by blossom and fructify. This is a particular period, but it does not last. A man who has passed it, may read the same book, and know it perfectly; the acquisition of knowledge goes on through life; *but* knowledge *as life*—knowledge as the creator of wisdom, not so. I have in my mind some volumes which have excited a refreshing and inspiring power over many young minds, but with older ones the power does not seem to exist. It is like putting a magnet to a lump of clay."

Who can read these sentences without reverting to that impressive period, so clearly within the recollection of every Parent, when the book read, the sentiments uttered, and the scenes witnessed, became incorporated into one's very existence! And who does not remember the unavailing effort to recall that mysterious power—that pleasurable sympathy and absorbing interest which made knowledge thus obtained, the "*mind's own*;" and painfully realized that the power was lost. Happy for those who passed that "germinating" period with some guardian friend who selected with skill and care the mental food which was to nourish the soul and fit it for its future duties. More happy still if the spirit of Truth became the unseen Director, and if in addition to its silent influences on the sacred word, the sentiments of a Baxter, a Doddridge, a Bunyan or Owen, lent their instrumentality in moulding a character which was hereafter to guide other immortals through a world like this. It is a natural inquiry whether the

* Religion of Experience and that of Imitation, by Rev. George B. Cheever.—*American Biblical Repository.*

benevolent activities and Christian enterprise which distinguish our day, may not be traced in a great measure to the early influences and inspiring views which were presented to the mind by the church of God as she waked from her long slumbers to embrace in her arms "a world lying in wickedness."

With us who are at the meridian of life, that "*impressible* period" was the same which hailed the birth of the noble Institution which is now extending its hands with overflowing blessings to the benighted heathen. The spirit of Missions then touched our shores and woke into life the Godlike conception of bringing a lost world to Christ. The "*conversion of the world*" floated on every banner and attracted the eye of every youthful heart. "Good will to man" was stationed at the very gateway of life, and the young Christian passed the "wicket gate" with the seraph song upon his lips. And from those ripened seeds are we not gathering the precious fruits in the benevolent associations —the Sabbath schools—Maternal Associations and all the varied forms of charity which mark this day? A result surely to be expected from those so honored and blest as to identify the season when life was in its freshness with that which gave warmth and activity to the universal Church. And we love to trace back the golden links which connect the present doings and efforts to those *first deep* lines of love written by the Holy Spirit upon the susceptible heart some thirty years ago it may be, which, in spite of all our worldliness and cares and troubled thoughts, remain yet an unbroken chain of love.

Have we duly considered our obligations for such special mercies, and are we showing our gratitude by the vigilant care which we extend over our own children during these same "impressible" years? The writer does not, it is true, specify the particular season, but experience will place it somewhere between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five.

As members of Maternal Associations, we may perhaps feel that our labors have not been in vain. Our children, it may be, have entered the fold. Some of them have arrived at maturity and are within the limits which embrace so much of hope—and alas! —so many of the dangers of life.

Do we follow them with increased anxiety and watchfulness, transmitting to their growing activities the same holy and benevolent motives which were presented to our own minds? Do we look well to the intimacies they cherish—the influences from a vain and giddy world?

Do we examine the books which are now "going down into the very soul as a seed into a moist furrow of earth?" Do Byron, or Bulwer, or Eugene Sue, form unholy alliance with the Christian models we lay upon their table? And does the "lava of corruption" which is flooding our land reach our "defenceless households?"

Are we aware that the resistless current of fashion and worldliness, and even corrupt sentiments from books, may reach even the *parent*, with the children, and bear each away with the thronging multitude?

Do we know that with the great accessions made to the church from the youthful community, Satan may possibly have "come up also" with sweeter blandishments and more delicious poisons than ever, and, with unblushing effrontery, lays upon the centre table in many a household of faith, the "seeds which are to go into the moist furrow?"

Nay, let us not start back from such inquiries—for, be it remembered this "period *does not last*," though its secret but strong cords may stretch on for years. Thirty years hence its enduring remembrances will stand out before the soul as of yesterday.

What the future harvest may be, we shall not probably live to know—but we *may know* the character of the seed sown. We may know that the fold of Christ is surrounded by multiplied dangers. Two questions at least should be answered by every Christian mother. "Do my children have access to those polluting works which are scattered through the land?" If so, "What must be the harvest when the seeds shall have ripened into fruit?"

E. Bigelow.

THE CHINESE BLIND CHILDREN.

In the month of March, 1842, the Mother's Magazine contained an urgent appeal from Mrs. Gutzlaff, then in China, in behalf of several Chinese blind children, that they might be admitted into the Institutions for the Education of the Blind in the United States. Before any response could reach her, she arrived on our shores, bringing with her at her own expense, four little Chinese girls—three of whom were blind. Two of the latter were placed in the Institution in Ohio, and one in the Institution at Philadelphia. The seeing child was adopted by a gentleman in Newark, N. J., who will give it a suitable education.

I am not able to speak particularly of "Fanny," who was placed in Philadelphia, but I understand she is a very interesting child and doing well. Of the two in Columbus, Ohio, I have the opportunity of saying more. As your Magazine was the first to announce these children to our notice, it is proper that the same interesting periodical should receive the first results of their education, which I here send you in two short letters, every word the composition of their own minds and the work of their own hands.

One letter is written with a pencil on a grooved board, in the manner in which the blind are taught to write; the other is printed with what is called *pin-type*—the letters being punctured as with a pin, and legible so as to be read with their own fingers.

The first is by *Eliza* now aged eleven, the second is by *Jessie*, aged nine years. They are given without correction.

Ohio Institution for the Education of the Blind.
January 20—1844.

To Mrs. Gutzlaff—

My dear Mother,—I hope you are well. I hope your health is better than before. I miss you very much indeed. I receive your letter at the 19 December. Please to write and tell me how you and Ricomartz* get along in all storms. I would love to see

* Her attendant.

you both again very much. I thank you for all your kindness shown to me and I hope that the Lord will bless you. Good bye.

I remain your affectionate child,

ELIZA C. GUTZLAFF.

O. Inst. for the Education of the Blind.
January 20—1844.

MY DEAR MA,

Please to tell me how you like your passage. I hope you are enjoying the same blessing as I am—that blessing is health. I miss you and Ricomartz very much. I hope we will all meet together again once more in this world; if not, I hope we will meet in the world to come. Give my love to all your friends in China. Please to answer my letter. Now I have not much more to say. Good bye. I hope the blessing of God be with us for ever. I have been sick with measles. I am now better. Please to excuse my bad writing. I remain

Your affectionate child,

JESSIE D. GUTZLAFF.

I will only add that the children are remarkably cheerful and contented, and enjoy excellent health. Their minds are quite above mediocrity. They read the Scriptures in the raised letters with great facility, and are making good improvement in their several studies. The object of their friends is to prepare them with a good education to return to their native land as teachers of the blind, if the way should open; or to prove to that peculiar people the entire practicability of instructing this unfortunate and numerous class in that country.

Respectfully yours,

W. CHAPIN

Columbus, O., Jan. 23, 1844.

Original.

INFLUENCE OF PRIVATE DEPORTMENT UPON CHARACTER AND USEFULNESS ABROAD.

The more I reflect upon this subject the more I am convinced of the weighty bearing of the former upon the latter. It is at home that we are, in a great measure, uninfluenced by extraneous motives. The restraints of society are thrown aside, and we speak and act ourselves. Here the character is formed—here, generally, sustained. And if we would meet with a cordial reception, and exert a salutary influence in our intercourse abroad, we must maintain a correct deportment at our own firesides. Many, as they put on their attire to appear in company, can assume the attractions of loveliness, and as readily lay them aside when the excitement which called for them is withdrawn. It is much easier, occasionally, as we mingle in society, to throw on the characteristic graces of politeness, than to exhibit habitually its true spirit amidst the petty annoyances, the cares and trials of domestic life. And yet, who does not know that one's real worth is estimated, not by these assumed graces, but by the daily demeanor at home.

This is a subject, the importance of which should be deeply impressed upon the minds of mothers. We not unfrequently meet with those who manifest an undue anxiety that their children, daughters especially, should appear well as they go out into the world, and yet who are strangely remiss in regard to their moral culture at home. If such duly reflected upon the important bearing of private deportment upon one's respectability and usefulness in society, they would, it would seem, be more sedulous in forming those habits of feeling and action upon which real respectability and usefulness depend. In vain we attempt to conceal the sins, or the faults and infirmities of our children within the bosom of our own family. There is no such thing. "Even a child is known by his doings." And it need not be said that one who is disrespectful and undutiful to his parents, unkind and petulant to his brothers and sisters,

even if he appear ever so well abroad, will not be beloved and respected as one that is uniformly dutiful and kind in his several home relations. It is true, some, by their more secluded situation in life, are less exposed to scrutiny than others, yet, in time, their real characters are, in a greater or less degree, ascertained; and we never feel prepared to say that we are acquainted with a person until we know something of his private walk.

If then, as mothers, we would have our children grow up to become acceptable companions for the virtuous, and ornaments in society (setting aside the higher motives of eternity), let us early and perseveringly inculcate those principles on which such a character is founded. External accomplishments, according to our various conditions in life, perhaps, may be laudably sought for them, but should never be considered paramount to moral excellence, without which they are unseemly and misplaced.

To us, as Christians, the subject presents itself with an overwhelming weight of importance. "What do ye more than others?" This question of our Savior may, with much force, be addressed to many of his professed followers in regard to their daily walk and conversation. We profess to be governed by nobler principles,—to be actuated by holier motives, than the world around us. But do we, in our families, in the several relations we therein sustain, do we, in any good degree, uniformly manifest such a temper of heart as these principles and motives legitimately produce? If not, our efforts to do good will be palsied and unsuccessful. Are we consistent at home,—the light of our profession will emanate far beyond its own narrow precincts, and many will rejoice in that light. Are we worldly, irritable and unreasonable in our families,—the world will place but little confidence in our pretended piety; and the involuntary language of every one in regard to our attempts to reform others, will be "Physician, heal thyself."

W.

Original.

THE CONTRAST.

Mrs. S., with whom I am acquainted, would, perhaps, pass with a stranger for an engaged Christian. She is professedly so, but those who know her daily walk at home (and, to be sure, it is known), feel sad misgivings of heart when they look for the evidences of her being such. True, she talks and prays like a Christian, and is much engaged in promoting the benevolent objects of the day; but at home she is buried in worldliness, irritated at every little inconvenience; and, in short, exhibits a temper of heart in contrast with that charity which seeketh not her own, and with that meek and quiet spirit which, in the sight of God, is of great price. How readily does a discerning world revert from her apparent devotedness abroad to the inconsistencies of her domestic life, and, in reply to all her endeavors to do them good, they are ready to exclaim, mentally at least, "What do ye more than others?"

The reverse of this character was the beloved Mrs. H., who recently exchanged this, for the world of glory. She was, emphatically, "a keeper at home;" and that home was made sweet and attractive by her presence.

"Her house
Was ordered well; her children taught the way
Of life—who, rising up in honor, called
Her blest. But pleased to be admired at home,
And hear, reflected from her husband's praise,
Her own, she sought no gaze of foreign eye;
His praise alone, and faithful love and trust
Reposed, was happiness enough for her."

She was professedly pious; and no one, acquainted with her consistent walk, doubted the sincerity of her profession. It is true, she did not say so much upon the subject of religion, but it was apparent that its holy principles actuated her conduct. Meek and quiet in spirit, she met with calmness the varied trials of her life. I saw her when she laid her darling son, her only little one, into the grave; and it was evident from her very

countenance that the language of her subdued soul was, "It is well." And, too, when a beloved brother, cut down in all the strength and freshness of his youth, was soon after called to follow, she manifested the same chastened spirit. And when she languished long upon the bed of death she was patient and resigned. Though we could often discover the strong workings of a mother's love and solicitude, yet she was enabled to surrender her dear offspring to the care of her Heavenly Father. In her last hours, although not favored with those enrapturing views which many have enjoyed, yet there was a trust in God, a sweet composedness of spirit. And when she was followed by numerous friends and acquaintances to her last resting-place on earth, it was the spontaneous feeling of every one that her departed soul had found a happy repose in heaven. This impression was felt, not so much from her peaceful death, as from her exemplary life ;—a life exemplified within the enclosure of her own beloved home.

W. W. G.

Lunenburg, Vt.

Original.

A NATION'S TRUE GLORY.

"THESE are my jewels," said an illustrious lady of antiquity, pointing to her well-educated children. And could every mother with the Bible in her hand and her children before her, realize that through its influence, these may be made jewels of the brightest lustre, not merely to honor her who brought them to the light, but to add to a nation's grandeur, and to a Savior's crown of glory, would she not prize the Bible and prize her children more than ever? A nation's highest glory is to be attained, not by wealth and outward splendor, not by an array of military power, but by the multiplication of immortal minds, properly enlightened,

and transformed into the moral image of their Maker. It is this which constitutes the glory and the honor of "the nations of them that are saved." And what spectacle can imagination paint, more sublime, than that of a great nation, like our beloved Republic, destined to increase by untold millions, all instructed from childhood in the language and spirit of the Bible; all taught to reverence and obey its Divine Author, and to love their neighbor as themselves? And can he be a good citizen, who would in any way hinder such a result?—who would not inculcate upon the young and rising millions the precepts of the sacred volume? Infinite Wisdom has ordained, "Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way." "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life." And can he be a good subject of human government, who would despise or neglect this benevolent injunction of the King of kings? Infinite Intelligence has testified, "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimonies of the Lord are sure, making wise the simple; the statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes; the fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever; the judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether; more to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold." These divine sentiments are corroborated by the experience and testimony of enlightened millions in both worlds. Who, then, that loves his country, his children, or his Almighty Benefactor, would not, in every step of education, inculcate those everlasting truths, which thus impart light, freedom, purity and joy; which make good citizens both here and hereafter; and which, in the sight of Heaven, are more precious to man than mountains of gold?

Ought not all the children and youth of a nation, acknowledging the Divine authority of the Bible, to be habitually trained under such influences? What a change would soon appear on the face of society! What gladdening multitudes of noble and generous minds would be raised up to adorn every profession, and every department of life! The God of nations would then be our

defence. He would "restore our judges as at the first and our counsellors as at the beginning." And our glorious Republic, founded upon a rock, and extending like the arms of the sea, and rising above the mountains, and peopling the farthest West with happy millions, and sustaining everywhere the hallowed temples and ennobling institutions of science and religion, would look forth, in moral grandeur and beauty, the admiration and joy of the whole earth.

Then would be fully realized, what Milton foresaw two hundred years ago;—"Methinks I see a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle, musing her mighty youth, and kindling her dazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam, purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance." Then too would be realized, what the inspired poet sang three thousand years ago;—"Happy is that people that is in such a case, yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord." Glorious results of the Bible! Who, then, would not daily read, and encourage all to read, this best gift of Heaven to the race of man, designed especially "for the healing of the nations?"—*Rev. Austin Dickinson.*

TO BE REMEMBERED.

"THE freedom and power of the press, in a community like ours, is a price put into our hands, not only to *get* wisdom but to impart it to *others* and to *all*. We are under sacred obligations, then, of which we cannot divest ourselves, to *use* this power and to use it WELL!"

"THAT man is but a sorry Christian, and is uniformly pronounced to be such, who locks up the treasures of the glorious Gospel in his own breast, and makes no efforts to impart them to others."

"To do good, and to *communicate* forget not."

Original.

Lines on hearing a mother sing to her dying child, who, through his illness, would be quieted in no other way.

BY MRS. M. C. GARDNER.

A mother o'er her infant hung,
Pale was her face, her eye was dim;
And ever and anon she sung,
In accents sweet, his Cradle Hymn:
And when her voice thro' sorrow ceased,
As life seemed ready to expire,
She read the wish his eye expressed,
And tuned afresh love's hidden lyre.

"Sing, mother, sing." The glazed eye
Looked upward, where 'twas mirrored deep;
She read the spirit's agony,
And sung her precious babe asleep.
The restless movements of her child,
Bro't the kind words, "Where wilt thou rest?"
With sudden strength, and visage wild,
He nestled closely to her breast.

And there his little head reposed,
In silence on her neck of snow;
And there his weary eyelids closed,
Like violets when the south winds blow.
Sweetly the mother bowed her head,
Over her first-born pledge of love;
She sung, till all of life had fled,
And angels bore her child above.

Sag-Harbor, L. I.

Errata.—On page 55, 10th line, for "food" read "good."—For F. S. Smith" read "F. L. Smith."—The address to the Missionaries in the same article was designed for the Ladies of the Messrs. Whittelsy and Hunt.

THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1844.

Original.

THE DEATHLESS INFLUENCE OF A MOTHER'S LOVE.

"I HAVE RECEIVED ASSURANCE, THAT MY CHILD WILL LIVE WITH ME IN HEAVEN."—These words, like a well defined and strongly impressed vision of the night, have afforded a theme for solemn and sometimes delightful contemplation, from the writer's earliest recollection to the present hour. With the exception of some thirty months of his life, during which Hume and Gibbon, and some others of like sentiments, had seduced him into opposition to the Christian system, the influence of these words upon his conversation and conduct has been all powerful and pervading. And even during that period, the most gloomy of his history, these words that have followed him like a spectrum gave him, at intervals, more embarrassment, than did the arguments, the persuasion, and the earnest entreaties of all the followers of Christ with whom he came in contact. The reasoning of the minister upon eternal things, though half angelic, he could put to flight with a jest, or repel with a sophism. His sweetest strains of persuasive eloquence he could pronounce fanatical; and his zeal he could brand as enthusiasm. But there was a subject rarely discussed in those days, and but too rarely discussed in these, to which allusion was never made in the hearing of the writer, without striking a chord, which thrilled through every fibre of his heart, and set into operation a train of emotions, which argued more convincingly for the truth and value of the Christian religion, than all the sermons he

had ever heard. That subject was parental obligation and filial duty. It was impossible to touch this theme directly or remotely without giving new power and distinctness to the returning echoes of a dying mother's love.

The writer's mother died when he was but nineteen days old. His father when he was six years old. He has no distinct recollection of his father's features, never having seen him but once, and that once, when the writer was only two or three years old. He has no knowledge of either father or mother, save what he has learned principally from his maternal grand-parents, upon whom devolved his maintenance, protection, and education, and for whose care and tenderness he was never sufficiently grateful. The short and simple account given him of his mother has been stamped upon his heart and memory, like the image of Phidias upon the shield of Minerva. Its erasure involves the total destruction of the fabric upon which it was impressed. Or to borrow a figure better suited to the subject, it was written, as the writer believes, "not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God, not in tables of stone, but in fleshly tables of the heart." The writer, at a very tender age, listened with intense interest when he was told, that his mother was among the most amiable and pious of her sex. That she was kind to everybody, and delighted in deeds of benevolence. That she was meek and gentle and universally beloved. That she was a special favorite with children and servants. That she stood high in the affections of the poor. That her conversation was always cheerful and entertaining. That her manners were easy and agreeable. That she was a fast and faithful friend, and a companion whose society was never wearisome. That she was a dutiful, obedient and affectionate daughter, a most attentive and loving sister. That she led a life of constant watchfulness and prayer, and that her death was eminently peaceful and happy. When the writer would know something about death, what it was, and how it came about, the narrator would reply, it is God's messenger, the Christian's friend, and the wicked man's tormentor; but, it was added, death has treated your mother with the utmost kindness. He came for her clothed in his loveliest habiliments, and invited her to join the family of

the redeemed in heaven. All, continued our informant, have a short journey to make through this little world, and as some travel more rapidly than others, they of course enter earlier upon the confines of the world to come; but the length of time taken is of little consequence, if we find the right way. Many are careless about what route they take, and such are neither happy on their journey, nor at their journey's end. The right way is marked out with great plainness on a large map, which God has given to mankind, called the Bible. And if you, my son, desire to see your mother, and live with her for ever, when you leave this earth, you must become familiar with this map, you must be virtuous, truthful and pious.

God has taken your mother home to dwell with him, said the faithful narrator, at an earlier period of her life, than many who reach womanhood, and you cannot tell how glad she was to be permitted to go. While living, she ministered much to our comfort. To us, her life was unspeakably precious, and yet we had no sorrow in her death; we felt, that, "for her to depart, and be with Christ was far better." Our own hopes were brightened, and our faith confirmed by the circumstances of that event. A new and a golden chain of love was let down from heaven in that solemn and affecting hour, which gently encircled our hearts, and bound them, we trust for ever, to the throne of the living and true God.

Two leading ideas were early inculcated with regard to this world. First, that it is a mere starting point to another much larger and more durable. Secondly, that it is by no means desirable for a good man to remain long in it, and that the better people are the sooner they would like to pass through it, because the sooner would they reach the highest and happiest state of which man is capable. But far the deepest and most indelible impression ever made upon the writer's mind, was that produced by a still more particular rehearsal of the manner of his mother's death, and of the last words she was ever heard to utter. The writer was told that the only lack of preparation she exhibited, when the physician reluctantly admitted that her hour of dissolution was at hand, was a thrilling concern that passed over her soul in regard to her infant boy. Before that, she had

talked freely and most encouragingly of her own prospects in view of the grave. She had mildly rebuked the tender-hearted physician, for what she considered an attempt to conceal from the family and herself, the real state of her case—assured him that death was no gloomy topic to her—that she was patiently waiting her master's call, and would esteem it a great privilege to be summoned home that day, if it were her master's will. And now that the physician had added the weight of his opinion to the strength of her conviction, that her pilgrimage was nearly ended, she requested to look once more upon her child. He was brought to her bedside. She fixed her eyes upon him for a little season; then slowly turned her face to the wall. From the deathlike stillness which prevailed for fifteen minutes or more, the family supposed she was about to depart without another word, but suddenly she turned again to the weeping friends, and with a heavenly smile playing over her countenance, she clasped her hands together, and in a clear and full tone of voice, and with apparent ecstacy of feeling, she exclaimed, "*I have received assurance that my child will live with me in heaven.*" And then, deliberately folding her arms across her breast, perfectly contented and perfectly happy, her spirit winged its way to "mansions in the skies."

G. M. D.

Americus, Ga.

THE CHEERFUL HOME.

THERE is one bright enchanting spot,
Where love and beauty glow,
Which oft the glorious grace of God
Hath made a heaven below.

And in that covenant-sheltered place
There is a radiant gem,
More precious than the ocean-pearls,
Or empire's diadem!

Oh, keep that gem, ye plighted ones,
Nor from that spot depart,
That spot is home, delightful home!
That gem the faithful heart.

POWER OF EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

BY REV. JOHN TODD.

Many years ago a German left his country, and with his family came into the State of Pennsylvania to live there. He was a poor man, and had a large family. There were no schools there during the week, or on the Sabbath, and no churches. So the poor man used to keep his family at home on the Sabbath, and teach them from God's word,—for he was a very good man. In the year 1754, a dreadful war broke out in Canada between the French and the English. The Indians joined the French, and used to go to Pennsylvania, burn houses, murder the people, and carry off everything they wanted. They found the dwelling of this poor German. The man, and his oldest boy, and two little girls named Barbara and Regina, were at home, while the wife and one of the boys were gone to carry some grain to the mill, a few miles off. The Indians at once killed the man and his son, and took the two little girls, one aged ten and the other nine, and carried them away, along with a great many other weeping children whom they had taken after murdering their parents. It was never known what became of Barbara, the oldest girl; but Regina, with another little girl two years old, whom Regina had never seen before, were given to an old Indian woman, who was very cruel. Her only son lived with her, and supported her, but he was sometimes gone for several weeks, and then the old woman used to send the little girls to gather roots and herbs in the woods, for the old woman to eat; and, when they did not get enough, she used to beat them cruelly. Regina never forgot her good father and mother, and the little girl always kept close to her. She taught the little girl to kneel down under the trees and pray to the Lord Jesus, and to say over with her all the hymns which her parents had taught her. In this state of slavery these children lived for nine long years, till Regina was about nineteen, and her little friend was eleven years old. Their hearts all this time seemed to wish for that which is good. They used to repeat not only the texts of

Scripture which Regina could remember, but there was one favorite hymn which they often said over. It was the same hymn which you have just now been saying to me! In the year 1764, the kindness of God brought the English Colonel Bouquet to the place where they were. He conquered the Indians, and made them ask for peace. He granted it on condition that all the white prisoners and captives should be given him. More than four hundred were brought to the Colonel; and among them, these two girls. They were all poor wretched looking objects. The Colonel carried them to a town called Carlisle, in Pennsylvania, and had it printed in all the newspapers, that all the parents who had lost children by the Indians, might come and see if they were among the four hundred poor captives. Poor Regina's sorrowing mother—a poor widow, among others, went to Carlisle to see if she could find her children! But when she got there, she did not and could not know Regina. She had grown up, and looked, and dressed, and spoke like the Indians. The mother went up and down among the captives weeping, but could not find her child. She stood gazing and weeping, when Colonel Bouquet came up and said, "do you recollect *nothing* by which your child might be discovered?" She said she recollected nothing but a hymn which she used often to sing to her children, and which is as follows:—

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear;
I feel my Savior always nigh,
He comes the weary hour to cheer.
I am with him and he with me,—
E'en here alone I cannot be!"

The Colonel desired her to sing the hymn as she used to do. Scarcely had the poor mother sung two lines of it, when Regina rushed from the crowd, began to sing it also, and threw herself into her mother's arms. They both wept for joy, and the Colonel gave the daughter up to her mother. But the other little girl had no parents. They had probably been murdered. She clung to Regina, and would not let her go, and so she was taken home with Regina, though her mother was very poor. Regina began to ask "after the book in which God speaks to us." But her mother had no Bible—for the Indians burned her Bible when they burned

her house and killed her family. Her mother resolved to go to Philadelphia and buy a Bible; but her good minister gave her one, and it was found that Regina could read it at once.

Original.

THREE YEARS OLD.

We often hear sage comments on the different periods of life and their various characteristics—Youth and its gaiety; middle age, with its matter-of-fact calculation; and old age, with its sombre hue and saddened aspect, casting a retrospective glance over the lengthened past and fearfully contemplating the darkness of the grave; or, cheered by the hope of the gospel, lifting the eye of faith, to behold the dawn of an *eternal* day.

But listen to a *mother's* musings, as the prattle of her little one, so lately learned, breaks on her ear. The infant of *days*, from the extreme of helplessness and want, has become an intelligent, curious, active child. Three years in its age produce a vast change in intellect and heart, and throughout the "miniature man." Delighted with the consciousness of *being* it springs on the arena of existence, with all the buoyancy and eagerness of mere animal life. Surrounded by the endearments of home, reciprocating, with infantile and childish glee, the fond caresses of dear friends, it seems equally secure from all care and all sorrow. But is it so?—Ah no. The first cry of pain, or unappeased desire, from that deathless little one, declared it to be a child of a fallen race, and heir to, and even now subject to, the various ills which constantly meet our vision. It is in vain for us to attempt to close our eyes on this truth, and by a fanciful and brilliant image of the future, flatter ourselves that an exception is made in behalf of the object of our care and interest. Better is it for the *Christian* parent to fix her attention on the bright promise of a Savior's love, and looking on her babe as a treasure of inestimable value, as an immortal being, entrusted to her for wise and holy purposes, endeavor to train it, not for one individual, or one family, but as a servant of the King eternal, a

friend, in active friendship of the whole human race. How *infinitely* short of this high aim do we fall, when we suffer our attention to be circumscribed by the mere consideration of the beauty of its external envelopements! In the weakness and imbecility of infancy, while the germ of moral being is yet to human view scarcely perceptible, we should guard against the practical admissions of the sentiment, that the infant before us has a merely physical existence, and care for its physical wants and adornments is all that should absorb our minds. Though it may be clad in the finest texture of the loom, finished by the most delicate of foreign needlework; and though earth's mines, and ocean's caves, be made tributary to its use, the value of this exterior is less than that of the rough husk of the cocoa-nut, for that protects the precious fruit within, and to this is oftener sacrificed the priceless soul. A curse this, attendant on transgression, which no created eye, less keen than that of the sable enemy of God and man, would ever have descried.

Three years! This being of a day, has in this time passed through each successive period of interest, in the first stages of infancy. Its baby features have been scanned, the real or imaginary resemblances traced, the color of its eye decided, and the first efforts of the soul, in its earliest perceptions, as manifested through this organ, have been noted by maternal vigilance.—A name, too, has been presented, clustered with new and glowing associations; as if the fibres of a mother's heart had twined with the grace and luxuriance of the vine, and corded each letter closely to itself. Time would fail, to enumerate the various items of interest in a mother's catalogue; but soul is the source whence they all emanate. It is the *gem* which gives value to the *casket*. If the little face is plump and fair, the head adorned with the soft silken curls of infancy, the rounded limbs in dimpled fulness betraying the joints of the delicate framework, a thrill of pleasure it may be glides through the mother's breast; but who ever heard of a defect of beauty, in any, or all of these, diminishing the intensity of her affection. On the contrary, does not the emaciation of disease, and even the deformity of the unfortunate, elicit a yet stronger evidence of maternal affection, and does not this prove that it is indeed the soul which so wonderfully draws a mother's

love? And who has formed the mother's soul with these emotions, and these capacities of *increased* emotion? Is it an Almighty hand? Is it a being, in wisdom infinite, who never made aught in vain? And has he given this child a *mother*, that it may be trained for *this* world's applause or admiration? Shall it, either in person or intellect, be trained for *time*, irrespective of its never ending existence—irrespective of its moral obligations to the God who made it, and to its fellow immortals? We know that it is impossible that an infinite being should entertain these finite views, and waste untold energies to so unworthy a purpose. Then, as mothers, deeply concerned in so important a question, as *Christian* mothers, who, before angels and men to witness, have vowed to devote ourselves to the love and service of God, and of course to endeavor in all possible ways to advance his cause; reverently let us ask, why has an omnipotent God implanted in a mother's breast such peculiar and powerful principles of undying affection towards her offspring? Is it not, that through this, sanctified, the child may be taught, that God is, and should be, the centre and circumference of the affections of his heart, and the acts of his being, in time, and in *eternity*.

When shall we awake to *just* views, of so high, and holy, and delightful a responsibility?

D. S.

"If any of Rousseau's disciples should interpose his impertinent opinion, that, as yet, nothing should be said to the child respecting God, because it is not yet capable of comprehending him, they may be met with the question, 'Do *ye* comprehend God?' and dismissed with that sacred word, 'Become like unto children.' The child that prays in its simplicity has more religion than the self-complacent philosopher. If, then, parents desire to bring up their children as true worshippers of God, they should begin, early, on the basis of pious feeling, to give them instruction respecting God."

Original.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

As to the *fact* of woman's influence, there can be among the well informed but one opinion. Indeed at the outset, God permitted the first woman to put forth her power in such a way, as to be felt by each and every one of her descendants. The moment her mind lost its original purity, and was bent upon a course of sensual indulgence, she began with fatal success to employ those arts, which woman in such circumstances knows too well how to use, to seduce her husband from his allegiance to God, and thus rendered it certain that all her posterity would commence their moral agency rebels against the Divine government. This mournful example of what the first woman *did* is but a specimen on a larger scale of what every malicious woman *can* do. For whether we consult the testimony of sacred or profane history, it brings us to the same conclusion, viz. that the excellence or infamy of *men* can usually be traced to the spirit that presides over the nursery, putting its image and superscription on the young and ductile minds committed to its care. The good and bad men of different ages are the *fac-similes* of the Hannahs and Jezebels who gave them birth, and directed their education. Indeed it may be said without hyperbole, that the hand which rocks the cradle, rules the world. For the first impressions are almost ever the strongest; the first emotions, as they are the most vivid, are also most enduring; *these*, it is the mother's province to excite and foster; and *these* are the elements of the *future* character. The channel, therefore, in which the stream of action begins to flow, is opened by her hand; a stream, which seldom leaves the channel first worn. And hence by the rigor or imbecility of her mind, she is expected of course to give character to the mental habits of her son; and by the purity or perverseness of her heart to impart the main impulse to his moral feelings.

In this connection, I have often been struck with the fact, that the Bible, in giving the history of any wicked King of Israel or Judah, records the name of his mother, as if she had stamped

upon him the character which made him infamous, and his influence destructive. Thus it is said, that Ahaziah was two-and-twenty years old, when he began to reign, that his mother's name was Athaliah, and that he did evil in the sight of the Lord. Thus also we are told of Abijah, the grandson of Solomon, and who was perhaps the first who filled the land with idolatry, that his mother's name was Maachah. In like manner, to account for the *peculiar* wickedness of Jehoram, we have the following statement. "He walked in the ways of the kings of Israel, as did the house of Ahab; FOR *the daughter of Ahab was his wife.*" And the prime mover of mischief and idolatry in that house was Jezebel, the original mother.

Now, why are these facts so carefully noted in the inspired record, unless to illustrate the general principle, that the bane of the nation was found in the *nurseries* of her kings, where infant minds were tainted and poisoned by their Jezebel mothers? and that, being thus early led into sin, when in after life they gained the throne, their baleful influence was felt in spreading wickedness around them, till the nation was carried away into captivity, and the land left a desolation. But this career of guilt and declension was sometimes checked by a king of a widely different character; and what is remarkable is, that the current of redeeming influence here was set in motion by a pious mother. Thus Josiah, who did so much to reform and elevate the kingdom, had for his mother Jedidah; a name which at once announces her piety and her worth.

It cannot be doubted, then, that the influence of woman is great, both to pollute and degrade society, and to refine and elevate it. Indeed she has but to say so, and licentiousness with its black catalogue of woes spreads at once over every land. The depravity of man's heart is, alas! too ready to second her bidding in this matter. The world is full of those simple ones, of whom Solomon speaks, who are easily led into the haunts of the licentious woman. "For she hath cast down many wounded; yea, many *strong* men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."

On the other hand, let her mind and heart be on the side of

truth and purity, and let her determination be spoken out and carried into effect, that the profane and lewd shall not be admitted into her society, and who can doubt that the debauchees and seducers of our land will quail before her rebuke, thus administered?

I will only add, that as the condition of morals in every age has ever corresponded to the character of woman, so every true friend of his race earnestly desires, that she should occupy the position in society, intended for her by the Creator, and that she should nobly and fully meet all its responsibilities. And never since the world began have those responsibilities been thus met without an effect on the public welfare as decisive and salutary, as the action of that mighty agent in the atmosphere, that thunders and lightens for its purification!

HOME.

THERE is something in the word *home*, that wakes the kindliest feelings of the heart. It is not merely friends and kindred that render that place so dear; but the very hills and rocks and rivulets throw a charm around the place of one's nativity. It is no wonder that the loftiest harps have been tuned to sing of home, "sweet home." The rose that bloomed in the garden where one has wandered in early years, a thoughtless child, careless in innocence, is lovely in its bloom, and lovelier in its decay. No songs are sweet like those we heard among the boughs that shade a parent's dwelling, when the morning or the evening hour found us gay as the birds that warbled over us. No waters are bright like the clear silver streams that wind among the flower-decked knolls where in childhood we have often strayed to pluck the violet, or the lily, or to twine a garland for some loved school-mate. We may wander away, and mingle in the "world's fierce strife," and form new associations and friendships, and fancy we have almost forgotten the land of our birth; but at some evening hour, as we listen perchance to the autumn winds, the remembrance of other days comes over the soul, and fancy bears us back to childhood's

scenes, and we roam again the old familiar haunts, and press the hands of companions long since cold in the grave—and listen to voices we shall hear on earth no more. It is then a feeling of melancholy steals over us, which, like Ossian's music, is pleasant, though mournful to the soul. The Swiss general—who leads his army into a foreign land, must not suffer the sweet airs of Switzerland to be sung in the hearing of his soldiers; for at the thrilling sound they would leave the camp, and fly away to their own green hills. The African—torn from his willow-braided hut, and borne away to the land of charters and of chains, weeps as he thinks of home, and sighs and pines for the cocoa land beyond the waters of the sea. Years may have passed over him, and strifes and toil may have crushed his spirit—all his kindred may have found graves upon the corals of the ocean; yet were he free, how soon would he seek the shores and skies of his boyhood dreams! The New England mariner—amid the icebergs of the northern seas, or breathing the spicy gales of the ever-green Isles, or coasting along the shore of the Pacific, though the hand of time may have blanched his raven locks, and care have ploughed deep furrows on his brow, and his heart have been chilled by the storms of ocean, till the fountains of his love had almost ceased to gush with the heavenly current—yet, upon some summer's evening, as he looks out upon the sun sinking behind the western wave, he will think of home, and his heart will yearn for the loved of other days, and his tears flow like the summer rain. How does the heart of the wanderer, after long years of absence, beat, and his eyes fill, as he catches a glimpse of the hills of his nativity; and when he has pressed the lip of a mother or a sister, how soon does he hasten to see if the garden, and the orchard, and the stream, look as in days gone by! We may find climes as beautiful, and skies as bright, and friends as devoted; but that will not usurp the place of Home.

There is one spot where none will sigh for home. The flowers that blossom there will never fade; the crystal waters that wind along those verdant vales will never cease to send up their heavenly music; the clusters hanging from trees o'ershadowing its banks will be immortal clusters; and the friends that meet, will meet for ever.—*Selected.*

MARY MAGDALENE.

"JESUS SAITH TO HER, MARY."—We ordinarily read the New Testament in its historical and preceptive parts as a thrice told tale. It has been familiar to us from the time of our earliest recollections, and we often find, in pausing on a passage, that the ideas which it has always called up in our minds, are those of the child, uncorrected by the reflection of riper years. We do not easily rid ourselves of first impressions, and are too little inclined to review opinions even when hastily formed.

It would be exceedingly injudicious to leave the perusal of the scriptures till mature years. To become familiar with them it is necessary to begin in childhood, when the memory receives the most lasting impressions. This is the best period, too, to educate the conscience aright, and to incorporate religious and virtuous principles into the very soul. The Bible is read as a sacred book—its teachings take strong hold of the conscience before age has passed over it, its searing hand. Yet with these benefits there are some disadvantages. The young mind derives certain ideas from language, which, though generally, are not always correct. And we are occasionally startled, all through life, in looking into the book of our childhood, to find that we had retained impressions derived from our early reading obviously erroneous. We wonder that we had never before discovered this. The Bible being usually more read and more familiar to us in early life than any other book, we ought to peruse it in our riper years with studied care and concentrated attention.

It is pleasant sometimes to pause on a simple narrative, contained, it may be, in but a verse or two—to draw around us all the circumstances of time, place, personages and scenery—to visit the distant and bring back the past, and invest the whole with the living image of present reality—to make ourselves lookers-on and listeners in the very scene itself.

Mary Magdalene has been unrighteously invested with a character, in her early life, of debasing impurity. Whatever we may have derived from Romish legends and Italian paintings,

we get no such idea from the simple language of the New Testament. She is there represented as an unfortunate, not as a vicious woman. To be possessed with demons our Savior never seems to have regarded as an evidence of extraordinary guilt, but as a calamity, which, like a physical disease, presented a claim on his benevolence. His language towards these unfortunates is widely different from that which he used towards obstinate, wilful sinners. It is only because Mary was a woman, that a church, for ages cankered in its priesthood with the sin imputed to her, has chosen, in its wild fancies, to class her among the profligate and abandoned. We have probably yet many things to unlearn which the heathenized Christianity of Rome has made current as religious truths.

The devotion of Mary to Jesus as a holy teacher seems to have been constant and ardent. There is touching pathos in her tears at the sepulchre, and in her deep distress when she supposed his body to have been taken away. The Sabbath ended, she had come early in the morning, while it was yet dark, to the tomb of her Lord. She ran with haste to the disciples, when she found it despoiled of his body, for even lifeless it was dear to her affectionate heart. And while the disciples were searching in the sepulchre, she stood without weeping, while she waited to hear their report. Her language to the angels as she stooped down and saw them, and her address to the supposed gardener, betoken her strong excitement. And when Jesus addressed her with the appellation, "woman," in her distress she recognized no familiar tone in the voice. But when in the language of affectionate familiarity he addressed her by name, "Mary," her heart responded at once to the well known voice. And in the sudden confusion from meeting the living where her whole anxiety had been to find the dead, she responded with her accustomed salutation, "Rabboni," the living voice banishing for an instant the recollection that he who spoke to her had died on the cross and that she had seen him laid in the tomb. It must have been like a sudden startling from a feverish dream, when past impressions and present scenes are so confusedly intermingled that the mind cannot at once distinctly define the reality. But in the kindness

of that voice—in that "Mary!" there was an assurance of a living friend, whom she had come to mourn as dead, that calmed the natural commotion of her feelings.

"Mary!"—how bland that voice! That one word spoke much to her heart. "Mary, dost thou not know thy friend?" "Mary, I am thy living Lord." "Mary, didst thou who felt the power of my miracles, think the grave deep and strong enough to hold me?" "Mary, didst thou think that he who could give health and life, could be held by the bands of death?" "Mary, I did indeed descend into the grave, but I have returned the conqueror of its power, and have made it the gate of life."

We may fancy that we see this warm-hearted woman in after years ready herself to go down to the grave. Does she fear to enter its gates, or seem to her its portals to be dark and cheerless? The hand of death is indeed icy—how must it freeze up the soul, when infidelity has already chilled every living pulse? But she knows that He lives who will redeem her from the grave. To her spirit comes the warm breath of life, and as she closes her eyes on earthly things she hears again and in yet kinder tones and with deeper pathos from her risen and glorified friend, "Mary, come hither and join thy voice to the glad songs in the New Jerusalem, where is fullness of joy and pleasures for ever more."

MATTERS OF FAITH.

"In *matters of Faith*, you will do well to tell a child what you believe, and what you think he ought to believe; not to call upon him to say, 'I believe,' until you have given him sufficient evidence to induce belief. If you want to prove to a child your sincerity of belief, you must act consistently; and if you wish him to have faith in you, show your sincerity by faith in Christ, the great Teacher."

EXEGESIS.

Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. Prov. xxii. 6.

A critical examination of the Hebrew of this text gives the following results. "Train" means, 1. *To consecrate.* 2. *To instruct, to initiate.* "Child" primarily means, *a child, even a suckling;* and, secondly, *a young man.* But the force of the passage obviously requires us to understand this word in its primary meaning. "Old" is not a substantive, but a verb, in the original (Hiphil, intransitive,) and therefore means not old *absolutely*, but *relatively;* that is, *waxing old*, or *older than he was.* These being the shades of signification of the terms in the Hebrew, the following is a correct, though somewhat free translation of the passage.

Thoroughly instruct or initiate a child from his birth in the way he should go, and as he grows older he will not depart from it.

The three prominent ideas inculcated here are these:

1. *The necessity of the most thorough teaching* of children in their whole duty to themselves, to the world, and to God.

2. The necessity of commencing this course of instruction with the *earliest dawn of intelligence* in the infantile mind.

3. That when this thorough course of instruction is commenced early enough, and faithfully followed up, it will ordinarily plant such principles in the mind that, *in all his subsequent life, in youth and manhood, as well as in old age*, the subject will be influenced, preserved, and governed, by them.

This exposition of the passage, we believe, is the correct one; and if so, it suggests very important matter for reflection and practice to parents, Sabbath-school and other teachers, metaphysicians, framers of systems of divinity, and ministers of the gospel.

N. E. Puritan.

Original.

THE ELECT LADY.—Chapter II.

THERE never was a more delightful morning than that which greeted the venerable apostle, as he rose from his couch and met the Elect Lady and her household at the breakfast table and the family altar. The blue sky leaned affectionately upon the summit of the western hills, the air rang with the soft melody of birds, and the earth looked fresh and beautiful in the splendor of the grass and the flowers. The conversation at the cheerful meal was of the Divine goodness which preserveth all things, sending the genial glow of life through all the fibres of the plant as well as the frame of man; giving a touch of fullness and ripeness of joy to the vegetation of the garden and the field, and appropriating to each climate its peculiar fruits, provided for the welfare of all. Then the apostle descanted upon the freeness and tenderness of the glorious gospel, which was adapted to the wants of all, and tended to convey moral and spiritual blessings to all varieties of the human race.

When the pleasant repast, prolonged a little by the enchanting conversation, was ended, the apostle read a portion of the prophet Isaiah and accompanied the reading with some of those glowing comments which inspiration, illustrating inspiration, would naturally produce. Then did the whole circle unite in a sweet hymn, one of those often used in the infant churches, and then kneeling in humble devotion, all were still while the holy man of God lifted the voice of prayer, and with a charming simplicity, pleaded for all the blessings of Heaven upon the different members of the group, and seemed to draw near the throne of grace with prevailing power. It was a heavenly scene—in which there was so much pure truth and such deep affection combined, that the favored household felt elevated and ennobled. Such in some good degree would always be the effect of domestic worship, if the head of the family would mingle Divine truth with it to such an extent as to have it impress the mind with a sense of its true nature and importance.

As the warmer hours of the day arrived, after the morning duties were finished, they led their honored friend to a secluded spot where was a beautiful grove of myrtles, on the bank of a limpid brook, which meandered through the rich valley before them. As the apostle sat at the root of one of the aged olive trees which grew upon the spot, the family of the Lady reclined around him; and as he gazed with an expression of mild and gentle love, on the amiable group, he said, Little children, love one another—it is the great secret of a happy family, as it is the nature and power of Heaven itself to have and cherish the spirit of love. God has bestowed upon thee, O Lady Elect, and blessed this circle of dutiful children, and if thou wouldst train them for his service and secure their fitness for heaven, and promote their best happiness on earth, train them to mutual love.

Love each other as you would love all beings in view of their capacities for happiness and pain. The heart that wishes well to each and all---that desires to see all happy who can be happy; will of course be full of kind wishes when it is placed in the family circle and beholds objects of interest in such near relations.

So strongly should this feeling be cherished that there should be a constant and positive joy in making each other happy and in doing each other good. There should be an eager appetite for seeing the welfare of our fellow-beings promoted, and a relish of it when it is as the fond palate relishes the orange, and as the sense of smell is delighted with the fragrance of the rose. A group of dependent and sensitive human beings placed together in a family have the greatest advantage to promote the happiness of all, if the desire to do so strongly prevails in each heart. Instead of imagining scenes of fictitious interest, contemplate the mother who moves like a queen in your sight—or the sister who is conscious of a feebleness like your own, or the brother in all his ardent hopes and expectations—and endeavor to console, encourage and bless each other by taking an interest in all things by which their mutual feelings are affected.

Again I say, love each other as Christians. How sacred is the thought that you have all been redeemed by the same atoning

blood and renewed by the same spirit of grace. Is it so indeed? Do you all possess the hope that purifies and the faith that works by love? Do you all feel a supreme attachment to the Savior's name? Do you all expect to dwell in the same world of joy and glory beyond the grave? What an excellent opportunity is afforded to show the ardor of Christian love while you dwell together in one family circle! How much may you gratify and benefit each other by frequently speaking of these things which are already beloved by you all! How frequently may you show kindness to Christ himself by showing affection for each other, by denying self in order to express love and regard for one who bears the image of Christ! The more the mercy of our Divine Lord is cherished the more happy will be the family circle.

What then do I see before me? A little band of human beings, intelligent, sensitive, and immortal. A band of Christians bought with the Redeemer's blood, capable of knowing and serving him for ever. And these, all these are bound together by tender domestic relations. You have descended from the same stock, you have a similarity of aspect, a family likeness more evident to strangers than yourselves. You are continually affecting each other's temper and forming each other's character. Then love each other. Let all the general regard which you have for happiness, for any one's happiness, and all the particular regard you have for Christians, as bearing the image of Christ, be nourished and refined among these relations of your own home. Here let them intermingle and luxuriate. Here let love have its perfect work. Think of each other—look at each other, speak toward each other with love. Strive to augment your mutual pleasure, knowledge, and goodness. While you live together, live to make each other wiser, happier, and holier—when you separate you will gather strength from this warm household love, and make for yourselves other happy circles where you dwell, and thus be prepared for that world where all the power of love may be developed for ever!

The sun came down with increasing heat and the sultry noon invited to that repose which in oriental climes is so refreshing.

with a sense of mutual regard the happy company conducted their aged instructor to the retirement of the ancient mansion where the bath and the divan might administer needed refreshments for his waning strength.

N. E. J.

Original.

MATERNAL LOVE.—ITS TENDENCY.

Among all the strong passions of our race the love of a mother for her child is perhaps most capable by nature of rising to the noblest salutary influence. It is implanted by the author of nature for the protection of the child. What, but that strong passion, would enable her to undergo such labors and privations as during the helplessness of infancy, the days and nights of sickness and care so common to all, she is compelled to endure? What other natural principle could sustain such minute attention, such unceasing diligence without a murmur? The very strength of this affection is evidence of its vast capability of good if rightly directed. Take it in all its native force—bring it into connection with the love of God—fill the mind with correct views of duty and responsibility—let the child's true interest for time and eternity be comprehended—let the power of the gospel to rescue and bless be once fully realized, and then all this tender love for the child becomes a principle of immeasurable efficiency applied to his everlasting welfare!

This elevation of the natural affection of maternal love by the enlightenment and sanctification of the maternal mind in our country is a result most devoutly to be wished. Nothing else will so directly take hold of the foundations of society—nothing will awaken so generally the springs of real improvement as the sanctified influence of American mothers.

In carrying forward the cause of philanthropy in many of its most important principles, the great thing *wanting* is the spirit of love, the inward, urgent desire to do good—the real interest in the object of the moment. But, in laboring for the improve-

ment of the domestic circle—for the improvement of society in its earliest condition—we find the mother on the ground, and in her heart the radical energy of love intensely glowing. Let the mother resolve that she will seek the child's intellectual improvement as earnestly as she ever did his physical comfort—that she will watch for the safety of his soul as earnestly as she ever did for the preservation of his life—let her carry into all his interests, as an intelligent, immortal being, the whole bearing of this instinct, affection, and passion, and she will give a noble impulse to all the great interests of humanity.

Original.

EARLY REMINISCENCES.

The most pleasant associations of my early childhood are connected with the remembrance of my mother; she who brought me up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and from whom I received my first religious impressions. I can distinctly remember the features of my mother; there was nothing in them to strike the eye as beautiful, but an expression of mildness and love in her bright hazel eye, as she turned it upon me, whether to rebuke or approve, that made my heart yearn toward her with an affection impossible to describe. As I grew in age the influence which my mother exerted over me was increased rather than diminished, and I was prevented from doing many things which otherwise I might have done, from the dread I had of making her unhappy. But I suffered myself oftentimes to be led into sin by my companions, and was thus made to feel, not only the pangs of conscience for wounding such a mother, but the rod, which was not spared, for she knew that God has said in his word, "correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest;" therefore notwithstanding the pain it caused her to punish her child, she felt that it was for his good, and hesitated not to obey the command of Jehovah.

I gave her great reason to hope, while she lived, that her exertions and prayers had been the means of bringing me from the

power of Satan unto God. But my mother could not always be near me to watch over and correct my faults; she died; and in her death were severed the bonds which bound me to the being I loved best upon earth.

I was an only son, the sole heir to a large fortune, which, my father dying, left to me when I should be of age. But though amply provided for in the treasures of this life, I had but one relation—an uncle, in whose hands my fortune was placed. This uncle was a very worldly-minded man, who cared but little for my welfare except so far as my education and standing in society affected his reputation as a guardian. He allowed me all the money I chose to ask for, not troubling himself to ascertain in what way it was spent. Thus was I left to follow my own inclinations, exposed to the allurements of pleasure and fashion, without a mother's hand, or a mother's warning voice to point out their end. After the funeral of my mother, several of my schoolfellows, a few years older than myself, kind-hearted, but light-headed, giddy youths, came to console me, and for that purpose endeavored to persuade me to go with them to the theatre, and other places of amusement. In an evil hour I yielded to their importunities. The dazzling deceptions of the theatre, which I had never visited before, completely enchanted me, and from that hour I found no pleasure except when under its exciting influence. I continued my studies however in the mean time, until being nineteen years of age, I entered college with a good reputation as a scholar; my virtue unsullied; too proud to do a mean action, and beloved by all my friends, but wasting my time, injuring my health, squandering my property, to gratify my passions. It seemed as if the spirit of God had left me for ever; but it pleased him, in his infinite mercy, to raise up an instrument who, in his hands, should be the means of awakening my sleeping conscience, rousing me to a sense of my sin, and bringing me back into the fold from whence I had strayed so far. For my room-mate in college I had one of the most lovely Christian characters with whom I have ever met. As soon as he perceived into what state I had fallen, he kindly warned me of my danger, and pressed me to forsake my foolish course. His coun-

sels were not heard with indifference, but it seemed as if I should give up all my happiness if I did as he required. I could not bear to hurt his feelings, however, so for one night I thought I would deny myself, and go with him to the house of God, *which I had not visited for many years.* I went—and God saw fit to bless the word to my soul. The subject of the sermon was the duty of young *men* as well as children to obey the commands of their parents. The text was, "My son, keep thy father's commandment and forsake not the law of thy mother." The last sentence arrested my attention, and when the man of God spoke of the blessings which would attend those who obeyed the command of the text, and of the dreadful fate which awaited those who did not, I trembled; but when he exhorted those who had forsaken their parents' counsel, and walked in ways of their own devising, to return, and mercy should be shown unto them, I thought of my mother, her counsels, her prayers, and my heart was melted; I burst into tears and wept. I returned home that night with a burden upon my conscience, and found no peace till I found it in Jesus my Saviour. Q.

Original.

THE HEAVENLY IMAGE.

Mothers, the curse is upon *us*, as it was upon Eve, *our mother*. These care-worn, weak, agonized frames, admonish us from hour to hour, that we do indeed "bear the image of the earthly." Pain and sorrow and sickness are *our* part of the curse, and what is worst of all, they are often our greatest seducers to sin. But praised be God who in his mercy sometimes converts the curse into a blessing, and by its influence, draws us nearer to his foot-stool. From Adam we inherit these vile bodies, with all their proneness to disease and death; from him, too, have we received that fallen nature, which continually impels us downward,—"As is the earthly, such are they also that are earthly."

Mothers, are you often overborne by the weight of care, which

is upon you, and which your feeble frame is scarcely able to endure? Does sin, your worst enemy, sting you deeply with his dart? Let me tell you there is a promise for you, "We shall also bear the image of the heavenly." 1 Cor. xv. 49. It is not our Father's will to continue us here for ever; the day of departure will shortly arrive. These bodies, now sown in weakness and dishonor, shall appear in glory and strength, no more to feel pain or sickness, or any such thing. *Now*, these bodies need their daily food, and, perhaps, you have but little to bestow upon them; or perchance, they are diseased, and loathe even dainty meat. Do all you can, they daily wear away, and give warning that they will soon be no more. But despair not; bear up under your allotted portion, knowing that our Heavenly Father hath done all things well. Soon you will bear the image of the Heavenly Jesus, both in soul and body. You are already "predestinated to be conformed to his image" and although not entirely so here, yet when we *see him*, "we shall be like him as he is."—Then shall we be satisfied when we awake in his likeness, and all our hungerings and thirstings shall be filled.

"Oh glorious hour! oh blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul."

Original.

REFLECTION.

"*What is this that thou hast done?*" Solemn thought! addressed first to our Mother Eve, and through her, to all her daughters. To her, spoken but once, by the Eternal God himself: to me, every day and hour by his living truth. Let me repeat it to myself; and, whenever I sin, let me use it as the wisdom and power of God, to call myself to reflection and repentance.

"What is this that thou hast done?" Dr. Adam Clarke remarks that from three sources, all natural and moral evil

sprung: "*the desire of the flesh*," "the tree was good for food;" "*the desire of the eye*," it was pleasant to the sight;" and "*the pride of life*," "it was a tree to be desired to make one wise." These three lusts all laid their imperious demands upon the heart of Eve, and through them, she became the willing agent of Satan in tempting her husband. Have these desires led me astray; and have I, through any one of them, drawn my partner into sin? Has the *desire of the flesh* had an undue predominance in my heart, or can I say, "whether *I eat or drink*, I do all to the glory of God?" In regard especially to my children, have I led them by precept and example to deny themselves, and to make it their *meat* and *drink* to do the will of their Heavenly Father? Do they know and believe that there is meat to eat, which the world knows not of? Do they ever see me angry and cast down on account of some sensual disappointment; the loss of some zest which my palate craved; or, however plain my fare, do I with cheerful countenance and thankful heart exclaim, "*Thou* preparest my table; my cup runneth over?" On the great and solemn subject of Temperance, have I boldly set my seal to the Bible, that *it is true*, and taught my dear children to "look not upon the wine when it is red;" to shun it as the serpent and the adder? How stand I, in regard to the "*desire of the eye*?" Have I remembered that the gold and the silver are the Lord's, and to him must we give account for them? and while fine clothes, fine furniture and costly equipage, are all pleasant to the eyes, have I in any of them caused my beloved ones to say, "The woman, she tempted me and I did eat?" Have I indulged myself, and under cover of kindness led them to undulge, until self-denial has become a burden? Then have I, indeed, laid a yoke upon them which will be hard to bear. Let *me* arise and shake off this bondage, and let me now teach my children to count all things but dross, that they may win Christ. Let me make a covenant with my eyes, as the inlets to iniquity, lest I should not only offend, myself, but become a tempter to others.

"*The pride of life*," how has this ruined many a soul! Praise, honor, wealth have hung up their golden baits, and

tempted to pluck and eat. Let me here practise self-examination. Do I love the world's applause, and am I training my sons and daughters for its altar? Or, have I warned them that the love of the world is enmity with God, and that they cannot serve God and Mammon? Have I practically shown them that "a day in his courts is better than a thousand" and that "there is none upon earth that I desire beside him?" That I have found his favor to be life, and his loving kindness better than life? Have I told them of the rewards which he has promised to them that love him here, and attracted them by the untold joys of an Eternal world?' And have I been their *helper* to obtain these favors, not their *tempter* to be cast out? Lord, thou knowest my heart; thou knowest my life! "Search me and try me, and see if there be any evil way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." A MOTHER.

CARE OF YOUR ROOM.

THERE are a good many young ladies to whom the following advice on order is applicable. We extract it from "Letters to a very young lady," published by the American Sunday School Union, and recommended to all our young friends.

MY DEAR MARY,—Whether you have a room all to yourself, which is very desirable, or occupy one with a sister or companion, it is proper that you should keep it in order. *A place for everything, and everything in its place.* This would be a very good inscription for your table. It is a shame for a young lady to be very careful of her person, and very negligent of her room. It looks as if she had no real love of neatness and order, but did everything to be seen of others.

Show me the inside of a lady's private apartment, and I can learn a great deal of her character. Suppose I see the table covered with books, papers, needles and thread, brushes, combs, unfinished work, and half-eaten fruit. Suppose I find half the drawers open, and chairs covered with pieces of clothing, and

the floor strewed with a dozen different articles; a ewer on the sofa, a bandbox on the bed, and a candle-stick on the window seat. I say to myself, here must be an indolent, disorderly little body. She has no love of order, no regularity of habits, no neatness. Unless she changes her ways, she will grow up to be a very disagreeable person.

You cannot begin too soon. Habits formed in childhood and youth, last a whole lifetime. An old habit is as hard to change as an old tree. Look at the oak in your father's lawn. Its largest limb has grown crooked and knotty. All the men in the country could not straighten it. But a child could have straightened it when it was a twig. "Just as the twig is bent," you know, "the tree's inclined." This is true of all habits. Take care, says a wise man, how you *set* your habits; if you set a hedge crooked, it will be crooked. Now, if you get into a habit of slovenliness about your room, your books, and your work-things, it will stick by you, and you will become a very disagreeable companion, and no one will like to visit you, or to entertain you.

The rule is good for a room, as well as for a work-shop, or any other place: *A place for everything, and everything in its place.* This will save many an hour of looking for things. Why is Miss Jane so late at family worship?—"O," replies the maid,—"Miss Jane cannot find her collar, or her apron, or her slippers." Why is Miss Anne so late at school?—"She is busy looking for her Geography." Why is Miss Lucy absent from the Bible-class?—Answer. "She has mislaid her Bible." Now, if Miss Jane, Miss Anne, and Miss Lucy had had a place for everything, and everything was in its place, they would not have lost a moment of time, and would have been in much better humor, besides. For I have observed, that nothing crosses a girl's temper more than the hurry of searching for things which have been mislaid. The indolent and careless child is ready to lay the blame on brothers, sisters, servants, or any one but herself.

If you only form the habit, it is as easy to do things right as wrong. It is as easy to lay away a dress, or a drawing, or a

map, or a piece of work, or a riband, in a neat, proper way, as to throw them altogether in a heap. Shopkeepers know this, and hence, they can pack away twice as much in a small space as you or I could do. I dare say you have often wondered at the ease with which the woman who keeps the fancy store in Smith street will hand down any one of a thousand articles. She knows where she has put every one. She never puts it anywhere else. Therefore she never has to look anywhere else to find it. And, what is more, everything in the shop looks tidy and graceful. Order and method produce convenience and beauty. Let it be so in every spot you have the care of; whether chamber, closet, cabinet, bureau, toilet, box, or basket.

The rule in farms is, *Leave things as you would find them.* That is, do not leave your rake in the hay-field, or your axe in the wood; if you do, you will have trouble in finding them. I have often wished young ladies would have some such rule. Write it down—embroider it on your reticule—print it on your mind—LEAVE THINGS AS YOU WOULD FIND THEM. You will then always find them easily, and find them right. How much of life is spent in such questions as these?—O! where is my dressing case? Has anybody run off with my combs? I do wonder who has thrown about my gloves in this way? Has any one seen a pencil case? Pray help me to find that bunch of keys. Do you think I shall be in time for church? I've had an hour's search for my muff!—All such loss of time and temper will be prevented, if you will observe my directions. And let your apartment be always in order, so that it may never be a surprise or a mortification to you, to hear a knock at the door. So much about the care of your room.

THE FAMILY CONSTITUTION.

For another world, therefore, yes, for the eternal world, and with a view to it principally, does the Almighty set the solitary in families. Every family has in fact a sacred character belonging to it, which may indeed be forgotten or disdained; but the family *is* constituted, and ought therefore to be conducted, with the prospect of the rising generation following that which precedes it, not only to the grave, but into eternity.

This fine constitution of things, which is founded in nature, and exists, therefore, in every family, is only visible, it is true, in all its beauty, when both parents are Christians; because the mixed character of the family constitution attaches itself peculiarly to the person of its head. There are two terms employed in Scripture to describe the present character and daily obligations of the Christian, which apply with peculiar force to the Christian parent or head of a family; one borrowed from what is *civil*, and the other from what is *sacred*. These are king and priest, and to these that of a prophet might be added; but I notice at present only the two former. By his Saviour, even in this life, the Christian is made a king and a priest unto God. These high favors, once bestowed, are to be carried about with him as robes of office and obligation which he cannot lay aside. Now, in the family-circle, there is provided, by God, one of the most interesting and important fields for the exercise and display of both characters. There he may, and there he does reign as a king, in sovereign and undisputed authority; and there, too, as a priest, he is to officiate on behalf of others as well as himself. By the exercise of the former character, his veneration for God is advanced, while he remembers, that, as a "king unto God," an account must be rendered of the daily exercise of his authority: by his priestly character, compassion and sympathy are greatly promoted; since it is impossible for a man to pray often for his family, without feeling increasing tenderness for it.

This beautiful and affecting arrangement of our Creator,—the civil and sacred character, united at once in the very constitution

of a family, and in the person of its head, gives rise to some of the most important coincidences with which we are acquainted. Here is a constitution favorable to the state, in the very highest degree, and whatever may be its form of government. In such a family it is that the child, as a child, learns to be a good subject, and that the brother or sister, as such, learns to be a good citizen; and here is a state of things equally favorable to the increase of the church, as it is to that of the state: for if this is not understood, the highest end of its existence is not understood. Here, in short, both the church and the world *meet*, and it is the only spot on earth where it is at once lawful and incumbent on them so to do. You will not fail, however, to observe, that this meeting is upon a very small scale, and under very peculiar circumstances. It is not that the constitution of the church is to be confounded with that of the family. Since God himself does not govern the church as he does the family, so neither must we confound them. Not that these two constitutions, in themselves considered, are in any one point at variance with each other: so far from this, for particular ends, they are in perfect harmony; but still they are so distinct, that neither can be fully understood, much less seen in all its beauty, if confounded with the other. The peculiar genius of their several constitutions can never be violated with impunity. Here, however, in the family, members of the church and of the world must actually meet; and doing so by divine appointment, how peculiar and important is the situation of a parent? Both worlds meeting, both must be kept in view; but no Christian will for a moment hesitate as to *which* world should have the pre-eminence.

Such, at least in part, seems to be the peculiar character of the little group assembled round the household fire. The family may increase; the establishment extend; but beyond the limits of a household property so called, the constitution, as to its main design, cannot extend. Yet, however small in point of number, or unpretending in point of aspect, its connection and laws, its spirit and principles, being altogether *sui generis*, well deserve, and will richly reward the most careful examination. *Book for Parents.*

RE-UNION OF FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

BY REV. AUSTIN DICKINSON.

If far beyond those orbs of light,
  Are brighter worlds of endless joy,
Where ransomed ones again unite,
  In changeless love and sweet employ;
Who that can wing that boundless sky,
  Would be enslaved to this dark clod?
Who would not rather upward fly,
  To dwell with angels and with God?

But O, how like some land unknown,
  Might seem the brightest world above,
If 'mid the splendors of its throne,
  We ne'er could greet the friends we love!
If kindred hearts no more entwined,
  If in those realms we ne'er shall meet,
Could all angelic hosts combined
  E'er make our heaven of bliss complete?

Savior of sinners! Lamb of God!
  Teach us to live; teach us to die;
Prepare us, through atoning blood,
  Thy face to meet beyond the sky.
Then, though thy foes be wrapt in flame,
  Though all the stars from heaven shall fall,
We'll sing for ever Jesus' name,
  Our Sun, our Shield, our Life, our all.

CROTON HOTEL, 142 BROADWAY, N. Y.